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THE NATURALIST'S
POETICAL COMPANION.

—— Non omnes eadem mirantur amanti:
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu, quod jubet alter.

HOR. EP. II. 2.

THE NATURALIST'S
POETICAL COMPANION ;

WITH NOTES.

O Nature ! lovely Nature ! thou canst give
Delight thyself a thousand ways, and lend
To every object charms ! With thee, even books
A higher relish gain. The Poet's lay
Grows sweeter in the shade of wavy woods,
Or lulling lapse of crystal stream beside.

BIDLAKE.

SELECTED BY
A FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

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X



PREFACE.

THE Study of Natural History is within the reach of every one ; and he who is engaged in it, is presented at every step in his progress, with something capable of awakening pleasing emotions. The whole earth is to him a vast Museum, in which are crowded beautiful and sublime objects, animate and inanimate, in an almost endless variety, all combining to amuse the understanding and gladden the heart.

Nor is the study less useful than delightful. Common and indispensable as are on our tables, the wheaten loaf, the potatoe, and other vegetable substances, they were all once in appearance, only weeds among weeds ; and it is by a discriminating attention to plants, that they have been brought to occupy so important a place in our domestic economy. From a similar examination of the productions of the earth, the physician has extracted from their secret channels those correcting juices, which remove or alleviate the diseases incident to the human body, restoring it to the freshness and vigour of health. But for this study likewise, to take one or two instances from a thousand, the pods of the cotton-tree, and the cocoon of the silk-worm, which contribute so largely to the com-

fort and elegance of our clothing, would drop useless to the ground, and rot among decayed and decaying foliage.

This search into Nature produces also a highly beneficial influence on the understanding. Mathematics do not more effectually strengthen and discipline the judgment. By a continual analysis, comparison, and generalization of things, the study of Natural History teaches the art of thinking clearly and accurately, and of reasoning with precision and force, with a much less degree of weariness, than that which usually accompanies the study of simple quantities and mere abstract forms.

An attention to Natural Objects also improves the taste. Nature is the admitted standard of perfection. The student who is closely examining the proportions of her inimitable forms, is taking the surest way to acquire a correct judgment of what is fit and elegant.

It exercises at the same time a powerful and salutary influence over the affections. There are studies which have a tendency to deaden the feelings and render the heart callous to the best moral impressions; but by fixing the mind on living objects, in which wisdom and goodness are strikingly exhibited, and by raising it through them to the Creator, in whom centre all perfection and happiness, the study of Natural Objects excites a continual train of ideas most friendly to whatever is pure, benevolent, and grateful. And next to the devout exercises of religion, perhaps nothing will more completely remove sadness and disquietude, than the silent eloquence of flowers, and the vocal song of birds. It has been justly observed by the excellent Ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, who studied his favourite subject among the wild as well as civilized provinces

of the United States :—" An intercourse with these little innocent warblers is favourable to delicacy of feeling and to sentiments of humanity ; for I have observed the rudest and most savage softened into benevolence, while contemplating the interesting manners of these inoffensive little creatures."—Indeed, it is our firm belief, that there exists not a person, however depraved and abandoned his life may be, in whose bosom kind and soothing feelings have not been excited in some favourable moment, by the contemplation of Animated Nature.

Useful and pleasing, as the study of Nature unquestionably is, it was for a long time greatly neglected. Yet there have been in all ages minds of the highest order, which have directed all their energies to this most rational pursuit. A *Shakspeare* and a *Scott* have not bestowed more pains in delineating every shade of character among men, and in pursuing every river and streamlet of passion, as it boils and meanders in the human breast, than a *Linnæus* and a *Smith* in observing the qualities of inferior objects, over which man is the appointed lord : nor have Poets of eminence disdained to exercise their genius in describing vegetables and insects.

A Selection of the most pleasing pieces in our own language, the compiler of this little Volume ventures to offer to the public, not being aware that any thing of the kind has hitherto been published. Notes, by way of illustration, have been added from the writings of others, and occasionally from his own reflections. In some of the Poems and Notes which were not altogether adapted to his purpose, he has taken the liberty of making a few slight omissions.

The Poems have been chiefly taken from modern

publications ; yet a few have been introduced from those of a more ancient date. Of these, the leaves and blossoms may not be so fresh and beautiful as their more youthful associates, but the fruit, the moral sentiment, is both sweet and salutary.

Many pieces have been selected from the works of female writers, who have of late meritoriously employed a portion of their leisure in throwing over Natural Objects a poetic ornament. It is from a belief that these productions will be found equal in beauty and interest to any the compiler could present to the reader, and from a desire to exhibit the nicely distinguishing graces of female genius.

He has only to add, that in making this selection, it has been his endeavour to submit to its readers such pieces as would gratify the taste and improve the understanding. Happy should he feel, if it prove the means of enhancing in any degree the pleasure of those, to whom the various beauties of Nature are already familiar, or of leading others more frequently to examine and admire the wonderful works of Creation, and to offer praise to that Almighty Being, who, in wisdom, has gilded the insect's wing, made sweet the linnet's voice, and bid the roses bloom.

“ O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,—
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?”

September 25th, 1833.

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THE
Naturalist's Poetical Companion.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.

O NATURE ! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His presence, that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think, that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky ;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower ; to hear His awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale :
To know and feel His care for all that lives ;—
'Tis this, that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes ! place me 'mid far-stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard ; the heath-bell there
Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee !
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole ;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
“ The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
“ The firmament shows forth His handy work !”

Grahame.

HYMN.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower ;
 There's not a bird upon the tree ;
 There's not a dewdrop on the flower ;
 But bears the impress, Lord ! of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf design'd,
 And gave the bird its thrilling tone ;
 Thy power the dewdrop's tints combin'd,
 Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes : dewdrops, leaves, and buds, and all,
 The smallest, like the greatest things ;
 The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
 Alike proclaim thee King of Kings.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven,
 Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise ;
 To favoured man alone 'tis given
 To join the angelic choir in praise !

Mrs. Opie.

ON THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

How wondrous is the scene ! where all is form'd
 With number, weight, and measure ! all design'd
 For some great end ! where not alone the plant
 Of stately growth, the herb of glorious hue,
 Or food-full substance ; not the labouring steed,
 The herd, and flock that feed us ; not the mine
 That yields us stores for elegance and use,
 The sea that loads our table, and conveys
 The wanderer man from clime to clime, with all
 Those rolling spheres, that from on high shed down
 Their kindly influence ; not these alone,

Which strike ev'n eyes incurious ; but each moss,
 Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
 Important in the plan of Him, who fram'd
 This scale of beings ; holds a rank, which lost,
 Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
 Which nature's self would rue. Almighty Being !
 Cause and support of all things ! can I view
 These objects of my wonder ; can I feel
 These fine sensations, and not think of Thee ?
 Thou who dost through th' eternal round of time,
 Dost through the immensity of space exist
 Alone, shalt Thou alone excluded be
 From this Thy universe ! shall feeble man
 Think it beneath his proud philosophy
 To call for Thy assistance, and pretend
 To frame a world, who cannot frame a clod ?

Benjamin Stillingfleet.

The almost imperceptible gradation in the chain of universal being, from the highest to the lowest link, from man to the worm or vegetable, is a subject of wonder and delight to every thinking mind. The following extract from Soame Jenyns points out, with clearness and elegance, how this mysterious connection exists. "The manner by which the consummate wisdom of the divine Artificer has formed this gradation, so extensive in the whole, and so imperceptible in its parts, is this:—he constantly unites the highest degree of the qualities of each inferior order to the lowest degree of the same qualities, belonging to the order next above it; by which means, like the colours of a skilful painter, they are so blended together, and shaded off into each other, that no line of distinction is any where to be seen. Thus, for instance, solidity, extension, and gravity, the qualities of mere matter, being united with the lowest degree of vegetation, compose a stone; from whence this vegetative power ascending through an infinite variety of herbs, flowers, plants, and trees, to its greatest perfection in the sensitive plant, joins there the lowest degree of animal life in the shell-fish, which adheres to the rock; and it is difficult to distinguish which possesses the greater share, as the one shows it only by shrinking from the finger, and the other by opening to receive the water which surrounds it. In the same manner this animal life rises from this low beginning in the shell-fish, through innumerable species of insects, fishes, birds, and beasts, to the confines of reason, where, in the dog, the monkey, and chimpanzè, it unites so closely with the lowest degree of that quality in man, that they cannot easily be distinguished from each other. From this lowest degree in the brutal Hottentot, reason, with the assistance of learning and science, advances through the various stages of human understanding, which rise above each other, till in a Bacon or a Newton it attains the summit."

THE SNOWDROP.

DARK Winter freezes, and in storm
 The wind all-chilling blows ;
 Yet see ! a little slender form
 Peeps from the crystal snows.

Fair on a weakly trembling stem,
 It springs from icy bed,
 And smiles a vegetable gem,
 Hanging its modest head.

It nodding hangs, fair ev'n as light,
 Just tipp'd with vernal green ;
 No cloud at noon of purer white,
 Nor snows on cliff are seen.

The rose may blush in summer-dew,
 The lily near it rise :—
 No less delightful to the view
 This child of wintry skies.

Say, is it not a drop of snow
 Inspirited awhile,
 At virgin Flora's will to show
 How chastely she can smile ?

Or does it bloom to let us see
 How lovely virtue's form ?
 Sweet flower, O may we learn, like thee
 To blossom in the storm.

J. R.

The Snowdrop, *Galanthus nivalis*, presents its modest milk-white corolla to our notice early in February. The French give it the name of *Perce-neige*, because it often pierces the snow.

Mrs. Barbauld thus beautifully alludes to it :

Already now the Snowdrop dares appear,
 The first pale blossom of the unripened year ;
 As Flora's breath by some transforming power
 Had chang'd an icicle into a flower,
 It's name and hue the scentless plant retains,
 And Winter lingers in its icy veins.

ON A FLOWER OPENING TO THE SUN.

SWEET flower ! behold the rising sun,—
Scarce has his morning race begun,
 When thou dost ope thine eye ;
What gentle voice or whisper soft,
Tells thee to rear thine head aloft,
 And greet him in the sky ?

What secret power impels thy leaf
To close, and pass thy time in grief,
 When he has gone his round ?
In vain the beauteous orbs of night,
The moon and stars in vain unite,
 To raise thee from the ground.

Astonish'd now, I stand and view—
Hast thou both sense and feeling too ?
 What wonders I behold !
The flower, I thought, would droop and die,
When darkness veil'd the midnight sky ;
 Now its fair leaves unfold !

Thus conscious in my opening mind,
When the reviving rays I find
 Of my more glorious sun ;
My hopes revive, my spirits rise,
My faith salutes the smiling skies,
 And thinks her warfare done.

But when the evening shades return,
And I am left the light to mourn,
 My spirit droops again :
Nor men, nor angels, all combin'd
Could here relieve my burden'd mind
 Or ease me of my pain.

Susanna Wilson.

THE DAISY.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,
 Whose opening flower invites the morning ray ;
 From the moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold
 To kiss the tears of eve, the dewdrops cold !
 Sweet Daisy, flower of love ! when birds are pair'd,
 'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bar'd
 Smiling in virgin innocence serene,
 Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.
 The lark, with sparkling eye and rustling wing,
 Rejoins his widow'd mate in early Spring,
 And as he prunes his plumes of russet hue,
 Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true.
 Oft have I watch'd thy closing buds at eve,
 Which for the parting sunbeams seem'd to grieve ;
 And when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,
 Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again ;
 Nor he, who sung—" The daisy is so sweet,"—
 More dearly lov'd thy pearly form to greet,
 When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
 And dames to tourneys shone with daisies crown'd,
 And fays forsook the purer fields above
 To hail the Daisy, flower of faithful love.

Dr. Leyden.

The Daisy, *Bellis perennis*, derives its name from unfolding its simple beauties at the "peep o' day." Spencer speaks of it, as, "The little daizie, that at evening closes." And Chaucer, who calls it, "the eie of daie," lost no opportunity of singing its praises. In days of chivalry, this universal favourite was reckoned the emblem of fidelity in love, and was frequently worn at tournaments, both by ladies and knights. Alcestis was supposed to have been metamorphosed into this flower, and was therefore called "the daisy-queen." In France it receives the name of *La Marguarite*, being dedicated to St. Margaret, a person of exquisite beauty.

 TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,

But you may stay here yet a while
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last !

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite !

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave :
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile ; they glide
 Into the grave.

Herrick, 1648.

THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale Primrose, starting up between
 Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
 The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;
 How much thy presence beautifies the ground :
 How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
 Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.
 And when thy fairy flowers, in groups, are found,
 The school-boy roams enchantingly along,
 Plucking the fairest with a rude delight :
 While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
 To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight,
 O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
 The welcome news of sweet returning Spring !

Clare.

The Primrose, *Primula vulgaris*, is not, as its name would indicate, the earliest herald of Spring; it is preceded by the Whitlow-grass, *Draba verna*, and the Snowdrop : but in sweetness this flower of loveliest hue yields to none of our vernal flowers.

A *spinney* means a natural wood, a hedge-row thicket.

THE BEE.

THOU cheerful Bee ! come, freely come,
 And travel round my woodbine bower,
 Delight me with thy wandering hum,
 And rouse me from my musing hour.
 O ! try no more yon tedious fields,
 Come taste the sweets my garden yields ;
 The treasure of each blooming mine,
 The bud—the blossom—all are thine !

And careless of the noontide heat,
 I'll follow, as thy ramble guides,
 To watch thee pause and chafe thy feet,
 And sweep them o'er thy downy sides ;
 Then in a flower-bell nestling lie,
 And all thy busiest ardour ply ;
 Then o'er the stem, though fair it grow,
 With touch rejecting, glance and go.

O Nature kind ! O Labourer wise !
 That roam'st along the summer-ray,
 Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
 And meet'st prepar'd, thy wintry day ;—
 Go—envied, go—with crowded gates
 The hive thy rich return awaits :
 Bear home thy store in triumph gay,
 And shame each idler on thy way !

Smyth.

“ A *Bee* amongst flowers in Spring,” says Dr. Paley, “ is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment : so busy, and so pleased ; yet it is only a specimen of insect-life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others.”—*Nat. Theol. chap. 26.*

Herbert thus pleasingly though quaintly alludes to the “ busy bee :”

Bees work for man : and yet they never bruise
 Their master's flower, but leave it having done,
 As fair as ever, and as fit for use :
 So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

THE RISE AND EXPANSE OF A RIVER.

BEHOLD the rivulet, from its parent source,
Steal through the thicket with unheeded course ;
Of future greatness yet unconscious stray,
Like infant princes, in their infant play ;
O'er its rough bed in lulling murmurs flow,
Or through the breezy sedge meandering slow.
And now in waves, impelling soft, it roves
Through sunny banks, or deep involving groves ;
From sister streams receives enriching aid,
And wonders at the progress it has made.
Now tufty isles the doubtful stream divide,
The sacred haunts of Cygnus' plummy pride :
O'er the clear crystal hangs the woody scene,
The weeping willow, or bright evergreen.
The trembling branches, all inverted, seem
To point to other skies below the stream.
The sun reflected gilds the illusive deep,
Or shadowy winds the mantling surface sweep.
Here thickening grass invites the mower's scythe,
The busy groups of men and maidens blithe ;
Here the shorn meadow brightens to the eye,
The scattered herds lie ruminating nigh :
Each rising charm the bounteous stream bestows,
The grass that thickens, and the flower that blows.
And while the vale the humid wealth imbibes,
The fostering wave sustains the finny tribes ;
The carp, with golden scales, in wanton play ;
The trout in crimson-speckled glory gay ;
The red-finned roach, the silver-coated eel ;
The pike, whose haunt the twisted roots conceal ;
The healing tench, the gudgeon, perch, and bream ;
And all the sportive natives of the stream.
The vigorous stream now drives the busy mill,
And now disdains the little name of rill :
The clustering cots adorn its flowery sides,
Where blest content, with rosy health, abides ;

Or here the villa's simple charms invite,
 Where rural ease and elegance unite.
 There, gaudy art her cumbrous pomp displays,
 Where gay caprice bedecks the verdant maze ;
 The palace, column, temple, statue, rears,
 While nature fashionably drest appears ;
 And now the bridge, by busy mortals trod,
 High overarches the ambitious flood :
 Now crowded cities, lofty turrets rise,
 And smoking columns mingle with the skies :
 Where the rash nymphs their limbs exulting lave ;
 Where oars innumerable beat the astonished wave,
 On the proud surface swells the impatient sail,
 And gladdened coasts the welcome streamers hail.
 Expanding still the roughening waters glide,
 In haste to mingle with the briny tide ;
 Till sea-like grown, they now disdain all bound,
 And, rushing to the deep, resistless pour around.

Lobb.

The more we contemplate the works of nature, and observe the means she employs in her ordinary operations, the more will our admiration be excited. In the hands of nature nothing is lost:—Vapours raised from the sea, and floating in the upper regions of the air, collect into clouds ; these on a reduction of temperature, yield their contents to the thirsty earth : the waters, after fulfilling their appointed office, pass from the mountains by a thousand rills, into the plains ; here, by their junction, they form rivers, which taking a circuitous course, empty themselves into the ocean. Hence we see nature engaged in running a perpetual round, and the waters, after cooling the atmosphere and refreshing the earth, return to that source whence they originally sprung : and thus is beautifully illustrated a passage in Holy Scripture, (Isa. lv. 10, 11.) that not a drop of rain shall return unto Him void, but shall accomplish the purposes for which it was sent.

ANGLING.

LET me live harmlessly, and near the brink
 Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
 Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink,
 With eager bite of pike, or bleak, or dace ;

And on the world and my Creator think :
 Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace ;
 And others spend their time in base excess
 Of wine, or worse,—in war, or wantonness.
 Let them that will, these pastimes still pursue,
 And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill ;
 So I the fields and meadows green may view,
 And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
 Among the daisies and the violets blue,
 Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil.

J. Davors, 1652.

“ When I would beget content,” says the enthusiastic Isaac Walton, “ and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him.”

ON HOPE.

REFLECTED on the lake I love
 To see the stars of evening glow,
 So tranquil in the heaven above,
 So restless in the wave below.
 Thus heavenly hope is all serene :
 But earthly hope how bright soe'er,
 Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
 As false, as fleeting as 'tis fair.

Bp. Heber.

BIRDS.

YE Birds that fly through the fields of air,
 What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear ;
 Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise ;
 Ye would bid us all grovelling scenes despise.

Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain,—
That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven,
Ye would teach us to fix our aim in heaven.

Beautiful Birds of lightsome wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of Spring ;
We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn !
Though rainbow-splendour around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows :
Oh ! what a lesson for glory are ye,
How ye preach the grace of humility.

Swift Birds, that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward, by night or day—
As in your unwearying course ye fly
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky ;
Oh ! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet Birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround Heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
You remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise ;
There's something about you that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky !

C. W. Thompson.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME, welcome, feathered stranger,
Now the sun bids nature smile ;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle !

Still twitter on my lowly roof,
 And hail me at the dawn of day,
 Each morn the recollected proof
 Of time that ever fleets away.

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
 Fond of skies serene and clear,
 Ev'n transient storms thy joy invade
 In fairest seasons of the year :
 What makes thee seek a milder clime,
 What bids thee shun the wintry gale,
 How know'st thou thy departing time ?
 Hail ! wondrous bird ! hail, Swallow, hail !

Sure something more to thee is given,
 Than myriads of the feathered race,
 Some gift divine, some spark from heaven,
 That guides thy flight from place to place :
 Still freely come, still freely go,
 And blessings crown thy vigorous wing,
 May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
 Delightful messenger of Spring !

William Franklin.

In Britain there are *four* species of swallows :—1. The Chimney Swallow, *Hirundo rustica*, which may be distinguished by its deep forked tail and by reddish plumage on its forehead and under its chin. It builds in chimneys and not unfrequently on rafters in out-houses. It arrives about the middle of April, and disappears in September.—2. The Window Swallow or Martin, *H. urbica*, has its tail less forked than the preceding, no red spot on the head or chin, and the under part of the body a bright white. Its nest of clay is generally built under the eaves of a house, and has a small hole on one side for entrance. Shakspeare, with his usual happy mode of expression, calls it the “temple-haunting martlet.”—*Macbeth* i., 6. This favourite arrives early in May and leaves us in October.—3. The Sand Martin, *H. riparia*, the smallest of our swallows, frequents the steep sandy banks of rivers, in the sides of which it makes its nest. It disappears about Michaelmas.—4. The Swift, *H. apus*, arrives later and departs sooner than any of the tribe. It builds in steeples and towers, under bridges, and sometimes under the tiles of farm-houses. See an admirable article “on the wanton destruction of Swallows,” in *Loudon's Magazine of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 3.

MORNING TWILIGHT.

THROUGH the vales the breezes sigh ;
Twilight opes her bashful eye ;
Peeping from the East, she brings
Dewdrops on her dusky wings :
And the lark, with wakening lay,
Upsprings, the harbinger of day.

Now behold ! the blushing sky
Tells the bridegroom Sun is nigh ;
Nature tunes her joyful lyre,
And the trembling stars retire.
Him the East, in crimson drest,
Ushers, nature's welcome guest.
And the mountains of the West
Seem to lift their azure heads,
Jealous of the smiles he sheds.

Glory, beaming from on high,
Charms devotion's lifted eye ;
Bliss, to which sluggards ne'er were born,
Waits the attendant of the morn.

Mary M. Colling.

NATURE'S HARMONY.

DID He not form the peasant's visual sphere,
To catch each charm that crowns the chequer'd year ?
Construct his ear to seize the passing sound,
From wind, or wave, or wing, or whistle, round ;
From breathing breeze, or tempest's awful roar ;
Soft lisp'ing rills, or ocean's thundering shore ;
Unnumber'd notes that fill the echoing field,
Or mingled minstrelsy the woodlands yield ;
The melting strains and melodies of song
That float, impassion'd, from the human tongue ?

Or fondly feel each sound that sweetly slips
Through ear to heart, from favourite lover's lips ;
And trace the nicer harmony that springs
From puny gnats' shrill-sounding treble wings ;
Light fly's sharp counter ; bee's strong tenor tone ;
Huge hornet's bass, and beetle's drowsy drone ;
Grasshopper's open shake, quick twittering all the day,
Or cricket's broken chirp, that chimes the night away ?

James Woodhouse.

THE REDBREAST.

SWEET social bird with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee !
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability ;

Thy cheerful song in Winter's cold,
And, when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old,
Where fear appals each other bird.

Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Creep to the love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

The gleanings of the sumptuous board,
Conveyed by some indulgent fair,
Are in a nook of safety stor'd,
And not dispens'd till thou art there.

In stately hall and rustic dome,
The gaily robed and homely poor
Will watch the hour when thou shalt come,
And bid thee welcome to the door.

The Herdsman on the upland hill,
The Ploughman in the hamlet near,
Are prone thy little paunch to fill,
And pleas'd thy little psalm to hear.

The Woodman seated on a log
His meal divides atween the three,
And now himself, and now his dog,
And now he casts a crumb to thee.

For thee a feast the School-boy strews
At noontide, when the form's forsook ;
A worm to thee the Delver throws,
And Angler when he baits the hook.

At tents where tawney Gipsies dwell,
In woods where Hunters chase the hind,
And at the Hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou some crumbs of comfort find.

Nor are thy little wants forgot,
In Beggar's hut or Crispin's stall ;
The Miser only feeds thee not,
Who suffers ne'er a crumb to fall.

The youth who strays, with dark design,
To make each well-stored nest a prey,
If dusky hues denote them thine
Will draw his pilfering hand away.

The Finch a spangled robe may wear,
The Nightingale delightful sing,
The Lark ascend most high in air,
The Swallow fly most swift on wing.

The Peacock's plumes in pride may swell,
The Parrot prate eternally ;
But yet no bird man loves so well
As thou with thy simplicity.

John Jones.

The Robin Redbreast, *Sylvia Rubecula*, on account of its extreme familiarity and its song, which it continues through the Winter, is a universal favourite. It seems to have little instinctive fear of man: it is the labourer and gardener's companion; it attends him at his work; hops around his feet, and almost under his spade, and collects the insects he turns up with much confidence. It even accompanies him at his meals, and picks up every crumb that falls, with apparent assurance of security. In the Winter, it enters our houses, and becomes as it were one of the family. Addison, in

the Spectator, No. 85, attributes much of the respect paid to it, to the old ballad, of "The Children in the Wood;" and hence Isaac Walton denominates it, "The Honest Robin, that loves mankind both dead and alive." Collins also introduces it in the Dirge in Cymbeline :

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

Indeed most of our Poets have sung its praises, but none more pleasingly than the faithful old servant, John Jones.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingle with her thou lovest in fields of light ;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy !
—Yet wert thou once a worm ; a thing, that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept !
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph, in the blaze of day !

Rogers.

It has been beautifully observed, that the *Chrysalis* is the *cradle* of the Butterfly, at the very moment it becomes the *tomb* of the Caterpillar.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE Field Flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to Summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,
 Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June ;
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell ;
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water-lily restore !
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow to my tomb.

Campbell.

WEEDS.

How many plants, we call them Weeds,
 Against our wishes grow,
And scatter wide their various seeds
 With all the winds that blow.

Man grumbles when he sees them rise,
 To foul his husbandry ;
Kind Providence this way supplies
 His lesser family.

Scatter'd and small, they 'scape our eye,
 But are not wasted there ;
 Safe they in clefts and furrows lie,
 The little birds find where.

Saturday Magazine.

THE COWSLIP.

COWSLIP, of all beloved, of all admired !
 Thee let me sing, the homely shepherd's pride ;
 Fit emblem of the maid I love, a form
 Gladdening the sight of man ; a sweet perfume,
 Sending its balmy fragrance to the soul ;
 Daughter of Spring, and Messenger of May !
 Which shall I first declare, which most extol,
 Thy sovereign beauties, or thy sovereign use ?
 With thee the rural dame a draught prepares,
 A nectar draught, more luscious to my taste
 Than all thy boasted wine, besotted Bacchus !
 Maidens with thee their auburn tresses braid ;
 Or, with the daisy and the primrose pale
 Thy flowers entwining, weave a chaplet fair,
 To grace that pole round which the village train
 Lead on their dance to greet the jocund May ;
 Oft on that merry morn, I've joined their throng
 A glad spectator ; oft their uncouth dance
 Eyed most attentive ; when, with tawdry show,
 Ill-sorted ribbons decked each maiden's cap,
 And cowslip-garlands every rustic hat.

The Cowslip or Paigle, *Primula veris*, is called by the French peasants, *Fleur de coucou*, from its blooming at the time the cuckoo appears. The corolla is marked within with five orange spots, in which Shakspeare supposed its sweet odour to reside :

The Cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
 In their gold coats spots you see ;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours.

Mids. Night. ii. I.

FRIENDSHIP.

————— OH ! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note :
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep ; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh ! then, the longest Summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart
Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance.

Robert Blair.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

OH ! Lady take this drooping flower,
'Twill call to mind our parting hour,
This simple plant, whate'er my lot,
In silence says—"Forget-me-not."

When on the ocean far away,
Or tossed about in Biscay's Bay ;
When stormy winds howl round thy cot,
'Twill tell thy heart—"Forget-me-not."

Ev'n when 'tis withered think of me,
Ah ! many thoughts I'll waft to thee ;
Though I no more may see the spot,
'Twill whisper thee—"Forget-me-not."

And now Farewell ! where'er I flee,
 All hopes and joys shall rest on thee ;
 Ne'er from my heart my memory blot
 I ask but this—"Forget-me-not."

C. F. Edgar.

The Forget-me-not, or Mouse-ear Scorpion-Grass, *Myosotis palustris*, a most beautiful plant frequent in watery places. Its racemes bend at the top like a scorpion's tail; hence is derived one of its trivial names. This flower has long been considered the emblem of friendship in almost every part of Europe. *Aimez-moi, ne m'oubliez pas*. The wild Speedwell, *Veronica chamædrys*, "with its celestial eye of blue" has sometimes been taken for the real *Forget-me-not*, with which it vies in beauty. Mills, in his History of the Crusades, gives a romantic account of the origin of the name of this lovely blue flower, vol. 1. page 315.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

FREE from the cottage corner, see how wild
 The village-boy along the pasture hies,
 With every smell, and sound, and sight beguil'd,
 That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes ;
 Now, stooping, eager for the cowslip peeps,
 As though he'd get them all,—now, tired of these,
 Across the flaggy brook he eager leaps
 For some new flower his happy rapture sees,—
 Now, leering 'mid the bushes on his knees
 On woodland banks, for blue-bell flowers he creeps,—
 And now, while looking up among the trees,
 He spies a nest, and down he throws his flowers,
 And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies ;
 The happiest object in the Summer hours.

THE GLOW-WORM.

GEM of the lone and silent vale,
 Treasure of evening's pensive hour !
 I come thy fairy rays to hail,
 I come a votive strain to pour.

Nor chilly damp, nor paths untrod,
 Shall from thy shrine my footsteps fright ;
 Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,
 And cheer the gathering mists of night.

Again the yellow fire impart ;—
 Lo ! planets shed a mimic day ;
 Lo ! vivid meteors round me dart ;
 On western clouds red lightnings play !

But I disdain these garish fires,
 Sporting on evening's sultry wing ;
 Thy humble light my eye admires,
 Thy soft retiring charms I sing.

Thine is an unobtrusive blaze,
 Content in lowly shades to shine ;
 And much I wish, while thus I gaze,
 To make thy modest merit mine.

For, long by youth's wild wishes cast
 On the false world's tempestuous sea,
 I seek retirement's shore at last,
 And find a monitor in thee.

Mrs. Opie.

The Glow-worm, *Lampyrus Noctiluca*, cannot be viewed but with delight and admiration. Upon examination it will be found to resemble a caterpillar, though somewhat depressed ; however, it is not the larva of an insect, but the perfect female of a beetle: it is destitute of wings and elytra, appendages with which the male fly is furnished. Its light, which is of a beautiful sulphur colour, (though our poets have described it as emerald, topaz, blue, &c.) proceeds from the last three segments of the body. It is phosphorescent, and so strong that it may be seen through several folds of paper, in which it may be wrapped. So brilliant indeed is this little diamond of the night, that by its light the smallest print may be read without much difficulty, and the time also seen by a watch. In the neighbourhood where these curious insects abound, they are collected by children,

And put in flowers that nature weaves
 With hollow shapes and silken leaves,
 Such as the Canterbury bell,
 Serving for lamp and lantern well.

The Glow-worm also has the wonderful property of absorbing its light,

and giving it out at pleasure;—an admirable provision to guard it from nocturnal birds and insects; or

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the traveller as he went,
Be careful where he trod.

Gilbert White observed that this little creature puts out its lamp between eleven and twelve o'clock, and shines no more for the rest of the night. No wonder then that this insect, which chiefly exhibits itself on occasions so interesting, and whose economy is so wonderful, should have afforded exquisite images and illustrations to so many of our poets.

A CONTEMPLATION

UPON THE SHALLOWNESS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE

If of the smallest star in sky
We know not the dimensity;
If those pure sparks that stars compose,
The highest human wit do pose;
How then, poor shallow man, canst thou
The Maker of these glories know?

If we know not the air we draw,
Nor what keeps winds and waves in awe;
If our small skulls cannot contain
The flux and saltness of the main;
If scarce a cause we ken below;
How shall we the Supernal know?

If it be a mysterious thing,
Why steel should to the loadstone cling:
If we know not why jet should draw,
And with such kisses hug a straw;
If none can truly yet reveal,
How sympathetic powders heal;

If we scarce know the earth we tread,
 Or half the simples that are bred,
 With minerals, and thousand things
 Which for man's health and food she brings ;
 If Nature's so obscure, then how
 Can we the God of Nature know ?

What the bat's eye is to the sun ;
 Or of a glow-worm to the moon ;
 The same is human intellect,
 If on our Maker we reflect,
 Whose magnitude is so immense,
 That it transcends both soul and sense.

Poor purblind man ! then set thee still ;
 Let wonderment thy temples fill :
 Keep a due distance : do not pry
 Too near, lest, like a silly fly,
 While she the wanton with the flame doth play,
 First fries her wings, then fools her life away.
 James Howell, 1664.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we
 Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
 The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
 The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! up and down !
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
 And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
 The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—

A home, if such a place may be,
 For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
 And only seeketh her rocky lair
 To warm her young, and to teach them spring
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep ! o'er the deep !
 Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish sleep,
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
 The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird
 Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard !
 Ah ! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still :
 Yet *he* ne'er falters :—So, Petrel, spring
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

Barry Cornwall.

The Stormy Petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken, *Procellaria Pelagica*, is seen by navigators in every part of the ocean, skimming over the surface of a heavy rolling sea. Before a storm, these birds flock under the wake of a ship, and are looked upon by the sailors as foreboding evil. "But," says that fascinating writer and accurate naturalist, Alexander Wilson, "as well might they curse the midnight lighthouse, that star-like, guides them on their watery way, or the buoy, that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it."

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the flashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer-home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. Bryant.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

AGAIN the ruthless weapon sweeps the ground,
And the grey Corn-crake trembles at the sound ;
Her callow brood around her cowering cling,
She braves its edge—she mourns her severed wing ;
Oft had she taught them with a mother's love,
To note the pouncing merlin from the dove ;

The slowly floating buzzard's eye to shun,
 As o'er the meads he hovers in the sun ;
 The weazel's sly imposture to prevent ;
 And mark the marten by his musky scent ;
 Ah ! fruitless skill, which taught her not to scan
 The scythe afar, and ruthless arm of man,
 In vain her mate, as evening-shadows fall,
 Shall lingering wait for her accustomed call :
 The shepherd-boys shall oft her loss deplore
 That mocked her notes beside the cottage door.

Dr. Leyden.

The Corn-crake, or Land-rail, *Rallus Crex*, visits our fields in April and leaves us in October. Its well-known cry very much resembles that of a comb, when the finger is drawn along the teeth, and which has been used as a decoy.

THE VALENTINE WREATH.

Rosy red the hills appear
 With the light of morning,
 Beauteous clouds, in ether clear,
 All the East adorning ;
 White through mist the meadows shine ;
 Wake, my love, my Valentine !

For thy locks of raven hue,
 Flowers of hoar-frost pearly,
 Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
 Snowdrops drooping early,
 With Mezereon sprigs combine :
 Rise, my love, my Valentine !

O'er the margin of the flood,
 Pluck the Daisy peeping ;
 Through the covert of the wood,
 Hunt the Sorrel creeping ;
 With the little Celandine,
 Crown, my love, my Valentine !

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scattered o'er the fallows ;
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
Green and glossy Sallows,
Tufted moss and Ivy-twine,
Deck, my love, my Valentine !

Few and simple flow'rets these ;
Yet, to me, less glorious
Garden-beds and orchard-trees !
Since this wreath victorious
Binds you now for ever mine,
O, my love, my Valentine !

Montgomery.

APRIL.

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of Summer time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful bright neck, and from the hills
A murmur, like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass—and so I know
That Nature, from her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.

Smell at my violets !—I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches one like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out

Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets ; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed unmanly, but the wise
Read Nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out !
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it when the fever of the world
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April time.

N. P. Willis.

NATIVE HOME.

UPON the Ganges' regal stream,
The sun's bright splendours rest,
And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
Reposes on its breast :—
But in a small secluded nook,
Beyond the western sea,
There rippling glides a narrow brook,
That's dearer far to me.

The Lory* perches on my hand,
Caressing to be fed,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
And stoops its purple head :—
But where the Robin, humble guest,
Comes flying from the tree,

* A species of Paroquet.

Which bears its unpretending nest,
 Alas ! I'd rather be.

The Fire-fly flashes through the sky.
 A meteor rich and bright ;
 And the wide space around, on high,
 Gleams with its emerald light ;
 Though glory tracks that shooting star,
 And bright its splendours shine,
 The Glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
 To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer-year, the Flowers
 In all the flush of bloom,
 Clustering around the forest bowers,
 Exhale their rich perfume :—
 The Daisy, and the Primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The Lotus opes its chalices,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirrors make :—
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home
 Within my native land.

Benares.

Miss Roberts.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO DR. CAREY.

THRICE welcome, little English Flower !
 My mother-country's white and red,
 In rose and lily, till this hour,
 Never to me such beauty spread :
 Transplanted from thine island-bed,
 A treasure in a grain of earth,

Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the West,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year :
Thou, only thou, art *little* here,
Like worth unfriended or unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be :
The fairy-sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this fair clime.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;
O for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where *Daisies*, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk !—that here might shoot
Thy scions and thy buds expand
A hundred from one root !

Thrice welcome, little English Flower !
To me the pledge of Hope unseen :

When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
 For joys that were, or might have been,
 I'll call to mind, how,—fresh and green,
 I saw thee waking from the dust,—
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.

Montgomery.

These beautiful lines, from the pen of our esteemed Poet, Montgomery, are said to owe their origin to the following extract from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the intelligent Baptist Minister, at Mysore, to a friend in Yorkshire:—"With great labour have I preserved the common field-daisy, which came up accidentally in some English earth, for six or seven years, but my whole stock is now only one plant. I have never been able, even with sheltering them, to preserve an old root through the rains, but I get a few seedlings every year. The proportion of *small* plants in the country is very inconsiderable, the greater number of our vegetable productions being either large shrubs, immense climbers, or timber trees."—It is pleasing to know that our pious Missionaries in foreign climes do not forget thus "to interweave a sprig of science from time to time, among their amaranthine wreathes, which are not of this world."

THE PALM-TREE.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
 Beside the fount of Araby;
 It was not fanned by southern breeze
 In some green isle of Indian seas,
 Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
 O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled Palm-tree grew
 'Mid foliage of no kindred hue;
 Through the laburnum's drooping gold
 Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
 And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
 Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there!—the willow stream'd
 Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
 The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
 To murmur by the desert's tree,

And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled the garden bowers :
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'mid the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance and song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms ;
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chesnut flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of its own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore ;—
All through his wakening bosom swept ;
He clasped his country's tree, and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not !—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,

These have one fountain, deep and clear—
The same whence gushed that child-like tear.

Mrs. Hemans.

This poem sadly brings to our recollection the beautiful lines in Cowper's *Task*, where that writer alludes to Omai, whom Captain Cook brought over to England from the Friendly Islands:—Omai wept bitter tears, when he returned to his original condition of life.

The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatched with leaves. &c. &c.

Task, B. 1.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

COME, track with me, this little vagrant rill,
Wandering its wild course from the mountain's breast,
Now, with a brink fantastic, heather-drest,
And playing with the stooping flowers at will;
Now, moving scarce, with noiseless step and still.
Anon, it seems to weary of its rest,
And hurries on, leaping with sparkling zest,
Adown the ledges of the broken hill;
—So, let us live. Is not the life well-spent,
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature weaves
For all, inheriting and adorning Earth,
Which throws light pleasure over true Content,
Blossoms with Fruitage—Flowers, as well as Leaves—
And sweetens Wisdom with a taste of Mirth?

T. Doubleday.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Ev'n yet thou art to me
No bird : but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same, whom in my schoolboy days,
I listened to : that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

Wordsworth.

The Cuckoo, *Cuculus Canorus*, comes to us about the middle of April and almost invariably leaves us before the first of July. Every one hails with pleasure the arrival of this herald of Spring. Its *two* notes have been observed to be always *F* and *D* in the key of *D*. This and the Cow-bunting, *Emberiza Pecoris*, of America, are the only known instances of birds laying their eggs in nests belonging to others. The Cuckoo generally deposits its solitary egg in the nest of the Hedge-sparrow, and what is very remarkable, the young Cuckoo, as soon as hatched, turns out the eggs or birds, that may chance to remain there, and takes entire possession of the nest: it then becomes the sole object of the future care of its diminutive foster-parent.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

——— Now I steal along a woody lane,
 To hear thy song so various, gentle bird,
 Sweet queen of night, transporting Philomel.
 I name thee not to give my feeble line
 A grace else wanted, for I love thy song
 And often have I stood to hear it sung,
 When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile
 Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot
 A look of pure benevolence and joy
 Into the heart of night. Yes, I have stood
 And marked thy varied note, and frequent pause,
 Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
 Sincerely pleas'd. And O, methought, no note
 Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing
 How easily the chief! Yet have I heard
 What pleases me still more—the human voice
 In serious sweetness flowing from the heart
 Of unaffected woman. I could hark
 Till the round world dissolv'd to the pure strain
 Love teaches, gentle modesty inspires.

Hurdis.

The good Isaac Walton, a writer of genuine feeling and classical simplicity, observes of this noted song-bird: "He, that at midnight, when the very labourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling, of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth."

BIRDS FORBIDDEN BY THE LEVITICAL LAW.

LEVIT. XI. 13—19.

OF feath' red Foules that fanne the bucksom aire,
 Not all alike weare made for foode to men,

For, these thou shalt not eat doth God declare,
Twice tenne their nombre, and their flesh unclene ;
Fyrst the great *Eagle*, byrde of feigned Jove,
Which Thebanes worshippe and diviners love :

Next *Ossifrage* and *Ospray* (both one kinde,)
Of luxurie and rapine, emblems mete,
That haunte the shores, the choicest preye to finde,
And brast the bones, and scoope the marrow swete ;
The *Vulture*, void of delicace and feare,
Who spareth not the pale dede man to teare :

The tall-built *Swann*, faire type of pride confest ;
The *Pelicane*, whose sons are nurst with bloode,
Forbidd to man ! she stabbeth deep her breast,
Self-murtheresse through fondnesse to her broode ;*
They too that range the thirstie wilds emong,
The *Ostryches*, unthoughtful of their yonge :

The *Raven*, ominous (as Gentiles holde,)
What time she croaketh hoarsely a la morte ;
The *Hawke*, aerial hunter, swifte and bolde,
In feates of mischief trayned for disporte ;
The vocal *Cuckowe*, of the faulcon race,
Obscene intruder in her neighbor's place :

The *Owle* demure, who loveth not the lighte
(Ill semblance she of wisdom to the Greeke,)
The smallest foul's dradd foe, the coward *Kite*,
And the stille *Herne*, arresting fishes meeke ;
The glutton *Cormorante*, of sullen moode,
Regarding no distinction in his foode :

The *Storke*, which dwelleth on the fir-tree toppe,
And trusteth that no power shall hir dismaye,
As kinges, on their high stations place thir hope,
Nor wist that there be higher farre than theye ;

* The Pelican, when she feeds her young, presses with her bill her full pouch against her breast, which is of a reddish hue, and thus disgorges its contents;—this action has probably given rise to the popular fable here alluded to by our ancient Poet.

The gay *Gier-Eagle*, beautifull to viewe,
Bearyng within a savage herte untrewē :

The *Ibis*, whome in Egypte Israel found,
Fell byrde ! that living serpents can digest ;
The crested *Lapwyng*e, wailing shrill arounde,
Solicitous, with no contentment blest ;
Last the foul *Batt* of byrde and beaste fyrst bredde,
Flitting with littel leathren sailes dispreddē.

Bibliotheca Biblica, 1725.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose is red, the Rose is white,
The Rose it blooms in Summer light ;
But ah ! it clouds the heart's delight,
To muse upon its history ;—
It tells full many a woeful tale,
Of hearts made cold, of cheeks made pale,
Of love's sad sigh, the widow's wail,
In days of strife and chivalry ;
Sweet freedom may the age prevail,
That strife no more may be.

The Rose is red, the Rose is white,
The Rose is pleasant to the sight,
Now both its hues in one unite,
To crown the brows of loyalty !
Strife took the white Rose for its crest,
But Concord placed it in her vest,
Where deep it blushed upon her breast,
To wed the tree of Liberty ;
And while it blooms as Freedom's guest,
There let it ever be.

Clare.

During the unhappy and fatal struggles between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the adherents of the former chose as their mark of distinction, the *White* Rose; while those of the latter, assumed the *Red*: these civil wars, which continued from the year 1450 to 1485, were known all over Europe by the name of the "Quarrel between the two Roses." Upon the

marriage of Henry VII., of the house of Lancaster, with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., of the house of York, the *two roses* were united in *one*, and then became the royal badge of England. The following epigram, notwithstanding that it savours of affectation, may not here be inaptly quoted; the lines were sent with a white rose from a lover of the house of York to his mistress of the house of Lancaster :

If this pale rose offend thy sight,
Go place it in thy bosom fair,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

ON THE ANTIPATHIES OF PLANTS.

THE prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants, for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation Nature gave
Love and aversion. Everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, which yet abhors
The Colewort's rankness, but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm. The Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the fetid Leek,
Crest of proud Britons, and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The Gourd
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
The approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendril creep
Diverse, detesting contact ; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf
Close neighbouring. The Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
To approach the Quince and the Elder's pithy stem
Uneasy seated by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits, or near the bitter dew
Of Cherries : therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful plants.

Phillips.

THE SKY-LARK.

WITH fluttering start, in silence, from her nest
 The Sky-lark breaks :—then steadier, upwards soars,
 And with melodious trill her prelude pours
 To earth, in hues of full-flushed Summer drest ;
 Now, poised on moveless wing, she seems to rest :
 Careless what bird, beneath the airy height,
 May cross her path with horizontal flight,
 The measured lay she breathes :—then, like a guest
 Singing to other spheres, is lost in light :
 Till, fondly lured, she turns her faithful breast
 Downward through fields of blue. The warbling strain
 Near and more near she swells ;—then hushed again,
 Falls like a shadow from the sunny dome,
 And chaunts her three wild notes to welcome home,

Mrs. J. Conder.

“ The Sky-lark, *Alauda arvensis*, is justly celebrated for its song. Though monotonous, it is cheerful, and imparts gaiety to the mind of even the most serious. Its joyous matins and heavenward flight have been aptly compared to hymns, and acts of adoration and praise.—After descending half way, it ceases to sing, and drops with the velocity of an arrow to the ground.” Of this familiar fact, Gay has made a beautiful application in his popular ballad of “ Black-eyed Susan.” See Mr. Main’s Papers on *British Song Birds*. *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 4. They abound in interesting matter, and are written with the feelings of a true lover of Nature.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous Birds of the wandering wing !
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of Spring ?
 —“ We come from the shore of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.
 —“ We have swept o’er the cities, in song renown’d,—
 Silent they lie, with the deserts round !
 We have cross’d proud rivers, whose tide hath roll’d
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;

And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under the peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt,—
—Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh joyous birds, it hath still been so!
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there, and many a change!
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd, where the children play'd—
—Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—
—So shall *we* reach our bright home at last!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE BELL-FLOWER.

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern and golden broom
Increase the sandrock cavern's gloom,

I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom
With dewdrops spangled,

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing,
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging,

When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decay'd,
And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedge-row shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;
The pensive soul recalls in thee
The year's past pleasures ;
And, led by kindred thought, will flee,
Till, back to careless infancy,
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending,
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak,
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
With death-hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love, and mine ;
 The violet and the eglantine
 With Spring are banish'd.
 In Summer, pinks and roses shine,
 But I of thee my wreath will twine,
 When these are vanish'd.

Author of "May you like it."

The Bell-flower, *Campanula rotundifolia*, decorates our ruined walls, dry banks, and sides of pastures, with its loose clusters of light-blue flowers in the month of July. Its radical leaves are heart-shaped, while those of the stem are lanceolate. It is commonly called the *hare-bell* of Scotland.

ANIMALS HAPPY, A DELIGHTFUL SIGHT.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign
 The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
 Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
 Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.
 Ev'n in the Spring and playtime of the year,
 That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
 These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me ; and the stock-dove unalarm'd
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long-love ditty for my near approach.
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
 That age or injury has hollowed deep,
 Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
 He has outslept the Winter, ventures forth
 To frisk a while, and bask in the warm sun.
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play ;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
 Ascends the neighbouring beech ; where whisks his brush

And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.
The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops and snorts, and throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again ;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one,
That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent
To give such act and utterance, as they may,
To ecstasy too big to be suppress'd—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind Nature graces every scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleased ;
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Cowper.

ON THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ;
When e'en the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There the notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wild bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen-tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-fac'd sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Aye, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.
W. C. Bryant.

INSECTS.

THOUGH numberless these insect tribes of air,
Though numberless each tribe and species fair,
Who wing the noon, and brighten in the blaze,
Innumerable as the sands which bind the seas ;
These have their organs, arts, and arms, and tools,
And functions exercised by various rules ;
The saw, axe, auger, trowel, piercer, drill ;
The neat alembic, and nectareous still :
Their peaceful hours the loom and distaff know ;
But war, the force and fury of the foe,
The spear, the falchion, and the martial mail,
And artful stratagem, where strength may fail :
Each tribe peculiar occupations claim,
Peculiar beauties deck each varying frame ;

Attire and food peculiar are assign'd,
And means to propagate their varying kind.

Henry Brooke.

Speaking of the formation of Insects, Derham, in his *Physico-Theology* thus instructively writes: "It is an amazing thing to reflect upon the surprising minuteness, art, and curiosity, of the joints, muscles, tendons, and nerves, necessary to perform all the motions of the legs, the wings, and every other part; and all these things concur in minute animals, even in the smallest mite and animalculæ; and having named these animals, why should I mention only one part of their bodies, when we have in that compass a whole and complete body, as exquisitely-formed, and (as far as our scrutiny can possibly reach) as neatly adorned, as the largest animals? Let us consider that they have eyes, a brain, a mouth, a stomach, entrails, and every other part of an animal body, as well as legs and feet, and that all those parts have each of them their necessary apparatus of nerves, of various muscles, and of every other part that other insects have, and that all is covered and guarded with a well-made tegument, beset with bristles, and adorned with neat imbrications, and many other fineries."

THE BUTTERFLY.

SEE to the sun the Butterfly displays
Its glittering wings, and wantons in his rays;
In life exulting, o'er the meadow flies,
Sips from each flower, and breathes the vernal skies.

Its splendid plumes, in graceful order, show
The various glories of the painted bow;
Where love directs, a libertine it roves,
And courts the fair ones through the verdant groves.

How glorious now! how chang'd since yesterday,
When on the ground, a crawling worm it lay!
Where every foot might tread its life away!
Who raised it thence? and bid it range the skies?
Gave its rich plumage, and its brilliant dyes?

'Twas God.—Its God and thine, *O man*, and He
In this thy fellow-creature lets thee see
The wondrous change which is ordained for *thee*:
Thou too shalt leave thy reptile form behind,
And mount the skies, a pure ethereal mind,
There range among the skies, all bright and unconfin'd.

THE HIVE-BEE.

CHILD of patient industry,
 Little active busy bee,
 Thou art out at early morn,
 Just as the opening flowers are born,
 Among the green and grassy meads
 Where the cowslips hang their heads ;
 Or by hedge-rows, while the dew
 Glitters on the hare-bell blue.
 Then on eager wing art flown,
 To thymy hillocks on the down ;
 Or to revel on the broom ;
 Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;
 Murmuring still, thou busy bee,
 Thy little ode to industry !

The Bee, *Apis mellifica*, has long attracted universal attention, on account of its wonderful economy and ingenuity. From the nectareous juices of flowers, it collects its delicious honey. Were it not for "Nature's confectioner, the Bee," those sweets would all be lost in the desert air, or decline with the fading blossom. The architecture of its cell is equally astonishing: the base of each cell is not an exact plane, but is composed of three similar rhomboidal pieces, placed so as to form a pyramidal concavity, uniting with the six sides of the cell. By this nice arrangement, the least possible room is lost, as well as a greater degree of strength obtained. "But Bees," says Reid, "although they act geometrically, understand neither the rules nor the principles of the arts which they practise so skilfully;—the geometry is not in the Bee, but in the great Geometrician, who made the bee, and made all things in number, weight, and measure." The works of *Bevan* and *Huber*, and also *Insect Architecture*, will afford great amusement to those who are desirous of further information respecting this intelligent insect.

 EPITAPH ON A GNAT,

FOUND CRUSHED ON THE LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

LIE there, embalm'd from age to age !—
 This is the album's noblest page,
 Though every glowing leaf be fraught
 With painting, poesy, and thought ;

Where tracts of mortal hands are seen,
 A hand invisible hath been,
 And left his autograph behind,
 This 'image from th' eternal mind ;
 A work of skill surpassing sense,
 A labour of Omnipotence !

Though frail as dust it meet the eye,
 He form'd this Gnat who built the sky ;
 Stop—lest it vanish at thy breath—
 This speck had life, and suffered death !
Montgomery.

THE FISH-HAWK, OR OSPREY.

SOON as the Sun, great ruler of the year,
 Bends to our northern climes his bright career,
 And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
 The finny shoals and myriads of the deep ;
 When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
 And day and night the equal hours divide ;
 True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
 The sailing Osprey high is seen to soar,
 With broad unmoving wing ; and circling slow,
 Marks each loose straggler in the deep below ;
 Sweeps down like lightning ! plunges with a roar !
 And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
 The well-known signals of his rough employ ,
 And, as he bears his nets and oars along,
 Thus hails the welcome season with a song :—

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The Osprey sails above the sound,
 The geese are gone, the gulls are flying ;
 The herring shoals swarm thick around,
 The nets are launch'd, the boats are plying ;

Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,
 Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
 Still as the bending net we sweep,
 "God bless the Fish-hawk and the Fisher !"

She brings us fish,—she brings us Spring,
 Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty,
 Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
 Sheepshead, and drum, and old wives' dainty.
 Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,
 Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
 Still as the bending net we sweep,
 "God bless the Fish-hawk and the Fisher !"

She rears her young on yonder tree,
 She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em ;
 Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
 And plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
 Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,
 Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
 While the slow-bending net we sweep,
 "God bless the Fish-hawk and the Fisher !"

Alexander Wilson.

The Fish-Hawk, *Falco Haliaetus*, arrives in the northern parts of the United States about the vernal equinox, and is welcomed by the fishermen as the happy signal of the approach of the vast shoals of fish which frequent those coasts at that season. For an animated description of its constant warfare with the Bald Eagle, *Falco leucocephalus*, see Wilson's American Ornithology.

A WOODNOTE.

COME ye, come ye, to the green, green wood ;
 Loudly the blackbird is singing,
 The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,
 And the curling fern is springing :
 Here ye may sleep
 In the moss so deep,
 While the noon is so warm and so weary,

And sweetly awake
As the sun through the brake
Bids the fauvette and white-throat sing cheery.
The quicken is tufted with blossom of snow,
And is throwing its perfume around it ;
The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,
For joy that again she has found it ;
The jay's red breast
Peeps over her nest,
In the midst of the crab-blossoms blushing ;
And the call of the pheasant
Is frequent and pleasant
When all other calls are hushing.

Howitt.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE Wall-flower—the Wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms !
It gleams above the tower,
Like sun-light over tombs ;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of Time :—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The Wall-flower is sublime.
Flower of the solitary place !
Grey Ruin's golden crown !
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown ;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decay'd ;
And fillest up each envious rent,
Time's canker-tooth hath made.
Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
In battle's grim array :

The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red,—
But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave ?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave ;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower ! dost shed above
' A sweet decaying smell.'

In the season of the tulip-cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze ;
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet Wall-flower—sweet Wall-flower !
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee ;
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer-skies were far more blue,
Than since they e'er have been.

Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
And Robin is the regal bird,
And thou, the queen of Flowers !
He sings on the laburnum trees
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents, as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay ;
 The rose is Summer's guest ;
 Bland are thy charms when these decay,—
 Of flowers—first, last, and best !
 There may be gaudier on the bower,
 And statelier on the tree ;
 But Wall-flower—loved Wall-flower !
 Thou art the flower for me !

Moir.

TO THE BEE-OPHRYS ;

ON GATHERING THE FLOWER NEAR SHIREOAKS, NOTTS.

BRIGHT insect-seeming flower ! thou art indeed
 Of thy gay family, a curious child :
 When first I met with thee, upspringing wild
 Hard by the path, which did my footsteps lead
 To where that far-famed Oak spreads his proud top
 Umbrageous o'er the junction of three shires :*
 How caught with admiration, did I stop
 And cull thee from amidst the grassy spires !
 One might have thought thou wert some vagrant bee,
 Erst marked by Flora settled on a stem,
 Who, sportively, the quaint device to see
 Transform'd the insect to a floral gem,
 Still springing fresh through all succeeding years,
 Gay as thy sister flowers, bright as thy winged compeers.

John Holland.

The flowers of this genus are beautiful and curious, and have a greater or less similitude to certain insects. In the Fly-ophrys, *Ophrys muscifera*, the deception is so inimitable, that dogs have been known to snap at them, fancying that they were real flies. In the Bee-flower, *Ophrys apifera*, to

* The ancient Oak, formerly growing near Worksop, the boughs of which dropped into the three counties of Nottingham, Derby, and York.

which the poem alludes, one of the petals exactly resembles a bee sipping honey. Langhorne, in his *Fables of Flora*, admirably depicts it :—

See on that floweret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies !
His thin-wrought plume, his downy crest,
Th' ambrosial gold, that swells his thighs.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs ; we'll set the captive free—
I sought the *living bee* to find,
And found the *picture of a bee*.

THE OAK.

THAN a tree, a grander child earth bears not.
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To forests of immeasurable extent,
Which Time confirms, which centuries waste not ?
Oaks gather strength for ages ; and when at last
They wane, so beauteous in decrepitude,
So grand in weakness ! E'en in their decay
So venerable ! 'Twere sacrilege t' escape
The consecrating touch of Time. Time watch'd
The blossom on the parent bough ; Time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray ; Time pass'd,
While, springing from its swaddling shell, yon oak,
The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns
Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years,
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudged not ;
Time knew the sapling when gay Summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not. Time hollow'd in its trunk
A tomb for centuries ; and buried there

The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
 The fading generations of the world,
 The memory of man.

Strutt's Sylva Brit.

“ The Oak, *Quercus Robur*, in dignity and grandeur, stands pre-eminent, and like the lion among beasts, is the undoubted lord of the forest. Beauty, united with strength, characterises all its parts. Even as a sapling, in its graceful slenderness, it exhibits sufficient firmness and vigour, to indicate the future monarch of the wood; a state, indeed, which it is slow to assume, but which it retains *per sæcula longa*, and when, at length, it is brought to acknowledge the influence of time, and becomes ‘ bald with dry antiquity,’ no other production of the forest can be admitted as its rival in majestic and venerable decay :—

Behold yon Oak
 How stern he frowns, and, with his broad brown arms
 Chills the pale plain beneath him.”

Mason.

See *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, Vols, 1 and 3, for valuable details respecting the Oak.

THE MOSS IN THE DESERT.

AH ! lovely flower, what care, what power,
 In thy fair structure are display'd
 By Him who rear'd thee to this hour
 Within the forest's lonely shade !

Thy tender stalk, and fibres fine,
 Here find a shelter from the storm ;
 Perhaps no human eyes but mine
 Ere gazed upon thy lovely form.

The dewdrop glistens on thy leaf,
 As if thou seem'dst to shed a tear—
 As if thou knew'st my tale of grief—
 Felt all my sufferings severe !

But ah ! thou know'st not my distress
 In danger here from beasts of prey,
 And robbed of all I did possess,
 By men more fierce by far than they.

Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh,
Nor cool the fever at my heart,
Though to the zephyrs passing by
Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.

Yet He that form'd thee, little plant,
And bade thee flourish in this place,
Who sees and feels my every want,
Can still support me by His grace.

Oft has His arm, all strong to save,
Protected my defenceless head,
From ills I never could perceive,
Nor could my feeble hand have stayed.

Then shall I still pursue my way
O'er this wild desert's sun-burnt soil,
To where the ocean's swelling spray
Washes my longed for, native isle.

Alexander Leatham.

These feeling lines were composed by a blind boy in the asylum at Edinburgh, and owe their origin to an incident which occurred to our enterprising countryman, M. Park, who, when in the wilds of Africa, in 1795, derived consolation under severe hardships from the sight of a little moss, *Dicranum bryoides*. (See *Hooker's Muscol. Brit.* p. 51.) "Whichever way I turned," says the traveller, "I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals, and by men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from any European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small *Moss*, in fructification, caught my eye. I mention this, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy :—
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ;—
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny :
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall :
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

Bp. Heber.

FOREST TREES.

THERE stood the elme, whose shade so mildely dym
Doth nourish all that groweth under him :—
Cipresse that like piramides runne topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping :—
The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set neere to him long flourisheth :—

The heavie-headed plane-tree, by whose shade
 The grasse grows thickest, men are fresher made :—
 The oake, that best endures the thunder-shocks ;
 The everlasting ebene, cedar, boxe :—
 The olive that in wainscot never cleaves :—
 The amorous vine which in the elme still weaves :—
 The lotus, juniper, where wormes ne'er enter :
 The pyne, with whom men through the ocean venter :—
 The warlike yewgh, by which (more than the lance,)
 The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France :—
 Amongst the rest, the tamariske there stood,
 For housewives' besomes only knowne most good :—
 The cold-place-loving birch, and servis-tree ;
 The walnut loving vales, and mulberry :—
 The maple, ashe, that doe delight in fountaines,
 Which have their currents by the sides of mountaines :—
 The laurell, mirtle, ivy, date, which hold
 Their leaves all Winter, be it ne'er so cold :—
 The firre, that oftentimes doth rosin drop :
 The beech, that scales the welkin with his top :
 All these and thousand more within this grove,
 By all the industry of nature strove
 To frame an arbour that might keepe within it,
 The best of beauties that the world hath in it.

William Browne, 1616.

TO THE ROUND-LEAVED SUNDEW.

BY the lone fountain's secret bed,
 Where human footsteps rarely tread,
 'Mid the wild moor or silent glen,
 The Sundew blooms unseen by men ;
 Spreads there her leaf of rosy hue,
 A chalice for the morning dew,
 And, ere the Summer's sun can rise,
 Drinks the pure waters of the skies.

Wouldest thou that thy lot were given
Thus to receive the dews of heaven,
With heart prepared, like this meek flower ?
Come, then, and hail the dawning hour ;
So shall a blessing from on high,
Pure as the rain of Summer's sky,
Unsullied as the morning dew
Descend, and all thy soul imbue.

Yes ! like the blossoms of the waste,
Would we the sky-born waters taste,
To the High Fountain's sacred spring,
The chalice let us humbly bring :
So shall we find the streams of heaven
To him who seeks are freely given ;
The morning and the evening dew
Shall still our failing strength renew.

The Wild Garland.

The Sundew, *Drosera rotundifolia*, a plant frequent in turfy bogs, bears a delicate white flower on a slender stem ;—the leaves are round, about the size of a sixpence, fringed with red hairs, which discharge drops of an acrid fluid. Insects are frequently entangled by the viscid globules ; and it has been observed that an ant so situated, died in fifteen minutes. The plant has been thought to possess irritability, similar to the American Fly-trap. The above poem is taken from "The Wild Garland," a delightful wreath composed by Samuel M. Waring and his Sister. "How pleasant, nay how much more pleasant," says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in reference to the too prevailing taste for novel-reading, "to take up by chance from some table groaning under a load of fashionable novels some small volume composed by some lover of nature, that has found its way there, heaven knows how, like some real rosebud yielding its fragrance among artificial flowers."

THE ST. JOHN'S-WORT.

THE young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power ;—
"Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light !
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night,

The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide,
If the coming year shall make me a bride."

And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John,

And soon as the young maid her true knot tied,
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,

Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—

" Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of power !

To deck the young bride in her bridal hour !"

But it droop'd its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower ;
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than a bridal day.

And when a year was pass'd away
All pale on her bier the young maid lay !

And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone,
Through the night of St. John,

And they clos'd the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The ancient name of the St. John's-wort, *Hypericum*, was *Fuga Dæmonum*, being believed by the superstitious to defend persons from phantoms and ghosts. It was used among the curious ceremonies practised of old on Midsummer Eve, the vigil of St. John's day. In Lower Saxony the young girls gather sprigs of this plant on the eve of St. John, and suspend them on the walls of their chambers; if the plant remain on the following morning fresh, it foretells a prosperous marriage;—if it droop and wither, the reverse,—a state of single blessedness. This superstition gave origin to the above romantic lines.

THE PIMPERNEL.

SEE'ST yon Pimpernel ? an hour is past

And he was holding dalliance with the sun,

All bared his crimson pride : now closed, downcast,
 His blossoms seek their favourite skies to shun.
 Young Edwin came, the warning change beheld,
 Then hurried to his hinds, and hark ! I hear
 His loaded waggons creaking from the field,
 For storms, he says, and angry hours are near.
 Oh ! 'mid the flowers life's tortuous path that strew,
 Is there not one like this ? E'en as I speak,
 Thy bosom-friend's estranged look review,
 Remark his icy eye, his smileless cheek :
 Adversity is nigh ! Speed, counsel how
 To soften as thou mayest th' inevitable blow.

Rev. R. W. Evans.

The Scarlet Pimpernel, *Anagallis arvensis*, is frequently called the *Poor-man's weather-glass*, because its corolla never expands in rainy weather, or when the air is moist. Prof. Martyn observed that this sensitive little flower is on fine days open from eight in the morning, till four in the afternoon. From these curious circumstances, the peasant

" Can in the pimpernel's red-tinted flowers,
 As close their petals, read the measured hours."

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts, and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks :
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

 The dog is not of mountain breed ;
 Its motions too are wild and shy ;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry.
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All 'round, in hollow, or on height ;

Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes the ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes doth the leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crag repeats the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes,—the cloud,—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast
That, if it could, would hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts awhile
The shepherd stood : then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appall'd discoverer, with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fall'n, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remember'd too the very day,
On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !

A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This Dog had been, through *three* months' space,
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that since that day,
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The Dog had watch'd about the spot,
 Or by his master's side :
 How nourish'd here through such long time,
 HE knows, who gave that love sublime ;
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate.

Wordsworth.

Mr. Charles Gough, the unfortunate subject of this poem, was a resident of Manchester, who made frequent visits to the Lakes. Confiding in his knowledge of the country, he ventured to cross one of the passes of Helvellyn, late in a summer afternoon, attended only by his faithful dog. Darkness, it is supposed, came on before his expectation—he wandered from the tract, and fell into one of those deep recesses where human foot rarely treads. The dog was found by the side of his master after a search of many weeks. This fatal accident happened in 1811. The great northern Bard has likewise paid a pleasing tribute to the memory of this pilgrim of Nature, in the following pathetic stanzas.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CHARLES GOUGH.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide,
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me, the echoes replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was impending
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer died.
 Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay ;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start ?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number ?
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
And oh ! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd, the pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;
With escutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall ;
Through the courts at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arched chapel, the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff, huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam :
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

Sir W. Scott.

THE THISTLE.

PLEDGE to the much-loved Land that gave us birth,
Invincible, romantic, Scotia's shore !

Pledge to the memory of departed worth,
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore !

* * * * *

Triumphant be our Thistle still unfurl'd !
Dear symbol wild ! on Freedom's hills it grows ;
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes !

Is there a son of generous England here ?
Or fervid Erin ?—He with us shall join
To pray, that, in eternal union dear,
The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle twine.

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
' As rocks resist the billows' round our shore ;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn,
Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore !

Campbell.

The above stanzas, alluding to our National floral emblems, are taken from Campbell's Patriotic Ode, composed for the 21st of March, 1809, the anniversary of the Highland Society, the day on which the gallant 42nd regiment carried into Egypt the standard of the Invincibles.—It is a curious fact that Botanists are undetermined as to the particular species of Thistle, which is the genuine emblem of Scotland. Prof. Hooker states, that the common Cotton Thistle, *Onopordum Acanthium*, is cultivated by the Scotch as their true badge, but Prof. Rennie gives the preference to the Spear-plume Thistle, *Cnicus lanceolatus*, as being the most common by their way-sides, while the other is less frequent. The usual heraldic figure, however, seems to be most like the Musk Thistle, *Carduus nutans*, a plant frequent on limestone soils. The motto used by the knights of the Thistle, or of St. Andrew, is peculiarly appropriate to their floral badge, *Nemo me impune lacessit* ; "no one touches me with impunity," or in plain Scotch, "Ye maun't meddle wi' me."

Proud Thistle ! emblem dear to Scotland's sons,
Begirt with threatening points, strong in defence,
Unwilling to assault !

THE FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND.

WHAT are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel ?
The lovely flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel !

The thistle's purple bonnet,
 And bonny heather bell,
 O they're the flowers of Scotland
 All other that excel !

Though England eyes her roses,
 With pride she'll ne'er forego,
 The rose has oft been trodden
 By foot of haughty foe ;
 But the thistle in her bonnet blue,
 Still nods outow'r the fell,
 And dares the proudest foeman
 To tread the heather bell.

For the wee bit leaf o' Ireland,
 Alack and well-a-day !
 For ilka hand is free to pu'
 An' steal the gem away ;
 But the thistle in her bonnet blue
 Still bobs aboon them a' ;
 At her the bravest darena blink,
 Or gie his mou a thraw.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,
 The emblems o' the free,
 Their guardians for a thousand years,
 Their guardians still we'll be,
 A foe had better brave the de'il
 Within his reeky cell,
 Than our thistle's purple bonnet,
 Or bonny heather bell.

Hogg.

VIOLETS.

BEAUTIFUL are you in your lowliness ;
 Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent :
 Lovely your modest blossoms, downward bent,
 As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
 The passer-by with fragrance, and express

How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,
 Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
 Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
 Delightful flowerets ! at the voice of Spring
 Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright ;
 And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
 Above your lowly birth-place birds shall sing,
 And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-worm fling
 The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

B. Barton.

The sweet Violet, *Viola odorata*, has been in all ages a favourite, and is recognized by poets as the emblem of modesty and innocence. This flower of the field has been also made the badge of political feeling, the violet in France being the emblem of the liberal party.—When the corolla and calyx are removed, the stigma and anthers are in shape not unlike the ostrich. It was from the examination of this flower that Mr. J. Bartram, the friend and patron of Alexander Wilson, was first induced to commence the delightful study of Botany.

ELEGY TO THE BEE.

SWEET Labourer ! 'mid the Summer's golden hour,
 Full oft I trace thy little busy flight ;
 With pleasure see thee perch from flower to flower,
 On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies, light !
 Yet what to thee is Summer's golden smile ?
 And what to thee the flower-enamelled plain ?
 Will gratitude reward thy daily toil ?
 No, no, thou workest for reward in vain !
 Not long the hive of treasure will be thine,
 Rapacity will force thy little door ;
 Those treasures with thy life must thou resign,
 A breathless victim on thy fragrant store !

Walcot.

THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
 Need we to prove a God is here ;

The Daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
 Tells of His hand in lines as clear.
 For who but He who arch'd the skies,
 And pours the day-spring's living flood,
 Wondrous alike in all He tries,
 Could raise the Daisy's purple bud,
 Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
 Its fringed border nicely spin,
 And cut the gold-embossed gem
 That, set in silver, gleams within,
 And fling it unrestrain'd and free,
 O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
 That man, where'er he walks, may see
 In every step the stamp of God ?

Dr. J. M. Good.

The Field-Daisy, insignificant as it apparently is, exhibits on examination, a world of wonders. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disk and border, each distinct, each useful, each delicately beautiful. The florets of the centre are yellow or orange-coloured, while those of the ray are snow-white, tinged underneath with crimson. The following remark of Gedner is particularly applicable to this interesting little flower. "We ought not to overlook the minutest objects, but to examine them with a glass, for we shall then perceive how much art the Creator has bestowed upon them."

Woe to the man, whose wit disclaims its use,
 Glittering in vain, or only to seduce,
 Who studies Nature, with a wanton eye,
 Admires the work, but slips the lesson by.

Cowper.

HERBS.

HERBS too she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew ;
 Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak ;
 But *Herbs* for use, and physick, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew ;
 The tufted Basil, pun-provoking Thyme,
 Fresh Balm, and Marigold of cheerful hue :
 The lowly Gill, that never dares to climb ;
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet Euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;
 And pungent Radish, biting infant's tongue ;
 And Plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;
 And Marjoram sweet, in shepherds' posy found :
 And Lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her 'kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim Rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;
 Ere driven from its envied site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here ;
 Where, edged with gold, its glitt'ring skirts appear.
 Oh wassail days ! O customs meet and well !
 Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere,
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordlings dwell.

Shenstone.

"In ages of simplicity, when every man was the usual dispenser of good or bad, benefit or injury, to his own household or his cattle,—ere the veterinary art was known, or the drugs of other regions introduced, necessity looked up to the products of its own clime, and the real and fanciful virtues of them were called to the trial, and manifests the reasonableness of bestowing upon plants and herbs such names as might immediately indicate their several uses. Modern science may wrap up the meaning of its epithets in Greek and Latin terms ; but in very many cases they are mere translations of these despised 'old, vulgar names.' What pleasure it must have afforded the poor sufferer in body and limb, when he knew that his good neighbour, who came to bathe his wounds, or assuage his inward torments, brought with him such things as, *all-heal*, *bruise-wort*, *gout-weed*, and *fever-few* (*fugio*), and twenty other such comfortable mitigators of his afflictions. And then the good herbalist of old, professed to have plants which were *all-good*: they could assuage anger by their *loosestrife* ; and they had *honesty*, *true-love*, and *heart's-ease*. The cayennes, the soys, the catchups, and extra-tropical condiments of these days were not required, when the next thicket would produce, *poor-man's pepper*, *sauce-alone*, and *hedge-mustard* ; and the woods and wilds around, when they yielded such delicate viands as, *fut-hen*, *lamb's-quarters*, *way-bread*, *butter and eggs*, with *codlins and cream*, afforded no despicable bill of fare. No one ever yet thought of accusing old simplers of the vice of avarice, or love of lucre ; yet their *thrift* is always to be seen: we have their humble *penny-wort*, *herb two-pence*, *moneywort*, *silverweed*, and *gold*. We may smile, perhaps, at the cognomens, or the commemorations of friendships or of worth, recorded by the old simplers, at their herbs, *Bennet*, *Robert*, *Christopher*,

Gerard, or Basil; but do the names so bestowed by modern science read better, or sound better? it has, *Lightfootia*, *Lapeyrousia*, *Hedwigia*, *Schkuhria*, and *Scheuchzeria*; and surely we may admit, in common benevolence, such partialities as, *good King Henry*, *sweet William*, *sweet Marjory*, *sweet Cicely*, *Mary-Gold*, and *Rose*.—The terms of modern science waver daily; names undergo an annual change, fade with the leaf, and give place to others; but the ancient terms, which some may ridicule, have remained for centuries, and will yet remain till nature is swallowed up by art." Knapp's *Journal of a Naturalist*: a work which forms an excellent companion to White's *Natural History of Selborne*.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

COME buy, come buy my mystic flowers,
 All ranged with due consideration,
 And culled in Fancy's fairy bowers,
 To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,
 I've *Snowdrops*, Winter's children cold;
 And those who seek for wealth to marry,
 May buy the flaunting *Marigold*.

I've *Ragwort*, *Ragged-robins* too,
 Cheap flowers for those of low condition;
 For Bachelors I've *Buttons* blue;
 And *Crowns-imperial* for ambition.

For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,
 I've *Pheasant's-eye*, and sprigs of *Heather*;
 For courtiers with the supple knee,
 I've climbing plants and *Prince's-feather*.

For thin, tall fops I keep the *Rush*;
 For pedants still am *Nightshade* weeding;
 For rakes I've *Devil-in-the-bush*;
 For sighing Strephons, *Love-lies-bleeding*.

But fairest blooms affection's hand
 For constancy and worth disposes,
 And gladly weaves, at your command,
 A wreath of *Amaranth* and *Roses*.

Mrs. Cobbold.

THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER-EVENING
WALK.

WHEN day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May-fly haunts the pool or stream ;
When the still Owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous Hare limps forth to feed ;
Then be the time to steal adown the dale,
And listen to the vagrant Cuckoo's tale ;
To hear the clamorous Curlew call his mate,
Or the soft Quail his tender pain relate ;
To see the Swallow sweep the darkening plain
Belated, to support her infant train ;
To mark the Swift in rapid giddy ring
Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing :
Amusive birds ! say where your hid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat ;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head ?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your secret guide !
While deepening shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench leaf-sheltered let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night ;
To hear the drowsy Dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill Cricket cry ;
To see the feeding Bat glance through the wood ;
To catch the distant falling of the flood ;
While o'er the cliff th' awakened Churn-owl* hung
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song ;

* The male Churn-owl or Nightjar, *Caprimulgus Europæus*, during the season of incubation, makes a very singular noise, not unlike a large spinning-wheel, which on still evenings may be heard at a considerable distance; and hence it has obtained the name of the Wheel-bird. It is a great destroyer of cock-chafers, moths, and other insects, which it catches on the wing.

While high in air, and poised upon his wings
 Unseen, the soft enamour'd Wood-lark * sings :
 These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
 Inspire a soothing melancholy joy :
 As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
 Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein !
 Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine ;
 The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine ;
 The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
 Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees.
 The chilling night-dews fall :—away, retire ;—
 For see, the Glow-worm lights her amorous fire !
 Thus, ere night's veil had half-obscur'd the sky,
 Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high :
 True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
 Leander hastened to his Hero's bed.

Gilbert White, 1769.

THE HARE-BELL.

In Spring's green lap there blooms a flower
 Whose cups imbibe each vernal shower ;
 Who sips fresh Nature's balmy dew,
 Clad in her sweetest, purest blue :
 Yet shuns the ruddy beam of morning,
 The shaggy wood's brown shade adorning,
 Simple flow'ret ! child of May !
 Though hid from the broad eye of day,
 Though doom'd to waste those pensive graces,
 In the wild wood's dark embraces,
 In desert air thy sweets to shed
 Unnotic'd droops thy languid head,
 Still Nature's darling thou'lt remain,
 She feeds thee with her softest rain ;

* In hot Summer nights Wood-larks soar to a prodigious height and hang singing in the air.

Still then unfold thy bashful charms
 In yon deep thicket's circling arms :
 Far from the common eye's coarse glare,
 No heedless hand shall harm thee there ;
 Still then avoid the gaudy scene,
 The flaunting sun, th' embroider'd green,
 And bloom and fade, with chaste reserve unseen.

Miss C. Symmons.

The Hare-bell, or Wild Hyacinth, *Scilla nutans*, dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England, is one of the earliest beautifiers of our woods and glens. Dr. Drummond, in his *Steps to Botany*, remarks, "The *Hare-bell* of Scotland is a very different plant from the English one. It is a species of *Campanula*, common in dry mountainous pastures, and has a wiry elastic stem instead of the soft brittle scape of the *Scilla nutans*. The description of Ellen's Foot in the fine poem of the Lady of the Lake, would be quite absurd, were the flower there mentioned, intended to be the English Hare-bell.

A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;
 E'en the slight *hare-bell* rais'd its head
 Elastic from her airy tread.—

When applied to the *Campanula* these lines are very intelligible."

Sir J. E. Smith, in his English Botany, observes in the description of the Blue-Bell, *Campanula rotundifolia*, "We suspect Poets sometimes take this plant for the hare-bell. We have somewhere read of

The trembling rye-grass, and the hare-bell blue,
 growing on mouldering turrets, which could scarcely be the real hare-bell."

SPRING.

THE sweet season that bud and bloome forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
 The hart* hath hung his old head on the pale,

* Deer shed their horns every year, in the Spring, and it is not before the beginning of August, that they attain their full growth and firmness. The size of the horns and the number of branches increase with the age of the animal.

The buck in brake his winter-coat he flings,
 The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale ;
 The adder* all her slough away she flings,
 The swift swallow pursues the flies small,
 The busy bee her honey now she mings.†
 Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
 And thus I see, among those pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Earl of Surrey.

These descriptive lines were composed by the Earl of Surrey, one of the earliest cultivators of sonnet-writing. This accomplished scholar and soldier was charged with high treason, and without any evidence being brought against him, was cruelly beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
 Ye cowslips delicately pale,
 Upraise your loaded stems ;
 Unfold your cups in splendour, speak !
 Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems ?
 Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
 In purple's richest pride array'd,
 Your errand here fulfil ;
 Go, bid the artist's simple stain
 Your lustre imitate, in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.
 Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
 Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod ;

* In the Spring, Snakes always cast their skins. The slough is turned inside out, as if drawn off backward like a stocking or glove. Not only the whole skin, but the scales of the very eyes are peeled off, and appear in the head of the slough like a pair of spectacles, with their concave sides outward.—See *White's Selborne*, vol. 2, p. 242.

Shakspeare thus alludes to it in his *Mids. N. Dream*, ii. 2.

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin.

† Mixes.

Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

Clare.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

THOU hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight :

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
In Summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh opened flowers ;

Or delighted to hover
Around them to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
Bloom sweetest for thee ;

And fondly inhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the West,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest.

And there dost betake thee
 Till darkness is o'er,
 And the sunbeams awake thee
 To pleasure once more.

New Monthly Magazine.

“ See ! ” exclaims Linnæus, “ the large elegant painted wings of the Butterfly, four in number, covered with small imbricated scales ; with these it sustains itself in the air the whole day, rivalling the flight of birds and the brilliancy of the peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life ; how different is the first period of its being, from the second, and both from the parent insect ; its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us : we see a green *Caterpillar* furnished with sixteen legs, creeping, hairy, and feeding upon the leaves of a plant ; this is changed into a *Chrysalis*, smooth, of a golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food : this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings and six feet, and becomes a variegated *Butterfly*, living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has Nature produced more worthy of admiration ? ” — *Amæn. Acad. vol. 2.*

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

THE helpless crawling caterpillar trace,
 From the first period of his reptile race.
 Cloth'd in dishonour, on the leafy spray
 Unseen he wears his silent hours away ;
 Till satiate grown of all that life supplies,
 Self-taught the voluntary martyr dies.
 Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,
 And to the tomb, a willing guest, descends.
 There, long secluded in his lonely cell,
 Forgets the sun, and bids the world farewell.
 O'er the wide wastes the wintry tempests reign,
 And driving snows usurp the frozen plain :
 In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows ;
 No storms can violate his grave's repose.
 But when revolving months have won their way,
 When smile the woods, and when the zephyrs play,
 When laughs the vivid world in Summer's bloom,
 He bursts ; and flies triumphant from the tomb ;

And while his new-born beauties he displays,
 With conscious joy his alter'd form surveys.
 Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,
 O'er his soft wings the varying lustres gleam.
 Launch'd into air, on purple plumes he soars,
 Gay Nature's face with wanton glance explores ;
 Proud of his varying beauties wings his way,
 And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they.
 ' And deems weak man the future promise vain,
 When worms can die, and glorious rise again ?'

Anonymous, in Haworth's Lepid. Brit.

THE MELODIES OF MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings,
 Through rustling corn, the hare astonished springs :
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

Beattie.

TO THE CRICKET.

SPRIGHTLY Cricket, chirping still
 Merry music, short and shrill ;

In my kitchen take thy rest
As a truly welcome guest ;
For no evils shall betide
Those with whom thou dost reside.
Nor shall thy good-omened strain
E'er salute my ear in vain.
With the best I can invent,
I'll requite the compliment ;
Like thy sonnets, I'll repay
Little sonnets, quick and gay.
Thou a harmless inmate deem'd,
And by housewives much esteem'd,
Wilt not pillage for thy diet,
Nor deprive us of our quiet ;
Like the horrid rat voracious,
Or like lick'rish mouse sagacious ,
Like the herd of vermin base,
Or the pilfering reptile race :
But content art thou to dwell
In thy chimney-corner cell ;
There unseen we see thee greet,
Safe and snug, thy native heat.

Thou art happier, happier far,
Than the happy *grasshopper*,
Who, by nature, doth partake
Something of thy voice and make,
Skipping lightly o'er the grass,
As the sunny minutes pass,
For a summer-month, or two,
She can sing, and sip the dew ;
But at Christmas, as in May,
Thou art ever brisk and gay ;
Thy continued song we hear,
Trilling, thrilling, all the year.

Every day and every night
Bring to thee the same delight ;
Winter, Summer, cold, or hot,
Late, or early, matters not ;

Mirth and music still declare
 Thou art ever void of care.
 Whilst with sorrows, or with fears,
 We destroy our days and years ;
 Thou, with constant joy and song,
 Every minute dost prolong,
 Making thus thy little span
 Longer than the age of man.

Rev. T. Cole.

Mr. White, speaking of the Hearth-Cricket, *Acheta domestica*, thus writes in his History of Selborne :—"Tender insects that live abroad either enjoy only the short period of one Summer, or else dose away the cold uncomfortable months in profound slumbers ; but these, residing as it were in a torrid zone, are always alert and merry, a good Christmas fire is to them, what the dog-days are to others." *Letter xlvii.* Like the field-cricket, *A. campestris*, they are sometimes kept for their music : and the learned Scaliger took so great a fancy to their song, that he was accustomed to keep them in a box in his study. Milton chose for his contemplative pleasures a spot where crickets resorted :—

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth.

Il Penseroso.

Goldsmith happily introduces this little domestic, in his poem of Edwin and Angelina :—

Around in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The Cricket chirrups on the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

Cowper has also given an excellent translation of Vincent Bourne's Ode to the Cricket.

ON A GOLDFINCH,

STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
 The thistle's downy seed my fair,
 My drink the morning dew ;

I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

Cowper.

THE FOREST FLY.

So have I seen ere this a sillie flie
With mastif-dog in summer-heate to play,
Sometimes to sting him in his nose or eie,
Sometimes about his grizly jaws to stay,
And buzzing round about his eares to flie,
He snaps in vaine, for still she whips away,
And oft so long she dallies in this sort,
Till one snap comes, and marreth all her sport.

Harrington.

“ This little pest, *Stomoxys calcitrans*,” says Mr. Kirby, “ incessantly interrupts our studies and comfort in showery weather, making us even stamp like the cattle by its attacks on our legs; and if we drive it away ever so often, it will return again and again to the charge, and even contrive to make a comfortable meal through our silk or cotton stockings.” It has been frequently mistaken for the harmless house-fly, *Musca domestica*. Upon a slight comparison, however, the latter will be found to have no organs fitted for penetrating the skin. The *Stomoxys*, and also the horse-fly or cleg, *Hæmatopota pluvialis*, are furnished with a horny sharp-pointed weapon, which acts as a syphon for extracting the blood. They seldom visit our houses, except when driven thither by unsettled weather.

ALL NATURE BEAUTIFUL.

NATURE in every form is lovely still.
I can admire to ecstasy, although
I be not bower'd in a rustling grove,
Tracing through flowery tufts some twinkling rill,
Or perch'd upon a green and sunny hill,
Gazing upon the sylvanry below,
And harking to the warbling beaks above.
To me the wilderness of thorns and brambles,
Beneath whose weeds the muddy runnel scrambles,—
The bald, burnt moor—the marsh's sedgy shallows,
Where docks, bullrushes, waterflags, and mallows
Choke the rank waste, alike can yield delight.
A blade of silver hair-grass nodding slowly
In the soft wind ;—the thistle's purple crown,
The ferns, the rushes tall, and mosses lowly,
A thorn, a weed, an insect, or a stone,
Can thrill me with sensations exquisite—
For all are exquisite, and every part
Points to the mighty hand that fashion'd it.
Then as I look aloft with yearning heart,
The trees and mountains, like conductors, raise
My spirit upward on its flight sublime,
And clouds, and suns, and heaven's marmorean floor,
Are but the stepping stones by which I climb
Up to the dread Invisible, to pour
My grateful feelings out in silent praise.

New Monthly Magazine.

SWALLOWS.

YE gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smoothe your pinions on my roof,

Preparing for departure hence,
Ere Winter's angry threats commence ;
Like you, my soul would smoothe her plume.
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom is seen and heard
Departing man and wandering bird,
In mercy mark me for His own,
And guide me to the land unknown !

Hayley.

“ When I used to rise in a morning last Autumn and see the Swallows and Martins clustering on the chimneys and thatch of the neighbouring cottages, I could not help being touched with a secret delight, mixed with some degree of mortification :—with delight, to observe with how much ardour and punctuality those poor little birds obeyed the strong impulse towards migration, imprinted on their minds by the great Creator ; and with some degree of mortification, when I reflected that, after all our pains and enquiries, we are yet not quite certain to what regions they do migrate.”—*Gilbert White.*

THE GLOW-WORM.

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favourite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that decks the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears
Amid the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he, whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain ;

Whose Cynosure* is in the sky
 He, on the dark and lonely main.

Montgomery.

An old writer has well observed, "Dost thou not know, that a perfect friend should be like the glaze-worm, which shineth most bright in the darke?"

THE SILK-WORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
 A worm, scarce visible, disclose ;
 All Winter long content to dwell,
 The tenant of his native shell.
 The same prolific season gives
 The sustenance, by which he lives,
 The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
 That serves him—till he needs no more !
 For, his dimensions once complete,
 Thence forth none ever sees him eat :
 Though, till his growing time be past,
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
 That hour arriv'd : his work begins :
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins ;
 Till circle upon circle wound
 Careless around him and around
 Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
 Impervious to the keenest sight.
 Thus self-inclos'd, as in a cask,
 At length he finishes his task ;
 And, though a worm, when he was lost,
 Or caterpillar at the most.
 When next we see him, wings he wears,
 And in *Papilio-pomp* appears ;

* The Star, in the constellation of *Ursa Minor*, near the North Pole, by which sailors in ancient times steered. Milton, in his *Comus*, calls it the Tyrian Cynosure.

Becomes oviparous ; supplies
 With future worms and future flies,
 The next-ensuing year ;—and dies !

Cowper.

The Silk-worm, *Bombyx Mori*, previous to its change from the caterpillar to the chrysalis, forms for itself a casement of silky filaments, termed by naturalists, *a cocoon*. Ten thousand of these cocoons produce on an average about five pounds of silk, and a thread unwound from one of them, which weighed three grains, measured four hundred yards. When we consider the immense quantity of silk, used at present, the number of caterpillars, which produce it, will almost exceed calculation. “ Think but of a cocoon of the silk-worm ! How many hands, how many machines does not this little ball put in motion ! Of what riches should not we have been deprived, if the moth of the silk-worm had been born a moth without having been previously a caterpillar ! ”

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons ?

Comus.

In addition to the above translation of V. Bourne's Poem on the Silk-worm, by our Poet, Cowper, the following lines from Peacham's Emblems, (1612,) may not be inaptly quoted :

These little creatures here, as white as milk,
 That shame to sloth, are busy at their loom
 All Summer long in weaving of their silk,
 Do make their webs both winding sheet and tomb ;
 Thus to the ungrateful world bequeathing all
 Their lives have gotten at their funeral.

ON TAKING A FLY FROM A SPIDER'S NEST.

Poor little giddy, fluttering thing !
 Keep still thy light transparent wing ;
 Thy fluttering drives thee further in
 Th' entangling knot ;
 Alas ! thou feel'st the bitter sting
 By folly got.

Ah ! see from out his silken shed
The spider darts with eager speed,
Whilst thou with fear art almost dead,
And still dost lie ;
Ah ! now he fastens 'neath thine head,
And must thou die ?

There :—take again thy liberty,
But still to pleasures thou wilt flee,
And soon again, I fear, 'twill be
Thy overthrow :
A grateful buzz thou givest me,
And warning too.

Thus youth rush on in pleasure's round,
And in its sunshine frisk and bound,
Nor heed the cobwebs hung around
With mischief fraught,
Nor till too late the truth is found
So often taught.

Time's Telescope, 1825.

THE BANYAN-TREE.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banyan grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propp'd its lofty head ;
And many a long depending shoot.
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which cross'd their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound ;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung ;

Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.

Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briers deform'd the natural floor ;
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er
Came gleams of checker'd light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would he prayer.

Southey.

The Banyan Tree, *Ficus Indica*, is remarkable for the singularity of its growth. Its lateral branches send shoots downward which take root, till, in course of time, a single tree extends itself to a considerable grove ; as is beautifully expressed by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. ix.

The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between.

One near Manglee, in Bengal, overspreads a circle, whose diameter is 370 feet. The Hindoos worship this tree, and erect their temples near it. Southey here describes the Banyan, both in the spirit of a Poet and of a Naturalist.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

See its varnish'd golden flowers
Peeping through the chilling showers,
Ere a leaf is on the hush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,

Spreading out thy glossy breast,
 Like a careless Prodigal ;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming spirit !
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane,—there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Wordsworth.

The small Celandine or Pilewort, *Ranunculus ficaria*, expands its bright golden flowers early in March. The petals seem, as if they were varnished, and turn white from the action of light.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, sleekit,* cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !

Thou need na start away so hasty,

Wi' bickerin brattle !†

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murdering *pattle* !‡

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor earth-born companion,

An' *fellow mortal* !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thief ;

What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !

A *daimen-icker*,|| in a *thrave*§

'S a sma' request :

* Sleek, sly. † A short race or hurry. ‡ A plough-staff.
 || An ear of corn now and then. § A shock of corn.

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,*
And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are stréwin!
An' naething, now, to big† a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell‡ and keen.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* pass'd
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole|| the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch§ cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*,
Gang aft a-gley,¶
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art bless'd, compar'd wi' *me*!
The *present* only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear,
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*
I *guess* an' *fear*.

Burns.

* What is left, remainder.

† Build.

‡ Bitter, biting.

|| Suffer, endure.

§ The hoar-frost.

¶ Wrong.

THE FURZE-BUSH.

LET Burns and old Chaucer unite
The praise of the Daisy to sing,—
Let Wordsworth of Celandine write,
And crown her the queen of the Spring ;
The Hyacinth's classical fame
Let Milton embalm in his verse ;
Be mine the glad task to proclaim
The charms of untrumpeted Furze.

Of all other bloom when bereft,
And Sol wears his wintry screen,
Thy sunshining blossoms are left
To light up the common and green.
O why should they envy the peer
His perfume of spices and myrrhs,
When the poorest their senses may cheer
With incense diffused from the Furze ?

It is bristled with thorns, I confess ;
But so is the much-flattered Rose :
Is the Sweet-brier lauded the less
Because among prickles it grows ?
'Twere to cut off an epigram's point,
Or disfurnish a knight of his spurs,
If we foolishly wished to disjoint
Its arms from the lance-bearing Furze.

Ye dabblers in mines, who would clutch
The wealth which their bowels enfold ;
See ! Nature, with Midas-like touch,
Here turns a whole common to gold.
No niggard is she to the poor,
But distributes whatever is her's,
And the wayfaring beggar is sure
Of a tribute of gold from the Furze.

Ye worldlings ! learn hence to divide
 Your wealth with the children of want,
 Nor scorn in your fortune and pride,
 To be taught by the commonest plant.
 If the wisest new wisdom may draw
 From things humble, as reason avers ;
 We too may receive Heaven's law,
 And beneficence learn from the Furze.

Horace Smith.

The Furze or Whin, *Ulex Europæus*, though found in flower in England throughout every month in the year, cannot stand the cold of the Winter in Sweden. When Linnæus first saw it flowering in this country, he is said to have fallen on his knees, and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to the great Author of Nature. It is a singular fact that Sir J. E. Smith commenced the study of Botany with this plant. "I received Berkenhout," says he, "on the 9th of January, 1778, and began on the 11th, with infinite delight, to examine the *Ulex Europæus*, the only plant then in flower. I then first comprehended the nature of systematic arrangement and the Linnæan principles, little aware that at that instant the world was losing the great genius, who was to be my future guide, for Linnæus died in the night of the 11th of January, 1778." After the decease of the younger Linnæus in 1783, Sir J. E. Smith purchased the Museum, Books, &c., of the immortal Swede. Since the death of Sir James, they have become the property of the Linnæan Society,—a Society formed under the immediate auspices of Sir James, its first President. Of this enthusiastic and learned Botanist, we can truly say with Sprengel, that he proved himself "*dignissimus Linnæi hæres.*"

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

To the curious eye

A little monitor presents her page
 Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,
 The Lily of the Vale. She nor affects
 The public walk, nor gaze of midday sun :
 She to no state or dignity aspires,
 But silent and alone puts on her suit,
 And sheds a lasting perfume, but for which
 We had not known there was a thing so sweet
 Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
 Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth

Stoops their high heads that vainly were expos'd.
 She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
 Still shelter'd and secure. And as the storm,
 That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,
 The humble Lily spares,—a thousand blows
 That shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
 We lesser folk feel not. Keen are the pains
 Advancement often brings. To be secure,
 Be humble ; to be happy, be content.

Hurdis.

The Lily of the Valley, *Convallaria majalis*, denominated by Churchill, the “silver mistress of the vale,” has always been esteemed a favourite among our native plants, on account of its sweet perfume, and the elegance of its drooping flowers:—

Shading, like detected light,
 The little green-tipt lamps of white.

It delights in woods and glens:—

“ There wrapt in verdure fragrant lilies blow,
 Lilies that love the vale, and hide their bells of snow.”

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY creature ! what below
 Can more happy live than thou ?
 Seated on thy leafy throne,
 (Summer weaves thy verdant crown,)
 Sipping o'er the pearly lawn
 The fragrant nectar of the dawn ;
 Little tales thou lov'st to sing,
 Tales of mirth—an insect king.
 Thine the treasures of the field,
 All thy own the seasons yield ;
 Nature paints for thee the year,
 Songster to the shepherds dear,
 Innocent, of placid fame,
 What of man can boast the same ?
 Thine the lavish'd voice of praise,
 Harbinger of fruitful days ;

Darling of the tuneful Nine,
 Phœbus is thy sire divine;
 Phœbus to thy notes has given
 Music from the spheres of Heaven;
 Happy most, as first of earth,
 All thy hours are peace and mirth;
 Cares nor pains to thee belong,
 Thou alone art ever young;
 Thine the pure immortal vein,
 Blood nor flesh thy life sustain;
 Rich in spirits, health thy feast,
 Thou 'rt a demi-god at least.

Anacreon.

The Grasshopper, *Cicada*, is well known to every schoolboy:—this sprightly insect appears to possess a very acute sense of hearing, and ceases its stridulous music, of which it is by no means sparing in the Summer months, as soon as it perceives the advance of any intruder; so that it is not easy to discover the spot where it rests, unless approached with the utmost caution. The Athenians, it is said, kept grasshoppers in cages for the sake of their song, and gave them the name of “Nightingales of the Nymphs.” In Surinam, the Dutch call them lyre-players, because their note resembles the sound of a vibrating wire. As in the case of birds, the male only sings,—for which reason Xenarchus used satirically to ascribe their happiness to their having silent wives!—For another translation of the above pleasing Ode, see that by our poet, Cowley.

SUMMER MOODS.

I LOVE at eventide to walk alone,
 Down narrow lanes, o'erhung with dewy thorn,
 Where, from the long grass underneath,—the snail,
 Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.
 I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,
 Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;
 Where bees search round with sad and weary drone,
 In vain, for flowers that bloom'd but newly there;
 While in the juicy corn the hidden quail
 Cries, “wet my foot,”—and, hid as thoughts unborn,

The fairy-like and seldom-seen landrail
 Utters, "craik, craik," like voices under ground,
 Right glad to meet the evening dewy veil,
 And see the light fade into gloom around.

TO THE BAT.

LITTLE Bat, whose airy flight
 Fills the evening with delight,
 Flit, and flirt, and frisk along,
 Subject of my youthful song.
 When in dappled twilight grey,
 Through the sombre grove I stray,
 Whilst fair Philomela's throat
 Warbles forth its varied note,
 'Thwart my dusky footsteps fly,
 Adding dance to minstrelsy.
 Now along the glittering stream,
 Now beneath pale Cynthia's beam,
 Now amid the vista's shade,
 Thou thy giddy circles lead;
 Joyous elf! thy fairy play
 Glads the gloom of parting day.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1799.

To ancient Naturalists, Bats were a subject of much perplexity. They were ranked by them as birds, under the denomination of *aves non aves*, birds, and yet not birds. Nor was it till the close of the seventeenth century, that they were decidedly placed among viviparous quadrupeds. Mankind, from the earliest ages of the world, have entertained an aversion to them. With several of the nocturnal birds, they have generally been considered as creatures of sad omen. In the *Fairie Queen*, we read of

The ill-facte owl, deathe's dreadful messenger;
 The hoarse night raven, trompe of doleful dreere;
 The *leather-winged bat*, day's enemye.

Homer also introduces these animals as objects of terror in his *Odessey*, Book xxiv.

As in the cavern of some rifted den,
 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene,

Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock
 They move, and murmurs run through all the rock :
 So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
 And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.

THE SUDDEN EFFECTS OF SPRING.

WHAT prodigies can power divine perform
 More grand than it produces year by year,
 And all in sight of inattentive man ?
 Familiar with the effect we slight the cause,
 And in the constancy of nature's course,
 The regular return of genial months,
 And renovation of a faded world
 See nought to wonder at. —————
 But let the months go round, a few short months,
 And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
 Barren as lances, among which the wind
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
 Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,
 Shall publish even to the distant eye
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
 In streaming gold ; syringa, ivory pure ;
 The scentless and the scented rose ; this red,
 And of an humbler growth, the other* tall
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
 His silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave ;
 The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd

* The Guelder-rose.

Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all ;
 Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
 But well compensating her sickly looks
 With never-cloying odours, early and late ;
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
 Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
 That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon too,
 Though leafless, well-attir'd, and thick beset
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
 Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
 Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—
 These have been, and these shall be in their day ;
 And all this uniform uncolour'd scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flush into variety again.

Cowper.

THE GENTIANELLA ;

IN LEAF.

GREEN thou art, obscurely green,
 Meanest plant among the mean !
 —From the dust *I* took my birth ;
Thou too art a child of earth.
 I aspire not to be great ;
 Scorn not thou my low estate :
 Wait the time, and thou shalt see
 Honour crown humility,
 Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue !
 Flower, whence came that dazzling hue ?

—When I opened first mine eye,
 Upwards glancing to the sky,
 Straightway from the firmament
 Was the sapphire brilliance sent :
 Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share ?
 Look to Heaven, and seek it there
 In the act of faith and prayer !

Montgomery.

The *Gentianella*, *Gentiana acaulis*, is a native of the Alps, and was introduced into our gardens in 1629. It is highly prized by every votary of Flora on account of its exquisitely brilliant blue flowers.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithsome and cumberless,
 Light be thy matten o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness !
 Bless'd is thy dwelling-place !
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud ;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day ;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away !
 Then when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness !
 Bless'd is thy dwelling-place !
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

Hogg.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

AND hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
 " Most musical, most melancholy" Bird !*
 A melancholy Bird ? oh ! idle thought !
 In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

—————'Tis the merry Nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chaunt, and disburden his full soul
 Of all its music !

And I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
 Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths ;
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many Nightingales ; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer and provoke each other's song
 With skirmishes and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift, jug, jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such an harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day ! On moonlight bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclos'd,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full
 Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love torch.

And oft a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,

* Milton.

Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moon
Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps !

Coleridge.

The Nightingale, *Sylvia Luscinia*, is the largest of British warblers, and is deservedly esteemed for the variety and richness of its song, the compass of which is such as to reach through three octaves. This bird is said never to have ventured north of the Tweed,—the poet Leyden therefore feelingly laments :—

Sweet bird ! how long shall Teviot's maids deplore
Thy song, unheard along her woodland shore !

Yet Douglas and Dunbar, though probably using only a poetical licence, allude to its song, in their descriptive poems. Sir J. Sinclair endeavoured to introduce this delightful songster into the groves of Scotland. The eggs of Robins, *Sylvia rubecula*, were exchanged for those of the Nightingales, were hatched, and brought up by their foster parents. The young Nightingales migrated at the usual time, (*September*,) but never returned to the place of their birth.—*Magazine of Nat. His.*, vol. 1. p. 376.

It is strange that this lively bird should ever be thought melancholy :—no bird sings when it is sad :—its solitary habits and its love of the night have probably given rise to this opinion. The different views taken of its song by poets may be summed up in the words of the Abbé La Pluche : “ The Nightingale,” says that writer, “ passes from grave to gay ; from a simple song to a warble the most varied ; and from the softest trillings and swells to languishing and lamentable sighs, which he as quickly abandons, to return to his natural sprightliness.”—For a most interesting discussion on this subject, see, *Habits of Birds*, p. 284—289.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That Spirit—to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven ;
Awakening from his light repose,
The angel whisper'd to the Rose,—
“ O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,

K

For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
 Then, said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,—
 "On me another grace bestow."—
 The Spirit paused, in silent thought
 What grace was there that flower had not !
 'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
 A *veil of moss* the angel throws,
 And, robed in nature's *simplest weed*,
 Could there a flower that Rose exceed ?
Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL ! beauteous stranger of the grove !
 The messenger of Spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet,
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts—the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale ;
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring !

John Logan.

The eminent statesman, Burke, was so pleased with this beautiful poem, that when he was at Edinburgh, he made himself acquainted with its author.

TO THE ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED Flower ! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume !
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow ;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song ;
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come funeral flower ! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lonely alder tree,
And we shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies.
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine.
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead ;
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.
H. Kirke White.

Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, says that this fragrant plant, *Rosmarinus officinalis*,

Grows for two ends, it matters not at all,
 Be 't for my bridal, or my burial.

Shakspeare intimates, that it is esteemed for strengthening the memory, and for that purpose Ophelia presents it to Laertes;

There's *rosemary*, that's for remembrance.—*Hamlet*, iv. 6.

He also mentions its use at funerals.—*Romeo*, iv. 5.

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

If superstition's baneful art
 First gave thy mystic name,
 Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
 Against its groundless claim.
 But if, in Fancy's pensive hour,
 By grateful feelings stirr'd,
 Her fond imaginative power
 That name at first conferr'd,—
 Though lightly Truth her flights may prize,
 By wild vagary driven,
 For once their blameless exercise
 May surely be forgiven.
 We roam the seas—give new-found isles
 Some king or conqueror's name ;
 We rear on earth triumphal piles,
 As meeds of earthly fame :

We soar to heaven—and to outlive
 Our life's contracted span,
 Unto the glorious stars we give
 The names of mortal man.

Then may not *one* poor flow'ret's bloom
 The holier memory share
 Of Him who, to avert our doom,
 Vouchsaf'd our sins to bear ?

God dwelleth not in temples rear'd
 By work of human hands ;
 Yet shrines august, by men rever'd,
 Are found in Christian lands.

And may not e'en a simple flower
 Proclaim His glorious praise,
 Whose *Fiat only* had the power
 Its form from earth to raise ?

Then freely let thy blossom ope
 Its beauties—to recall
 A scene, which bids the humble hope
 In Him who died for all !

B. Barton.

The Passion-Flower, *Passiflora cærulea*, a native of the Brazils, was introduced into this country in 1699, and was called *Flos Passionis*, till altered by Linnæus. Its name was derived from the fancied resemblance of the different parts of the flower and plant to the instruments of Christ's suffering. The five stamens were compared to his five wounds;—the three styles to the nails, by which he was fixed to the cross;—the column, which elevates the germen, to the cross itself;—the rays of the nectary to the crown of thorns,—and the petals to the ten Apostles, Judas and Peter being rejected.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
 And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;
 Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
 On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of Joy and Love,
 Young blushing love in its earlier dawn ;
 And the Mildness that suits the gentle dove,
 From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,
 Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;
 Fame's bright star and Glory's swell,
 By the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart
 In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
 And the tender soul that cannot part,
 A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,
 Is Sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;
 And Faith that a thousand ills can brave
 Speaks in thy blue leaves—Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers
 And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

J. G. Percival.

TO THE YEW-TREE.

WHEN Fortune smil'd, and Nature's charms were new,
 I lov'd to see the oak majestic tower,—
 I lov'd to see the apple's painted flower,
 Bedropp'd with pencill'd tints of rosy hue ;
 Now more I love thee, Melancholy Yew !
 Whose still green leaves in solemn silence wave,
 Above the peasant's red unhonour'd grave,
 Which oft thou moistenest with the morning dew.
 To thee the sad, to thee the weary fly :
 They rest in peace beneath thy sacred gloom,
 Thou sole companion of the lowly tomb !
 No leaves but thine in pity o'er them sigh.

Lo ! now, to fancy's gaze, thou seem'st to spread
Thy shadowy boughs to shroud me with the dead.

Dr. Leyden.

The Yew, *Taxus communis*, is celebrated both for its military and superstitious uses in England. These trees were anciently planted in our church-yards either to supply the parishioners with bows, or to protect the church from storms. In every nation it is considered the emblem of mourning. Its branches were carried in funeral processions by the friends of the deceased :—the yew has thus partly acquired an almost sacred character.

THE CHANGING ROSE-HIBISCUS.

THERE is a Rose, a fragrant rose,
Which oft perfumes the eastern gale,
That in its changes can disclose
The varied scenes of Life's short tale :

For when the dawn springs forth in light,
Like Childhood's first and earliest days,
The Rose's blossom then is white,
And early innocence displays.

At noon, like man, the changing flower
Shows all his heat, and blood, and strife,
And flaming red in every bower,
Pourtrays the ripening age of life.

But like the darkening clouds at e'en,
When sultry suns have scorch'd the morn,
The Rose in purple garb is seen,
Life's evening, when young Hope is flown.

How often are our youthful hours,
Our Spring, our noon of life o'ercast,
When darkness o'er our evening lowers
In gloom of night, or Winter's blast !

New Monthly Magazine.

“ The Changing Rose-Hibiscus, *Hibiscus variabilis*, received its name,

on account of the remarkable and periodical variations, which the colours of the flowers present. White in the morning, they become more or less red or carnation-colour towards the middle of the day, and terminate in a deep rose colour when the sun is set. This fact has been long known. The following observation may assist to discover the cause of it. Mr. Ramond, the director of the botanic garden at Havannah, remarked, that, on the 19th October, 1828, this flower remained white all day, and did not commence to redden till the next day, towards noon. On consulting the meteorological tables, he found that on that very day, the temperature did not rise above 67 degrees Fahrenheit while ordinarily it was at least 86 degrees, at the period of the inflorescence of this plant. It would appear then that the temperature holds a place of some importance in the coloration of certain plants."—*Edin. Jo. of Nat. and Geog. Science*, vol. 1. p. 148.

VARIOUS USES OF TREES.

NOT small the praise the skilful Planter claims
 From his befriended country. Various arts
 Borrow from him materials. The soft Beech
 And close-grain'd Box employ the turner's wheel,
 And with a thousand implements supply
 Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the Yew
 And Phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
 The cabinet. Smooth Linden best obeys
 The carver's chisel; best his curious work
 Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch—
 Ah! why should birch supply the chair, since oft
 Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth
 To dread the hateful seat? Tough-bending Ash
 Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
 And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
 To weave our baskets the soft Osier bends
 His pliant twigs. Staves that nor shrink, nor swell,
 The cooper's close-wrought cask to Chesnut owes.
 The sweet-leav'd Walnut's undulated grain,
 Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
 Its varying beauties. The tall, towering Elm,
 Scooped into hollow tubes, in secret streams
 Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave:

Or from its height, when humbled to the ground,
Conveys the pride of mortal Man to dust.
And last the Oak, king of Britannia's woods,
And guardian of her Isle ! whose sons robust
The best supporters of incumbent weight,
Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
Of strength immense ; or in the bounding deep
The loose foundations lay of floating walls.

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing,
O'er the blue wave at evening, spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies ;
Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !

But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush, to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

Oh ! Virtue, when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,

Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below :
 But, when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering strain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there !

T. Moore.

The Flying-Fish, *Exocoetus volitans*, is a native of the European, American, and Red Seas, but chiefly confines itself between the tropics. In form and colour, it is not unlike a herring, with the addition of two long filmy fins, with which it supports itself in its short flights. It springs into the air to the height of twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen feet, and not unfrequently falls on the decks of vessels. Bp. Heber, in his Journal, gives the following interesting account of these singular creatures. "The flying-fish to-day (July 6,) were more numerous and lively. They rose in whole flights to the right and left of the bow, flying off in different directions, as if the vast body of the ship alarmed or disturbed them. Others, however, at a greater distance, kept rising and falling without any visible cause, and apparently, in the gladness of their hearts, and in order to enjoy the sunshine and the temporary change of element. Certainly there was no appearance or probability of any large fish being in pursuit of even one hundredth part of those we saw, nor were there any birds to endanger their flight; and those writers who describe the life of these animals as a constant succession of alarms, and rendered miserable by fear, have never, I conceive, seen them in their mirth, or considered those natural feelings of health and hilarity which seem to lead all creatures to exert, in mere lightness of heart, whatever bodily powers the Creator has given them. It would be just as reasonable to say a lamb leaps in a meadow for fear of being bitten by serpents, or a horse gallops round his pasture only because a wolf is at his heels, as to infer from the flight of these animals that they are always pursued by a bonito."

THE ELEPHANT.

CALM amid scenes of havock, in his own
 Huge strength inpregnable, the Elephant
 Offendeth none, but leads a quiet life
 Among his own cotemporary trees,
 Till Nature lays him gently down to rest
 Beneath the palm, which he was wont to make

His prop in slumber ; there his relics lie
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.
Bees in the ample hollow of his skull
Pile their wax citadels, and store their honey ;
Thence sally forth to forage through the fields,
And swarm in emigrating legions thence :
There, little burrowing animals throw up
Hillocks beneath the overarching ribs ;
While birds, within the spinal labyrinth
Contrive their nests :—So wandering Arabs pitch
Their tents amid Palmyra's palaces ;
So Greek and Roman peasants build their huts
Beneath the shadows of the Parthenon,
Or on the ruins of the Capitol.

Montgomery.

THE ANT.

THOU little insect, infinitely small,
What curious texture marks thy tiny frame !
How seeming large thy foresight, and withal,
Thy labouring talents not unworthy fame,
To raise such monstrous hills along the plain,
Larger than mountains, when compar'd with thee :
To drag the crumb dropp'd by the village swain,
Huge size to thine, is strange, indeed, to me.
But that great Instinct which foretels the cold,
And bids to guard 'gainst Winter's wasteful power,
Endues this mite with cheerfulness to hold
Its toiling labours through the sultry hour :
So that same soothing Power, in misery,
Cheers the poor pilgrim to eternity.

Clare.

The Ant, *Formica*, has in all ages been celebrated for its economy, prudent foresight, and unwearied industry. It is offered as a pattern of frugality to the profuse, and of diligence to the slothful. *Prov. xi. 6—8.* That the ant laid up provisions for the Winter, was generally believed by

the Ancients, by Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Pliny:—Modern naturalists, however, seem to question this fact. In England these little creatures, so active in the Summer, remain torpid through the Winter months.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.*

O HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within my wiry grate ;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurned a tyrant's chain ;
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born Mouse detain !

O do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth !
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply ;
Let not thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny.

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given :
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

* Found in a trap where it had been confined all night by Dr. Priestley, for the sake of making experiments with different kinds of air.

The well-taught philosophic mind
 To all compassion gives ;
 Casts round the world an equal eye,
 And feels for all that lives.

Mrs. Barbould.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Alexander Wilson to Mr. Bartram:—"One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it the same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

SUMMER EVENING.

THE frog, half fearful, jumps across the path,
 And little mouse, that leaves its hole at eve,
 Nimbles with timid dread beneath the swath;
 My rustling steps awhile their joys deceive,
 Till pass'd—and then the cricket sings more strong,
 And grasshoppers, in merry moods, still wear
 The short night weary, with the fretting song;
 Up from behind the molehill jumps the hare,
 Cheat of its chosen bed—and from the bank
 The yellow-hammer flutters in short fears
 From off its nest, hid in the grasses rank,
 And drops again, when no more noise it hears:
 Thus Nature's human link and endless thrall,
 Proud man, still seems the enemy of all.

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

CALL back your odours, lonely flowers,
From the night-wind call them back,
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth on the sunbeam's track !

The lark lies couch'd in his grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest—
Why watch ye thus alone ?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies ?

Take ye no joy in the day-spring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew ?
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you ?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child, with a fairy shout,
Goes dancing on his way.

Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom,
When the stars give quiet light ;
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze when no step is nigh ;
Oh ! thus for ever the earth shall send
Her grateful breath on high !

And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to Heaven !

Mrs. Hemans.

It is a curious fact, that many flowers which have no scent in the day-time, emit a powerful odour in the evening. This is the property of those which Linnæus has elegantly termed, *flores tristes*, melancholy flowers. May not this wonderful provision in them be intended to attract numerous insects, particularly the moth-tribes, which seek their food in the evening from such plants?—

From plants that wake, when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sun-light dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

THE FLOWERS.

The Heliotrope.... THROUGH all the changes of the day
I turn me to the Sun :
In clear or cloudy skies I say
Alike—Thy will be done !

The Violet. A lowly flower, in secret bower,
Invincible I dwell ;
For blessing made, without parade,
Known only by the smell.

The Lily. Emblem of him, in whom no stain
The eye of Heaven could see,
In all their glory, monarchs vain
Are not array'd like me.

The Rose. ... With ravish'd heart that crimson hail,
Which in my bosom glows :
Think how the lily of the vale
Became like Sharon's rose.

The Primrose. ... When Time's dark Winter shall be o'er,
His storms and tempests laid ;
Like me you'll rise, a fragrant flower,
But not, like me, to fade.

The Garden..... The bower of innocence and bliss
Sin caus'd to disappear ;

Repent, and walk in faith and love—
You 'll find an Eden here.

Bp. Horne.

The Heliotrope or Sun-flower, *Helianthus annuus*, a native of Mexico, is said to trace with its radiant corolla the march of the sun, an idea maintained by many writers. Moore, in his *Irish Melodies*, says,

As the Sun-flower turns to her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Thomson, in his *Seasons*, and Langhorne, in his *Fables of Flora*, entertain the same popular notion: and Sir J. E. Smith states, "Its stem is compressed in some degree, to facilitate the movement of the flower, which after following the sun all day, returns after sun-set to the East, by its natural elasticity, to meet his beams."—*Introd. to Botany*, p. 209. But the slightest observation of this plant will show, that it does not possess this wonderful property. Gerard detected the error even so long ago as 1597.—*Herbal*, p. 614. See *Drummond's Steps to Botany*, chap. 6.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

THE mountain's torrent, and the rill
That bubbles o'er its pebbly bed,
Make music which can soothe and still
The aching heart and weary head;
For Nature's simple minstrelsy
Proffers a thousand charms for me.

The ruthless gale that Autumn brings,
The lisps of the Summer breeze,
And Winter's wildest murmurings,
Have each a sovering power to please,
And minister untold delight
To fancy in her vagrant flight.

When midnight tempests loudly ring,
And from their crazy thrones on high,
Around the moon's faint glimmering,
The stars are watching tremblingly,—
A calm amidst the storm I find,
And quiet in the wailing wind.

Bible Lyrics.

•
NOSEGAY OF WILD FLOWERS.

FAIR rising from her icy couch,
 Wan herald of the floral year,
 The Snowdrop marks the Spring's approach,
 Ere yet the Primrose-groups appear,
 Or peers the Aurun* from its spotted veil,
 Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
 Anemonies their stars unfold :
 Then springs the Sorrel's veined flowers,
 And, rich in vegetable gold,
 From calyx pale, the freckled Cowslip born,
 Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo ! the green Thorn, her silver buds
 Expands to May's enlivening beam ;
 Hottonia† blushes on the floods,
 And, where the slowly-trickling stream,
 'Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,
 Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthes‡ hides.

In the lone copse, or shadowy dale,
 Wild cluster'd knots of Hare-bells grow ;
 And droops the Lily of the Vale
 O'er Vinca's|| matted leaves below.
 The Orchis race with varied beauty charm,
 And mock the exploring bee or fly's aerial form.

Wound o'er the hedge-rows' oaken boughs,
 The Woodbine's tassels float in air,
 And blushing, the uncultur'd Rose
 Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there ;
 Her fillets there the purple Night-shade§ weaves,
 And the Bryonia¶ winds her pale and scallop'd leaves.

* Wake-robin.

† Water-violet or Featherfoil.

‡ Bog-bean.

|| Periwinkle.

§ Bittersweet.

¶ Red-berried Bryony.

To later Summer's fragrant breath
 Clematis'* feathery garlands dance ;
 The hollow Foxglove nods beneath ;
 While the tall Mullein's yellow lance,
 (Dear to the mealy tribe of evening,) towers ;
 And the weak Galium† weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild-duck's nest,
 And where the timid halcyon hides,
 The Willow-herb in crimson dress'd,
 Waves with Arundo‡ o'er the tides ;
 And there the bright Nymphæa|| loves to lave,
 Or spread her golden orbs upon the dimpling wave.

And thou ! by pain and sorrow bless'd,
 Papaver§ that an opiate dew
 Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,
 Contrasting with the Corn-flower blue,
 Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
 Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny sheaves.

From the first bud, whose venturous head
 The Winter's lingering tempest braves,
 To those which 'midst the foliage dead,
 Sink latest to their annual graves :
 All are for health, or food, or pleasure given,
 And speak, in various ways, the bounteous hand of Heaven.

Mrs. C. Smith.

THE SEA-ERYNGO.

TH' Eryngo here
 Sits as a queen among the scanty tribes
 Of vegetable race. Around her neck

* Traveller's Joy.

† Bed-straw.

‡ The Reed.

|| Yellow Water-lily.

§ Poppy.

A gorgeous ruff of leaves, with arrowy points,
 Avert all harsh intrusion. On her brow
 She binds a crown of amethystine hue,
 Bristling with spicula, thick interwove
 With clustering florets, whose light anthers dance
 In the fresh breeze, like tiny topaz gems.
 Here the sweet rose would die. But she imbibes
 From arid sands and salt-sea dewdrops, strength ;
 The native of the beach, by nature form'd,
 To dwell among the ruder elements.

Dr. W. H. Drummond.

Repent-rooted plants are most valuable for binding the loose sand on the sea-shore and raising those banks which, in Norfolk and especially in Holland, defend the country from the encroachments of the ocean. The most useful are the *Sea-lime-grass*, the *Sea-seg*, and the *Sea-reed*, the growth of which, under the name of *Marram*, is protected by an act of Parliament. The beautiful *Sea-Eryngo* or *Sea-Holly*, *Eryngium maritimum*, delights in a similar *habitat*.

THE HEART'S-EASE.

THERE is a little flower that's found
 In almost every garden ground,
 'Tis lowly, but 'tis sweet :
 And if its name express its power,
 A more invaluable flower
 You'll never, never meet.

No—not the wealth of Chili's mine,
 Dear flow'ret, may compare with thine,
 For thee I'd give it all ;
 But if the wealthy will not bear
 Thy modest charms in their parterre,
 Grow 'neath my garden-wall.

I said in every garden ground ;
 Perhaps in Eden 'twas not found.
 For there it was not wanted ;

But soon as sin and sorrow came,
Thy flower receiv'd its gladdening name,
By Mercy's angel planted.

He took its azure from the sky :
It is the hue of constancy,
And constant should our faith be ;
With that he mingled splendid gold,
To show that, if our faith we hold,
We shall be crown'd with glory.

Mary—if God within our bower,
Should plant this lovely little flower,
To tend it be our duty ;
Then should there be a smile or tear,
So it be mutual, it will rear
And maturate its beauty.
Village Magazine.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.

BOON Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale and violet-flower
Found in each cleft a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain,
With boughs that quak'd at every breath ;
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath,
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak,
Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung

Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky,
Highest of all, where white peaks glanc'd,
Where glistening streamers wav'd and danc'd,
The wanderer's eye could barely view,
The Summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild the world might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Sir W. Scott.

ON THE NESTLING OF BIRDS.

A THOUSAND bills are busy now ; the skies
Are winnow'd by a thousand fluttering wings,
While all the feather'd race their annual rites
Ardent begin, and choose where best to build,
With more than human skill ; some cautious seek
Sequester'd spots, while some, more confident,
Scarce ask a covert. Wiser, these elude
The foes that prey upon their several kinds ;
Those to the hedge repair ; with velvet down
Of budding sallows beautifully white.
The cavern-loving Wren sequester'd seeks
The verdant shelter of the hollow stump,
And with congenial moss, harmless deceit,
Constructs a safe abode. On topmost boughs
The glossy Raven, and the hoarse-voic'd Crow,
Rock'd by the storm, erect their airy nests.
The Ouzel, lone frequenter of the grove
Of fragrant pines, in solemn depth of shade
Finds rest ; or 'mid the holly's shining leaves,
A simple bush the piping Thrush contents,
Though in the woodland concert he aloft
Trills from his spotted throat a powerful strain,
And scorns the humbler choir. The Lark too asks
A lowly dwelling, hid beneath a turf,
Or hollow, trodden by the sinking hoof :

Songster of heaven ! who to the Sun such lays
Pours forth, as Earth ne'er owns. Within the hedge
The Sparrow lays her sky-stain'd eggs. The barn
With eaves o'er pendant, holds the twittering tribe ;
Secret the Linnet seeks the tangled copse :
The white Owl seeks the antique ruin'd wall,
Fearless of rapine ; or in hollow trees,
Which age has cavern'd, safely courts repose :
The thievish Pie, in twofold colours clad,
Roofs o'er her curious nest with firm-wreath'd twigs
And sidelong forms her cautious door ; she dreads
The talon'd Kite, or pouncing Hawk ; savage
Herself, with craft suspicion ever dwells.

Bidlake.

“ The construction and selected situations of the nests of Birds are as remarkable as the variety of materials employed in them,—the same forms, places, and articles being rarely, perhaps never, found united by the different species, which we would suppose similar necessities would direct to a uniform provision. Birds that build early in the Spring, seem to require warmth and shelter for their young ; and the blackbird and the thrush line their nests with a plaster of loam, perfectly excluding the keen icy gales of our opening year. The house-sparrow commonly builds under the eaves of houses, and collects a great mass of straw and hay, and a profusion of feathers. The wood-pigeon and the jay construct their nest so slightly, that their eggs may be almost seen through the loosely collected materials ; but the goldfinch forms its cradle of fine mosses and lichens, lined with the down of the thistle, and is a model for beautiful construction. The golden-crested wren builds its nest with the utmost attention to warmth, while the whitethroat and blackcap do not attend to this particular. The greenfinch places its rude nest in the hedge, with little regard to concealment ; while the chaffinch, just above it in the elm, hides its neat nest with the most cautious care. One bird must have a hole in the ground ; to another, a crevice in a wall, or a chink in a tree is indispensable. The bullfinch requires fine roots for its nest, the grey flycatcher will have cobwebs for the outworks of its shed. All the *parus* tribe, except the individuals above mentioned, select some hollow in a tree, or cranny in a wall. Endless examples indeed might be found of the dissimilarity of requirements in these constructions among the several associates of our groves, our hedges, and our houses.” See the whole of this beautiful passage in the *Journal of a Naturalist* ; and also Thomson's well-known descriptive lines on the nidification on Birds : *Spring*, lines 628—725.

TO A WREN,

WHICH FOR MANY YEARS BUILT HER NEST BEHIND AN
ASH-TREE, WHICH OVERHUNG THE WRITER'S GARDEN.

LITTLE warbler ! long hast thou
Perch'd beneath yon spreading bough ;—
Sung beneath yon ivied tree,—
Thy mossy nest I yearly see,
Safe from all thy peace annoys—
Claws of cats and cruel boys.
We often hear thy *chit-chat* song
Call thy tiny brood along ;
While, in her nest, or on a spray,
The throstle charms us with her lay !
Little warbler ! cheerful Wren !
Spring-time 's come, and *thou* again,
Little warbler ! thou, like me,
Delight'st in home and harmless glee ;
What of peace is to be found
Circles all thy dwelling round ;
Here with love beneath the shade,
Thy tranquil happiness is made :
With thy tiny, faithful mate,
Here meet'st resign'd the frowns of fate ;
While prouder birds fly high or far,
Or mix them in the strife of war,—
Or restless, through the wide world range,
And restless, still delight in change,
Thou mak'st *thy home*, a place of *rest*,
Affection, *love*, and that is best !
Then welcome, welcome, faithful Wren !
Thrice welcome to thy home again !

Jennings.

The Wren, *Motacilla Troglodytes*, enlivens our rustic gardens with its sprightly note, the greater part of the year. Its "down-coved nest," is not unfrequently built under the brow of a river's bank, and sometimes snugly sheltered in the ivy or honeysuckle on trees and walls. The eggs

are seven or eight in number, white, sparingly spotted with red. Shakspeare, who seems to have had an intimate and accurate knowledge of the works of Nature, remarks, "Look where the youngest wren of *nine* comes."—*Twelfth N. iii. 2.* If any intruder, boy or weasel, come within the precincts of its nest, it pursues and even attacks most courageously. This powerful affection for its young is also noticed by our great dramatist:—

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl

Macb. iv. 2.

The weight of this little bird is only two drams and three quarters, and that of its egg about twenty grains.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry Thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound
With joy:—and often, an intruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils, from day to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And model'd it within with wood and clay.
And by and bye, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of green and blue,
And there I witness'd, in the Summer hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

Clare.

TO A WOOD PIGEON.

HAVE I scar'd thee from thy bough,
Tenant of the lonely wild,
Where, from human face exil'd,
'Tis thine the sky to plough;

Hearing but the wailing breeze,
 Or the cataract's sullen roaring,
 Where, 'mid clumps of ancient trees,
 O'er its rocks the stream is pouring?—
 Up on ready wing thou rushest
 To the gloom of woods profound,
 And through silent ether brushest
 With a whirring sound.
 Ring-dove beauteous ! is the face
 Of man so hateful, that his sight
 Startles thee in wild affright,
 From beechen resting-place?—

Surely pleasant life is thine,
 Underneath the shining day ;
 Thus, from sorrow far away,
 'Mid bowering groves to pine—
 To pine with wild, luxurious love,
 While coos thy timid partner near thee ;
 Flowers below, and boughs above ;
 And nought around to fear thee ;
 While thy bill so gently carries
 To thy young, from field or wood,
 Seeds, or fruits, or purple berries,
 For their slender food.

Rapidly thou wing'st away—
 I saw thee now, a tiny spot—
 Again—and now I see thee not—
 Nought save the skies of day.—
 The Psalmist once his prayer address'd—
 “ Dove, could I thy pinions borrow,
 My soul would flee, and be at rest,
 Far from the earth's oppressing sorrow !”—
 Alas ! we turn to brave the billows
 Of the world's tempestuous sway,
 Where Life's stream, beneath care's willows,
 Murmurs night and day !

Moir.

THE SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !

Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound ;
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings compos'd, and music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing,
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood ;—

A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine :
Type of the wise, who soar—but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Wordsworth.

“ Nothing can be more pleasing than to see the Lark warbling on the wing ; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense height above us ; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen : to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest,—the spot where all its affections are centred ;—the spot which has prompted all this joy.”—*Goldsmith.*

Bloomfield has also given us a lively and accurate description of the soaring of the Lark, in his *Farmer's Boy* :—

Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours her varied song ;
Her form, her motion undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light.

THE HOROLOGE OF THE FIELD.

IN every copse, and shelter'd dell,
Unveil'd to the observant eye,

Are faithful monitors, who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-rob'd children of the Spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feather'd wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed ;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
*Nymphæa** rests her lovely head :

But conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid rest,
And sees reflected in the stream
The virgin whiteness of her breast :

Till the bright day-star to the West
Declines, in ocean's surge to lave,
Then folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See *Hieracium*'s† various tribe,
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The *Goat's-beard*‡ spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze :

Pale as a pensive cloister'd nun
The *Bethlem-Star*|| her face unveils,

* The white Water-lily, *Nymphæa alba*, the most magnificent of our wild flowers, opens about seven in the morning, and closes about four in the afternoon, and then rests upon the surface of the water.

† The Hawkweeds, *Hieracium*, are all of the solar tribe, and expand only in the morning.

‡ The Goat's-beard, *Tragopogon pratense*, expands its yellow disk about three in the morning, and closes before noon ; hence it has received the popular name of *Go-to-bed-at-noon*.

|| The star of Bethlehem, *Ornithogalum umbellatum*.

When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble *Arenaria** creeps ;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly ray'd
With young Aurora's rosy hue,†
Are to the noontide sun display'd,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour, when as the dial true,
Cichorium‡ to the towering lark,
Lifts her soft eyes, serenely blue.

And thou, 'wee crimson tipped flower,'||
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,
When nightdrops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike *Silene*,§ who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light ;
But when the evening crescent shines
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast the winged moments fly.

Mrs. C. Smith.

* The Sandwort, *Arenaria*, opens about nine and shuts between two and three.

† The Corn Bindweed, *Convolvulus arvensis*, closes its flowers in the evening.

‡ The wild Succory or Endive, *Cichorium Intybus*, expands at eight o'clock and closes at four.

|| The Daisy, *Bellis perennis*, is open only on bright days.

§ The night-flowering Catchfly, *Silene noctiflora*, expands its flowers only in the evening.

The Sleep of Plants has been frequently the subject of enquiry and admiration. Under the term *vigiliæ plantarum*, botanists comprehend the precise time of the day or night, in which the flowers of different plants open, expand, and shut. From a series of observations on them, Linnæus endeavoured to form a *botanical time-piece*: he has enumerated forty-six flowers which possess this kind of sensibility. In general it has been found that they close with the departing beams of the Sun, and open to greet his morning rays.

The flower enamour'd of the Sun,
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigils like a cloister'd nun;
Till his reviving ray appears,
Waking her beauty, as he dries her tears.

The attentive observer cannot but perceive, "that every plant and every flower on earth, appears and expands in its appointed order. The God of the Seasons, has exactly determined the time when *this* flower shall unfold its leaves, *that* spread its glowing beauties to the sun, and a *third* hang down its drooping head, and withered, resign its sunny robes."

SYMBOLIC WILD-FLOWERS.

THIS, love, is the blue bosom'd flower,
Which fond maids call *Forget-me-not*;
And canst thou remember the twilight hour,
When we braided its stems in a true-love-knot?

As, arm in arm, in our wild-wood walk,
Where the gor-cock haunts the forest-springs,
From mossy hillock, and tremulous stalk,
We gather'd the lovely scatterlings:

There was little *Primrose*, passion pale,
That peeps with a shy maid's bashful grace,
From her bower of leaves, through her gossamer veil,
Askance on young April's beamy face;

And thine own *Heath-bell* was nestling there,
With hopes and memories richly fraught;
And *Pansies*, that shadow, in vision fair,
The passionate bosom's tenderest thought;

And the naiad *Lily* was glean'd afar,
 Her head on her gentle breast reclining ;
 The *Flower of the Cross* and *Bethlem's Star*,
 High hopes and promises combining.

And another bud thou would'st idling bring,
 With blushing mien, and shy caress—
 For we lov'd and cherish'd that wildling thing,
 Though the wise call it *Love-in-Idleness*.*

With impulse deeper, in darker hour,
 We gather'd, of brighter things unheeding—
 Kiss'd it, and wept o'er the desolate flower,
 Which the desolate heart names *Love-lies-bleeding*.

No, love, thou wilt never forget the hour,
 Nor the communings deep of the hallowed spot,
 Where we gather'd each sweet symbolic flower,
 And around them wove *Forget-me-not*.
Blackwood's Magazine.

HUMANITY TOWARDS INSECTS.

TURN, turn, thy hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush that helpless worm ;
 The frame thy scornful thoughts deride,
 From God receiv'd its form.

The common Lord of all that move,
 From whom thy being flow'd,
 A portion of his boundless love
 On that poor worm bestow'd.

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars He made,
 To all his creatures free ;
 And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade,
 For worms, as well as thee.

* This is a variety of the wild pansy violet, or heart's-ease, *Viola tricolor* ;—"the little western flower, made purple by Love's wound."—*Mids. N. Dream. ii. 2.*

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive ;
Oh ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee !

As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee !

After the fall of the Cistus' flower ;
When the Primrose of Evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, I saw thee first ;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee !

Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy Summer in *heaping* and *hoarding* is spent
What thy Winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee.

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee !

What is the end of thy toil ;
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil :
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Southey.

The Bee, with unceasing industry, commences its toil in the earliest part of Spring, and culls its sweets from every flower as it successively ex-

pands. Early and late in the day, it is actively employed. Reaumur remarks, "I have seen them abroad, before it was light."

First from the grey willow's glossy pearls they steal,
Or rob the hazel of its golden meal,
While the gay crocus and the violet blue
Yield to the flexile trunk ambrosial dew.

Summer and Autumn present their blossoms in due order to these cheerful creatures. Their last resource for food are the flowers of the ivy, which yield a constant supply of honey till the frosts of November. "What is it," says an anonymous writer, "that brings the Bees buzzing round us so busily? See, it is this tuft of colt's-foot which they approach with a harmonious chorus, somewhat like the *Non nobis, Domine*, of our singers; and after partaking silently of the luxurious banquet, again set up their tuneful Pæans."—It cannot but be regretted, that in taking the stores of these provident insects, so many of their lives, are so often sacrificed. Thomson, in his *Seasons*, gives a pathetic description of their cruel death. (See *Autumn*, lines 1183, &c.)

And thou, sweet Thomson, tremblingly alive
To pity's call, hast mourn'd the slaughter'd hive,
Cursing with honest zeal, the coward hand,
Which hid in night's dark veil, the murd'rous brand,
In steam sulphureous wrapt the peaceful dome,
And bore the yellow spoil triumphant home.

Dr. Evans.

THE BEAUTIES IN NATURE,

IN JUNE.

AWHILE I bask'd amid the hay ;
Suck'd from the clover-flowers the honey ; trac'd
The shining-coated insects in the grass
Threading their beautiful labyrinth, or the bee
Eagerly rifling the fallen flowers, to catch
Their fragrance ere the hot sun drink it up ;
Listen'd the little chorus of the gnats,
And flies innumerable wheeling round and round
In the warm sunbeam. Now, stretch'd at length,
I watch'd the many-colour'd birds that sail'd
With various flight in the ethereal air ;
The lark with quivering wing mounting aloft
Till my strain'd eye had lost him, though even then

His ceaseless song came down, mellow'd and fine,
And fainter, and yet fainter, till it died ;
The swallow darting to and fro ; the hawk,
Round and yet round, with slow and wary course
Gliding, or hanging like a cloudy speck,—
Or sinking slow with gently tremulous wing,—
Or like an arrow rapidly darting down.
The linnet, and the red-breast, and the thrush,
The gold-finch, and the little wren,—all birds
That sing and frolic in the sun were there.
I mark'd their differing motions ; listen'd oft
To their dissimilar songs, all at once,
Yet without discord. Sometimes far above
The heron flew with long, slow-flapping wings ;
Sometimes the cooing wood-pigeon came near ;
The crow, and sea-gull with his plaintive cry.

Atherstone.

THE BOG PIMPERNEL.

AMID the lone and heathy wild,
Where cultivation never smil'd,
And man, with undelighted eye,
Passes the desert region by ;
Lo, there *Tenella* makes her bed,
And lifts unseen her modest head.
Of fairer form and brighter hue
Than many a flower that drinks the dew,
Amid the garden's brilliant show,
Where scarce the roughening breeze may blow,
Her charms the graceful flower unveils,
And bends beneath the moorland gales.
Oh, it is thus, when grief's keen blast
Has o'er the chasten'd spirit pass'd,
Till all the future lot seems trac'd
On sorrow's lone and dreary waste,
It finds unthought-of sweets that bloom
Amid the desert's chilling gloom.

These, lovelier than the fragile flowers
 That wave in joy's luxurious bowers,
 Sweet as the buds of Sharon's rose
 Amid the wild their leaves uncloze,
 And give to Heaven's pure gales alone
 Perfections to the world unknown.

And thus it is, that Heaven can bless
 The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
 And thus in sorrow's lowly state,
 Where all seems drear and desolate,
 Become the thorny wastes of care,
 Amid neglect and ruin, fair.

Wild Garland.

The barren waste and mossy bog are not without their peculiar plants, to cheer the botanist in his rambles. In such wild situations, he will not unfrequently meet with the most beautiful specimens: as, the Bog Pimpernel, *Anagallis tenella*, with its rose-coloured blossoms;—the Grass of Parnassus, *Parnassia palustris*, with its silver-white pencilled corolla; and the Bog-bean, *Menyanthes trifoliata*, with its delicately fringed petals:—flowers which yield to none of our wild plants either in beauty, or in elegance.

There's not a heath, however rude,
 But hath some little flower,
 To brighten up its solitude,
 And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
 By grief and sorrow down,
 But hath some memory of the past,
 To love and call its own.

THE POPPY.

HE widely errs who thinks I yield
 Precedence in the well-cloth'd field,
 Though mix'd with wheat I grow ;
 Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
 And, to adorn the teeming earth,
 She bade the *Poppy* grow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,
 But bless'd with power mankind to ease,
 The goddess saw me rise :

“ Thrive with the life-supporting grain,”
 She cried, “ the solace of the swain,
 The cordial of his eyes.”

“ Seize, happy mortal, seize the good ;
 My hand supplies thy *sleep* and *food*,
 And makes thee truly bless'd :
 With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
 In slumbers pass the night away,
 And leave to God the rest.”

Adventurer, No. 39.

“ The Poppy is scattered over the fields of corn, that all the needs of man may easily be satisfied, and that bread and sleep may be found together.”—*Cowley*.

TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
 The only true plant found,
 Wherewith young men and maids distress'd
 And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
 Or laid aside forlorn
 Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head
 Bedew'd with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
 Poore maids rewarded be
 For their lost love, their only gain
 Is but a wreath of thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade
 When weary of the light
 The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
 Come to weep out the night.

Herrick.

The Willow, from the earliest times, has been dedicated to grief and sadness. “ I'll wear a willow-garland for his sake.” *Hen. VI.* Old Fuller

calls it, "a sad tree, whereof such who have lost their love, make their mourning garlands; and we know that exiles hung up their harps upon such doleful supporters. This tree delighteth in moist places, and is triumphant in the Isle of Ely; it groweth incredibly fast, it being a by-word in this country, that the profit of willows will buy the owner a horse before that by other trees will pay for his saddle." Sir J. E. Smith has enumerated no fewer than one hundred and forty-one species of willows, *Salices*, of which only sixty-six are British.

To name the uses of the willow tribes
Were endless task. The basket's various forms
For various purposes of household thrift,
The wicker-chair of size and shape antique,
The rocking couch of sleeping infancy;
These, with unnumber'd other forms and kinds,
Give bread to hands unfit for other work.

Grahame.

TO THE IVY.

OH! how could fancy crown with *thee*,
In ancient times, the God of wine,
And bid thee at thy banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plain,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwin'd thee, with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphally the bough might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the victor's grave.

Where, sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past,—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;

Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb ! art there.

Thou o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes
And cities of the dead ;
Deserted palaces of Kings,—
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,—
And all once-glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue, Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry ;
And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners wav'd of yore ;
O'er mouldering towers, by lonely Rhine,
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air, look down
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd, and left no trace ;
But thou art there !—thy foliage bright,
Unchang'd, the mountain-storm can brave,—
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,—
The vivid hues, by painting thrown,
Rich o'er the glowing walls ;—
Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptur'd beauty waving fair ;—
These perish all—and what remains ?
Thou—thou alone, art there !

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,

The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to decay and thee !
And still let man his fabrics rear,—
August in beauty, grace, and strength,—
Days pass—Thou, Ivy, never sere,
And all is thine at length !

Mrs. Hemans.

THE SPIDER.

STILL at the centre she her warp begins,
Then round, at length, her little thread she spins,
And equal distance to their compass leaves ;
Then neat and nimbly her new web she weaves,
With her fine shuttle circularly drawn
Through all the circuit of her open lawn ;
Open, lest else the ungentle winds should tear
Her cypress tent, weaker than any hair ;
And that the foolish fly might easier get
Within the meshes of her curious net ;
Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,
But straight the male doth to the centre make,
That he may conquer more securely there
The humming creature hamper'd in his snare.

Joshua Sylvester, 1600.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain Spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd ! amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;

And, fixing on the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd ; the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Thomson.

TO A SPIDER, WHICH INHABITED A CELL.

IN this wild, groping, dark, and drearie cove,
 Of wife, of children, and of health bereft,
 I hail'd thee, friendly Spider, who hadst wove
 Thy mazy net on yonder mouldering raft :
 Would that the cleanlie housemaid's foot had left
 Thee tarrying here, nor took thy life away ;
 For thou, from out this seare old ceiling's cleft,
 Came down each morn to hede my plaintive lay,
 Joying like me to heare sweet musick play,
 Wherewith I'd fein beguile the dull dark lingering day.

Anthol. Boreal.

Spiders are extremely sensible of sound. Lehmann relates, that on observing one descend from the roof by its thread, while he was reading, he began to read aloud : the insect, alarmed at the noise, retreated upwards ; he was silent, and it returned. On reading again, it again testified alarm and ascended its thread ; nor was its apprehension of danger dispelled, until familiarized with sound, or conquered by the object of its pursuit.

SUMMER.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness : it calms
 My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
 That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
 Here Nature in her midnight whisper speaks ;
 How peaceful every sound !—the ring-dove's plaint,
 Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,
 While every other woodland lay is mute,
 Save when the wren flits from her down-cov'd nest,
 And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—

The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
 Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
 That, soon as loos'd, booms with full twang away,—
 The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
 Scar'd from the shallows by the passing tread,
 Dimpling the water glides ; with here and there
 A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
 The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
 Watches his time to spring ; or, from above,
 Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
 Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
 Bears off the prize :—sad emblem of man's lot !

Grahame.

TO A SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

THE lingering perfume of thy flower,
 Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet,
 Though faint to that of Summer's bower,
 It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the darkening cloud,
 The chilly mists, and rain, and dews,
 And drifted leaves which half enshroud
 Thy beauties,—all delight my Muse,

And boast a charm that far outvies
 The grace of Summer's proudest day,
 When varied blooms of richer dyes
 Unfolded to the sun's warm ray.

To me thy yet surviving bloom
 And lingering sweetness can recall
 Hearts which, unchill'd by gathering gloom,
 Can meekly *live*, and *love* through all.

From such, in seasons dark and drear,
 Immortal hopes of noblest worth,
 Feelings and thoughts, to virtue dear,
 Gush like the dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around
 Than prosperous hours could ever know ;
 For Rapture's smile less fair is found
 Than that which Patience lends to Woe !

B. Barton.

The Mignonette, *Reseda odorata*, now naturalized to our climate, is a native of the South of France, where it is welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, *little darling*. This favourite plant, introduced into England in 1742, is noticed by Cowper, in his Task :—

————— The sashes fronted with a range
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed
 The Frenchman's darling.

A JUNE-DAY.

WHO has not dream'd a world of bliss,
 On a bright sunny *noon* like this,
 Couch'd by his native brook's green maze,
 With comrade of his boyish days ?
 While all around them seem'd to be
 Just as in joyous infancy.
 Who has not lov'd, at such an hour,
 Upon that heath, in birchen bower,
 Lull'd in the poet's dreamy mood,
 Its wild and sunny solitude ?
 While o'er the waste of purple ling
 You mark'd a sultry glimmering ;
 Silence herself there seems to sleep,
 Wrapp'd in a slumber long and deep,
 Where slowly stray those lonely sheep
 Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom.
 And gleaming of the scatter'd broom.
 Love you not, then, to list and hear
 The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
 Pouring an orange-scented tide
 Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ?
 To hear the buzzard whimpering shrill
 Hovering above you high and still ?

The twittering of the bird that dwells
Amongst the heath's delicious bells ?
While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,
Insects in green and gold array'd,
The sun's gay tribes have lightly stray'd ;
And sweeter sound their humming wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

Howitt.

THE BLUE PIMPERNEL.

WHILE cedar, beech, or oak, its head
Lifts high with giant arms ;
Beneath, how many sisters spread
Their lowly winning charms.

The daisy thus, and violet grow,
The flower of purple bells,
Thus lilies of the valley blow
In shady, briery dells.

These crops each little maid with joy,
And decks her golden hair ;
These gladly plucks each little boy,
As yet unknowing care.

But say, of blushy lip and cheek
And sweetly-laughing eye,
When rambling pretty flowers to seek,
O did you never spy,

On sunny bank, or tilthy field,
Or nigh the garden wall,
That which to none in grace may yield,
The lowliest of them all ?

When shines the sun, and fled the dew,
Nor watery clouds arise,
It fair unveils its face to view,
A copy of the skies.

The ruby and the amethyst
 In it are lovely met ;
 This, in each petal bright impress'd,
 That, in the middle set.

Ye know it not,—a friend intreats
 You, little maids, to run,
 And mingle with your posy sweets
 This flow'ret of the sun.

And as within your hand it glows,
 O mark the Power Divine,
 Which gave the feeblest plant that grows
 Like Heaven's own blue to shine.

J. R.

The Blue Pimpernel, *Anagallis cærulea*, is only a variety of the *Anag. arvensis*, as proved by late experiments: *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 3. p. 537. Botanists should be particularly on their guard against being misled by the colours of flowers. *Nimum ne crede colori*, was the maxim of Linnæus; and in judging of Species, Colour, in which the Florist prides himself, ought, in a great measure, to be disregarded. Were this and other trivial points in Botany attended to, several modern authors would not so frequently convert varieties into species, and species into genera. Such needless changes in Natural History, as multiply synonyms, are always to be deprecated.

THE COLOURS OF FLOWERS.

WHAT white can match the Lily's virgin snows ?
 What red, the crimson of the blushing Rose ?
 What regal purple with the Scabious vie ?
 Or scarlet match the Poppy's flaming dye ?
 What yellow, lovely as the golden morn,
 The Lupine and the Heliotrope adorn ?
 How mix'd a hue the streaky Tulip stains !
 How curious the Carnation's marbled veins !
 Ethereal blue the silky Violets wear !
 And *all* unite their sweets in mingling air.

Moses Brown.

THE SCENTLESS VIOLET.

DECEITFUL plant ! from thee no odours rise,
 Perfume the air, or scent the mossy glade,
 Although thy blossoms wear the modest guise
 Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade.
 Yet not like her's, still shunning to be seen,
 And by their fragrant breath alone betray'd,
 Veil'd in the vesture of a scantier green,
 To every gazer are thy flowers display'd.
 Thus Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear,
 Kneel as she kneels, or give as she has given ;
 But ah ! no meek retiring worth is there,
 No incense of the heart exhales to Heaven !

C. H. Townsend.

The Dog's-violet, *Viola canina*, is entirely destitute of smell. Sir J. E. Smith satirically remarks, "The epithet *canina* seems to have been given to it, as to the hedge-rose, to express a degree of inferiority or unworthiness, as if a dog were always a less respectable or useful animal than his master."

 TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines, that round the thatch'd-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or in a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath, and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cyder press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. Keats.

THE GNAT.

WHEN by the green-wood side, at Summer eve,
 Poetic visions charm my closing eye ;
 And fairy-scenes, that fancy loves to weave,
 Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy ;
 'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey
 Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
 Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
 And all is solitude, and all is night !
 —Ah, now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
 Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air !
 No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,
 Lifts the broad shield and points the glittering spear.
 Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
 Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore,

Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum rings,
 ——I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more !

Rogers.

“ The poet has here fallen into one little error which a naturalist will perceive as readily as he himself would have detected a bad rhyme or a false quantity. It is only the male gnat, *Culex pipiens*, which is adorned with *feathery antlers* (*antennæ*) ; and what is a very remarkable fact, this male gnat never sucks blood, the female alone, whose *antlers* are not *feathery*, being of a sanguinary disposition.”—*Insect Miscellanies*.

TO A LADY-BIRD.

“ LADY-BIRD! Lady-bird ! fly away home,”
 The field-mouse is gone to her nest,
 The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
 And the bees and the birds are at rest.

“ Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home,”—
 The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
 The dew’s falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
 Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home,”—
 Good luck if you reach it at last,
 The owl’s come abroad, and the bat’s on the roam,
 Sharp set from their Ramagan fast.

“ Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home,”—
 The fairy bells tinkle afar,
 Make haste, or they’ll catch ye and harness ye fast
 With a cobweb to Oberon’s car.

“ Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home,”—
 But, as all serious people do, first
 Clear your conscience, and settle your worldly affairs,
 And so be prepar’d for the worst.

“ Lady-bird ! Lady-bird !” make a short shrift,—
 Here’s a hair-shirted Palmer hard by,
 And here’s lawyer Earwig to draw up your will,
 And we’ll witness it, Death-moth and I.

“Lady-bird ! Lady-bird !”—don’t make a fuss,—
 You’ve mighty small matters to give,
 Your coral and jet, and . . . there, there . . . you can tack
 A codicil on, if you live.

“Lady-bird ! Lady-bird !” fly away now,—
 To your house, in the old willow-tree,
 Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant,
 And a few cozy neighbours to tea.

“Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home,”—
 And if not gobbled up by the way,
 Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon’s car,
 You’re in luck—and that’s all I’ve to say.

Blackwood’s Magazine, 1827.

The Lady-bird or Cow-lady, *Coccinella septem-punctata*, in its perfect as well as larva state, is most serviceable in clearing plants of the myriads of *Aphides* or Plant-lice, with which they are frequently infested. The larva is of a lead colour, spotted with orange, and may be seen in Summer running pretty briskly over plants where its food abounds. In the Autumn of 1827, the Lady-bird was so abundant, in many parts of this country, as to alarm the farmer, who ignorantly fancied this favourite of our childhood, to be detrimental to his crops.

THE BLUE-WINGED BUTTERFLY OF KASHMEER.

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of eastern Spring,
 O’er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild,
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, clos’d in tears.

If won, to equal ills betray'd,
Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice :
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Has brush'd its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing and bleeding breast,
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before ?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower ?
No ! gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own.

Byron.

THE MAY-FLY.

THE Sun of the eve was warm and bright
When the May-fly burst from his shell,
And he wanton'd awhile in that fair light
O'er the river's gentle swell ;
And the deepening tints of the crimson sky
Still gleam'd on the wing of the glad May-fly.

The colours of sunset pass'd away,
The crimson and yellow green,
And the evening-star's first twinkling ray
In the waveless stream was seen,
Till the deep repose of the stillest night
Was hushing about his giddy flight.

The noon of the night is nearly come—

There 's a crescent in the sky :—

The silence still hears the myriad hum

Of the insect revelry :

The hum has ceas'd—the quiet wave

Is now the sportive May-fly's grave.

Oh ! thine was a blessed lot—to spring

In thy lustihood to air,

And sail about, on untiring wing,

Through a world most rich and fair ;

To drop at once in thy watery bed,

Like a leaf that the willow branch has shed.

And who shall say that his thread of years

Is a life more blest than thine !

Has his feverish dream of doubts and fears

Such joys as those which shine

In the constant pleasures of thy way,

Most happy child of happy May ?

For thou wert born when the earth was clad

With her robe of buds and flowers,

And didst float about with a soul as glad

As a bird in the sunny showers ;

And the hour of thy death had a sweet repose,

Like a melody, sweetest at its close.

Nor too brief the date of thy cheerful race—

'Tis its use that measures time—

And the Mighty Spirit that fills all space

With His life and His will sublime,

May see that May-fly and the Man

Each flutter out the same small span.

And the fly that is born with the sinking sun,

To die ere the midnight hour,

May have deeper joy, ere his course be run,

Than man in his pride and power ;

And the insect's minutes be spar'd thy fears

And the anxious doubts of our threescore years.

The years and the minutes are as one—
 The fly drops in his twilight mirth,
 And the man, when his long day's work is done,
 Crawls to the self-same earth.
 Great Father of each ! may *our* mortal day
 Be the prelude to an endless May !

Penny Magazine.

The Angler's May-fly, *Ephemera vulgata*, comes from its *aurelia* state, and emerges from the water, about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night,—limiting the duration of its fly-state to about five or six hours—an unusual instance of the brevity of life. For other interesting accounts of this short-lived insect, see *Cuvier's Animal Kingdom*, Part 32.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose, the sweetly blooming Rose,
 Ere from the tree it 's torn,
 Is like the charms which beauty shows,
 In life's exulting morn !

But oh ! how soon its sweets are gone,
 How soon it withering lies !
 So, when the eve of life comes on,
 Sweet beauty fades and dies :

Then since the fairest form that 's made
 Soon withering we shall find,
 Let us possess, what ne'er will fade,
 The beauties of the mind.

Hon. C. J. Fox.

“Those who have ever gathered a Rose,” says Sir J. E. Smith, “know but too well how soon it withers, and the familiar application of its fate to that of human life and beauty, is not more striking to the imagination than philosophically and literally true.”

The crimson rose, the bulbul's bride,
 The purple violet in the shade,
 The lily white, the maiden's pride,
 Alike are bright, alike must fade.
 The beauteous flake of purest snow,
 Its very being must forego.

LAMBS.

SAY ye, that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way ?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or grazed in merry clusters by your side ?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face ;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excite to praise, or give reflection birth ;
In shades like these pursue your favourite joy,
'Mid Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abashed soon flies the place ;
Then challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run ;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove, from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, " Come, let us try our speed ;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along ;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bank of thyme ;
There panting stop : yet scarcely can refrain,
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again :
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose ! sad emblem of their doom ;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom !

Bloomfield.

ON THE MUSHROOM TRIBE.

LOVELIER far than vernal flowers,
 The Mushrooms shooting after showers ;
 That fear no more the fatal scythe,
 But proudly spread their bonnets blithe,
 With coverings form'd of silk and snow,
 And lined with brightening pink below.

But more the later Fungus race :—

* * * * *

Their forms and hues some solace yield,
 In wood, or wild, or humid field,
 Whose tapering stems, robust or light,
 Like columns catch the searching sight,
 To claim remark where'er I roam,
 Supporting each a stately dome ;
 Like fair umbrellas furl'd, or spread,
 Display their many-colour'd head,
 Grey, purple, yellow, white, or brown,
 Shap'd like War's shield, or Prelate's crown,
 Like Freedom's cap, or Friar's cowl,
 Or China's bright inverted bowl ;
 And while their broadening disks unfold
 Gay silvery gills, or nets of gold,
 Beneath their shady-curtain'd cove,
 Perform all offices of love.
 In beauty chief, the eye to chain,
 'Mong whispering pines, or arid plain,
 A glittering group assembled stands,
 Like Elf's or Fay's embattled bands,
 Where every arm appears to wield
 With pigmy strength a giant shield,
 And deeply dyed in sanguine gore,
 With brazen bosses studded o'er ;
 While magic Fancy's ear confounds
 The whistling winds with hostile sounds.

James Woodhouse.

“ In habit, the Fungi,” writes the intelligent naturalist, Dr. Johnson,

of Berwick-upon-Tweed, “ vary infinitely, and in general they have little resemblance to the plants of any other order. Some resemble an umbrella, some a piece of honeycomb; others are cups in miniature; others again resemble a ball, a club, or a mace, or assume the forms of sea-corals; while many defy comparison with any familiar objects, and grow in figures peculiar to themselves.” They are of quick growth and short duration, and frequently exhibit every variety of shade and tint. “ Let but the lover of Natural History,” says Dr. Fleming, “ free his mind from prejudice, and then examine the forms and colouring of the Fungi, and he will be compelled to admit, that many of them rival in symmetry and splendour the rose and the lily, those gaudy ornaments of Flora.”

“ As there is no critical mark to determine at once between poisonous and salutary Mushrooms, we may lay it down as a general rule, that those should be suspected and avoided, that grow in moist and marshy grounds, and especially in the shade,—that have a dirty looking surface,—and whose gills are soft, moist, and porous.”—*Dr. Good.* Old Gerarde gives the following advice respecting these “ voluptuous poisons;”—

The meadow mushrooms are in kinde the best,
It is ill trusting any of the rest.

SPRING FLOWERS.

ALONG these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snowdrop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Thomson.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird ! that sing'st away the early hours
Of Winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights, which present are,—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers ;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers ;
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers :
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Alter'd in sweetness,) sweetly is not driven,
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye, and thought to Heaven ?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

W. Drummond, of Hawthornden, 1620.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE Humming-bird !—the Humming-bird,
So fairy-like and bright ;

It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight !

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand Humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower—

Where, on the mighty river banks,
La Plate or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest tree,
Lies basking in the sun—

There builds her nest the Humming-bird
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero* tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose ;

* In the extensive wilds of Demerara, the *Campanero* never fails to attract the attention of the passenger ; at a distance of nearly three miles, you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes, like the distant convent-bell. It is generally to be seen resting on the dried top of an aged mora-tree. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly-pronounced ' Whip-poor-Will,' from the Goat-sucker, cause such astonishment as the toll of the Campanero.—*Waterton's Wanderings.*

Her wing the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy Humming-bird,
No Winter round thee lowers,
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers !

A reign of Summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given ;
Thy food, the honey in the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven.

How glad the heart of Eve would be,
In Eden's glorious bowers,
When she saw the first, first Humming-bird
Among the spicy flowers ;

Among the rainbow butterflies,
Before the rainbow shone—
One moment glancing in her sight
Another moment gone !

Thou little shining creature,
God sav'd thee from the flood,
With eagle of the mountain-land,
And tiger of the wood !

Who cared to save the elephant,
He also cared for thee,
And gave those broad lands for thy home,
Where grows the cedar-tree !

Mary Howitt.

“ Of all animated beings,” says Buffon, “ this is the most elegant in form and most splendid in colouring. Precious stones and metals artificially polished can never be compared to this jewel of Nature, who has placed it in the order of birds at the bottom of the scale of magnitude—*maximè miranda in minimis*—while all the gifts, which are only shared among others—nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration—have been profusely bestowed upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground, for its whole life being aerial, it rarely lights on the turf. It dwells in the air, and flitting from flower to flower it seems to be itself a flower in freshness and splendour ; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession ; for

the few which migrate out of the tropics during the Summer, make but a transitory stay in the temperate zones. They follow the course of the sun, advancing or retiring with him, and flying on the wings of the zephyrs, wanton in eternal Spring." This delicate bird has been universally beloved and admired by every lover of Nature. Audubon compares it to the glittering fragment of a rainbow:—the American Indians give it a name, signifying a sunbeam, expressive of its brilliancy and rapidity of motion, and frequently wear it in their ears as a pendant;—and the enthusiastic Alexander Wilson, in his history of its habits, makes it the subject of a poem, from which we cannot refrain giving an extract:—

When morning dawns, and the bless'd sun again
Lifts his red glories from the eastern main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews,
The flower-fed Humming-bird his round pursues;
Sips, with inserted tube, the honied blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams.
While richest roses, though in crimson dress'd,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast;
What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold, they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow!

For further information respecting these fairies of Creation, we refer our readers to the 1st vol. of *The Naturalist's Library*, published under the auspices of its highly-gifted editor, Sir W. Jardine.

TO THE THRUSH.

OH! herald of the Spring! while yet
No hare-bell scents the woodland lane,
Nor starwort fair, nor violet,
Braves the bleak gust, and driving rain;
'Tis thine, as through the copses rude
Some pensive wanderer sighs along,
To soothe him with thy cheerful song,
And tell of Hope and Fortitude.

For thee, then, may the hawthorn bush,
The elder, and the spindle-tree,
With all their various berries blush,
And the blue sloe abound for thee!
For thee the coral holly glow,
Its arm'd and glossy leaves among;
And many a branched oak be hung
With the pellucid misseltoe!

Still may thy nest, with lichen lin'd,
 Be hidden from the invading jay ;
 Nor truant boy its covert find,
 To bear thy callow young away.
 So thou, precursor still of good,
 Oh ! herald of approaching Spring !
 Shalt to the pensive wanderer sing,
 Thy song of Hope and Fortitude !

Mrs. C. Smith.

The Thrush, *Turdus musicus*, is very generally admired for his melodious song, which in plaintiveness, compass, and execution, is much superior to that of the blackbird. He begins to sing as early as February, and is known by the names of the thrush, throstle, mavis, and grey-bird.

THE HOUSE-SPARROW.

TOUCH not the little Sparrow, who doth build
 His home so near us. He doth follow us
 From spot to spot amidst the turbulent town,
 And ne'er deserts us. To all other birds
 The woods suffice, the rivers, the sweet fields,
 And nature in her aspect mute and fair ;
 But *he* doth herd with man. Blithe servant ! live,
 Feed and grow cheerful ! On my window's ledge
 I'll leave thee every morning some fit food,
 In payment of thy service.—Doth he serve ?—
 Aye, serves and teaches. His familiar voice,
 His look of love, his sure fidelity,
 Bids us be gentle with so small a friend ;
 And much we learn from acts of gentleness.
 Doth he not teach ?—Aye, and doth serve us too,
 Who clears our homes from many a toilsome thing,
 Insect or reptile ; and when we do mark
 With what nice care he builds his nest, and guards
 His offspring from all harm, and how he goes,
 A persevering, bold adventurer,
 'Midst hostile tribes, twenty times big as he,

Skill, perseverance, courage, parent's love,—
 In all these acts we see, and may do well
 In our own lives, perhaps, when need doth ask,
 To imitate the little household bird.
 Untiring follower ! what doth chain thee here ;
 What bonds 'tween thee and man ! Thy food the same
 As their's who wing the woods,—thy voice as wild,
 Thy wants, thy power, the same ; we nothing do
 To serve thee, and few love thee ; yet thou bang'st
 About our dwellings, like some humble friend,
 Whom custom and kind thoughts do link to us,
 And no neglect can banish.

So, long live

The household Sparrow ! may he thrive for ever !
 For ever twitter forth his morning song,
 A brief, but sweet domestic melody !
 Long may he live ! and he who aims to kill
 Our small companion, let him think how he
 Would feel, if great men spurn'd him from their hearths,
 Or tyrant doom'd him, who had done no wrong,
 To pains or sudden death. Then let him think,
 And he will spare this little trustful bird ;
 And his one act of clemency will teach
 His heart a lesson that shall widen it,
 For nothing makes so bright the soul, as when
 Pity doth temper wisdom.

B. Cornwall.

“ We have scarcely another bird, the appetite of which is so accommodating in all respects as that of the House-Sparrow. It is, I believe, the only bird that is a voluntary inhabitant with man, lives in his society, and is his constant attendant, following him wherever he fixes his residence. It becomes immediately an inhabitant of the new farm-house, in a lonely place, or recent inclosure, or even in an island ; will accompany him in the crowded city, and build and feed there in content, unmindful of noise, the smoke of the furnace, or the steam-engine, where even the swallow and the martin, that flock around him in the country, are scared by the tumult, and leave him : but the sparrow, though begrimed with soot, does not forsake him ; feeds on his food, rice, potatoes, and almost any other extraneous substance he may find in the street ; looks to him for his support, and is maintained almost entirely by the industry and providence of man. It is not known in a solitary and independent state.”

—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

THE GOLDFINCH.

GOLDFINCH, pride of woodland glade,
 In thy jet and gold array'd ;
 Gentle bird, that lov'st to feed
 On the thistle's downy seed ;
 Freely frolic, lightly sing,
 In the sunbeam spread thy wing !
 Spread thy plumage, trim and gay,
 Glittering in the noontide ray !
 As upon the thorn-tree's stem
 Perch'd thou sipp'st the dewy gem.
 Fickle bird, for ever roving,
 Endless changes ever loving ;
 Now in orchards gaily sporting,
 Now to flowery fields resorting ;
 Chasing now the thistle's down,
 By the gentle zephyr blown ;
 Lightly on thou wing'st thy way,
 Always happy, always gay.

Time's Telescope, 1829.

“ The brilliant colours, and elegant form of this beautiful bird, (*Fringilla carduelis*,) make it universally noticed and prized by every lover of animated Nature. The Goldfinch is serviceable to man, in choosing as food the seeds of some of the worst weeds; and, as if relying on this piece of service, fearlessly trusts to his protection by nestling in some fruit or other tree, near his dwellings.”—*Main*.

I love to see the goldfinch twit and twit,
 And pick the groundsel's feather'd seeds ;
 And then, in bower of apple-blossom perch'd,
 Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.

Hurdis.

The Goldfinch builds a very elegant nest, which is formed of bents and moss, interwoven with wool, and is generally lined with thistle down, or willow cotton. Grahame has well sketched it in his *Birds of Scotland* :—

The goldfinch weaves with willow down inlaid,
 And cannach tufts, his wonderful abode ;
 Sometimes suspended at the limber end
 Of plane-tree spray, among the broad-leav'd shoots,
 The tiny hammock swings to every gale ;
 Sometimes in closest thickets 'tis conceal'd,

Sometimes in hedge luxuriant, where the brier,
 The bramble, and the plum-tree branch,
 Warp through the thorn, surmounted by the flowers
 Of climbing vetch and honey-suckle wild.

The *Cannach tufts* mentioned in these lines, are the spikes of the Cotton-grass, *Eriophorum*, a native of boggy pastures.

THE EAGLE.

THE tawny Eagle seats his callow brood
 High on the cliff, and feasts his young with blood ;
 On Snowdon's rocks, or Orkney's wide domain,
 Whose beetling cliffs o'erhang the western main,
 The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
 Amidst the gathering clouds and sullen storms ;
 Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
 And holds his sounding pinions pois'd for flight ;
 With cruel eye premeditates the war,
 And marks his destin'd victim from afar :
 Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
 His pinions like the rush of waters sound ;
 The fairest of the fold he bears away,
 And to his nest compels the struggling prey ;
 He scorns the game by meaner hunters tore,
 And dips his talons in no vulgar gore.

Mrs. Barbauld.

TO A ROBIN-REDBREAST ;

WHICH VISITED THE WINDOWS OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

WELCOME, pretty little stranger !
 Welcome to my lone retreat !
 Here, secure from every danger,
 Hop about, and chirp, and eat.

Robin ! how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty !

Now, though the tyrant Winter howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round ;
Heaven above, with vapour scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground :—
Robin ! what are these to thee ?
Thou art bless'd with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river,
Mourns in solid icy chains ;
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
On the desolating plains ;
Robin ! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford ;
Colds nor cramps shall ne'er oppress thee ;
Come and share my humble board.
Robin ! come and live with me,
Live,—yet still in liberty.

Soon shall Spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year,
Then, amid th' enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear ;—
Then shall I too, join with thee,
Swell the hymn of liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin !
And confine thee in a cage ;
Then poor Robin ! think on me,
Think and sigh for liberty :—

Liberty, the brightest jewel
In the crown of earthly joys !

All sensations else are cruel,
 All delights besides are toys.
 None but captives, such as me,
 Know the worth of Liberty.

Montgomery.

THE WATER-OUZEL.

THE Bird

Is here,—the solitary bird that makes
 The rock his sole companion. Leafy vale,
 Green bower, and hedge-row fair, and garden rich
 With bud and bloom, delight him not ;—he bends
 No spray, nor roams the wilderness of boughs,
 Where love and song detain a million wings,
 Through all the Summer morn—the Summer eve ;—
 He has no fellowship with waving woods,—
 He joins not in their merry minstrelsy,—
 But flits from ledge to ledge, and through the day
 Sings to the highland waterfall—that speaks
 To him in strains he loves and lists
 For ever.

N. T. Carrington.

The Water-Ouzel or Dipper, *Cinclus aquaticus*, frequents the sides of rocky mountain-streams: it commences its song as early as January and February; “ which,” says Mr. Polwhele, “ has a great resemblance to the sound of water gurgling among pebbles.”

———— The cheerful bird that loves the stream,
 And the stream’s voice, and answers, in like strains
 Murmuring deliciously.

In Cumberland, this retired bird is known by the name of the *Bessy Ducker*.

ULYSSES AND HIS DOG.

THUS, near the gates conferring as they drew,
 Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ;

He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
 Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head ;
 Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
 But, ah ! not fated long to please his lord !
 To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain ;
 The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
 Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;
 With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
 Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
 Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
 Unhous'd, neglected in the public way ;
 And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
 Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
 He knew his lord :—he knew, and strove to meet ;
 In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet ;
 Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
 Salute his master and confess his joys.
 Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul
 Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole.

The Dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
 His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
 Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies ;
 So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes !

Pope's Homer. Odess. B. xvii.

The sensibility ascribed in these lines to the Dog of Ulysses, shows how justly mankind have appreciated the noble character of these faithful and affectionate creatures, even from the most remote periods of antiquity. While almost every other animal fears man as an enemy, here is one that regards him as a companion, and after years of absence recognises him as a friend. "Every where it is the *Dog* alone, that takes delight in associating with us, in sharing our abode, and is jealous that our attention should be exclusively bestowed on him ; it is he who knows us personally, who watches, and warns us of danger. It is impossible for the Naturalist, when surveying the animal creation, not to feel a conviction that this friendship between two creatures so widely different, must result from unerring laws ; nor can the humane and feeling mind avoid a belief, that kindness to the animals, from which he derives such continual and essential service, is an important part of his duty."

THE FLOWER AND THE WILLOW.

A LOVELY flower of rainbow hue,
Beneath a weeping-willow grew,
But discontent proved its vexation ;
It murmur'd at its situation.

While passion shook its blushing head,
It to the weeping-willow said ;
“ See how I'm shaded here by you ;
My lovely charms are hid from view :

Beauties like mine would surely grace
An open and conspicuous place.
Why in this lonely shade must I
Unnotic'd bloom, unnotic'd die ?

To hide such charms is 'gainst all rule,
And Flora surely was a fool,
To plant so fair a flower as me
Beneath a gloomy willow-tree !”

The goddess from her fragrant bower,
O'erheard the discontented flower ;
And straightway she its wishes granted ;
'Twas to another place transplanted.

Beneath the Sun's resplendent ray,
Its charms were wither'd in a day.
The willow that had been its aid,
Surveyed the change, and thus she said :—

“ Frail murmurer ! well may'st thou lament
The fatal fruits of discontent ;
For since my shelter was despis'd,
See how thy folly is chastis'd !

Why did thy pride create a care
That all who pass'd might deem thee fair ?
But thou hast prov'd to thy vexation,
How dear fools pay for admiration.

To Flora's tribes, I hope thy fall
Will prove a good, and teach them all
To live contented in their stations,
Nor murmur at her dispensations."

The faded flower made no reply,—
But, trembling to the zephyr's sigh,
Bow'd down its languid head, and died,
The victim of its foolish pride.

Mary M. Colling.

"From Nature's largest work to the least insect that frets the leaf, each has organs and feelings and habits, exactly suited to the place it has to fill. Were it other than it is, it could not fill its place—and being what it is, were it removed to any other, it would surely be less happy. The flower of the valley would die upon the mountain's top, and surely would the hardy mountaineer, now flourishing on Alpine heights, languish and die, if transplanted to the valley. The Maker of the world, then, has made no mistakes,—has done no injustice,—every thing as He arranged it, is what *it* should be, and is placed where it should be, and none can repine, and none complain."—*The Listener*.

The above poem is extracted from the "Fables and Poems by Mary Maria Colling." The amiable writer is a servant in a family in the South of England; under the generous patronage of Mrs. Bray, a volume of her poems was published. When asked what could induce her to write Fables, she replied, "when, of an evening, she was amongst the flower-beds, and saw them all so lively and so beautiful, *she used to fancy the flowers talked to her.*" This interesting publication of a self-taught genius we recommend to the attention of our readers.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embath'd in emerald glory. All the flocks

Of Ocean are abroad : like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves ;
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A Summer feeling : even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more ;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth ; the Rocks and Shores,
The Forest, and the everlasting Hills,
Smiled in that joyful Sunshine,—they partook
The universal blessing.

Southey.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen-tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below ;
Nor Summer-bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-horn,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen-tree !

Thrice twenty Summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,

Since childhood in my pleasant bower
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
 Since youthful lovers in my shade
 Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
 And on my trunk's surviving frame
 Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
 Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
 First breath'd upon this sacred ground ;
 By all that Love has whisper'd there,
 Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear ;
 As Love's own altar honour me,
 Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen-tree !

Campbell.

The Beech-tree, *Fagus sylvatica*, says Mr. White, is "the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or its graceful pendulous boughs." Its autumnal hues are also exceedingly beautiful. It has been doubted, whether this tree be a native of Britain, as Cæsar in his Commentaries, *B. v. 10.* says, he did not meet with it ; and it is a singular fact, that Shakspeare does not once mention it in his Dramatic Works. Virgil chose the beech on account of its shade, for no tree forms so complete a roof ; and for this reason no verdure will flourish beneath it. The nuts, called *mast*, are eaten by swine and several small animals. The timber is used for machinery and a variety of purposes, by turners, &c. Pliny tells us that *beechen-cups* were anciently esteemed, some of which received an additional value from the hand of the carver.—*Nat. Hist. xvi. 37.*, and *Virg. Ecl. iii. 36—46.*

THE WAY-FARING TREE.

WAY-FARING Tree ! what ancient claim
 Hast thou to that right pleasant name ?
 Was it that some faint pilgrim came
 Unhopedly to thee,
 In the brown desert's weary way,
 'Mid toil and thirst's consuming sway,
 And there, as 'neath thy shade he lay,
 Bless'd the Way-faring Tree ?
 Or is it that thou lov'st to show
 Thy coronals of fragrant snow,
 Like life's spontaneous joys that flow
 In paths by thousands beat ?

Whate'er it be, I love it well ;
 A name, methinks, that surely fell
 From poet, in some evening dell,
 Wandering with fancies sweet.

A name given in those olden days,
 When, 'mid the wild-wood's vernal sprays,
 The merle and mavis pour'd their lays
 In the lone listener's ear,
 Like songs of an enchanted land,
 Sung sweetly to some fairy band,
 Listening with doff'd helms in each hand
 In some green hollow near.

W. Howitt.

The Guelder-Rose or Way-faring Tree, *Viburnum Lantana*, delights in a limestone soil. In June it bears cymes of white flowers, and in Autumn its leaves assume a deep red colour. The origin of one of its trivial names, is pleasingly though fancifully accounted for, by our Poet in the above lines.

ON A LATE SPRING.

THOU lingerest, Spring ! still wintry is the scene
 The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
 Scarce does the glossy celandine appear
 Starring the sunny bank, or early green
 The elder yet its circling tufts put forth :
 The sparrow tenants still the eaves-built nest,
 When we should see our martin's snowy breast
 Oft darting forth. The blasts from the bleak North
 And from the keener East still frequent blow.
 Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ! and it should be so,—
 Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
 Like man when most with smiles thy face is dress'd,
 'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
 When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.

Southey.

HOLY FLOWERS.

THE Snowdrop, in purest white arraie,
First rears her head on Candlemas-daie,
While the Crocus hastens to the shrine
Of Primrose love on St. Valentine.
Then comes the Daffodil beside
Our Ladies' Smock at our Ladye Tyde ;
Against St. George, when blue^{is} worn,
The blue Hare-bells the fields adorn ;
While on the daie of the Holy Crosse,
The Crowfoot gilds the flowerie grass.
When St. Barnaby bright smiles night and day,
Poor Ragged Robin blooms in the hay.
The scarlet Lychnis, the garden's pride,
Flames at St. John the Baptist's tide.
Against St. Swithin's hastie showers,
The Lily white reigns Queen of the flowers ;
And Poppies a sanguine mantle spread,
From the blood of the Dragon St. Margaret shed.
Then under the wanton Rose, agen,
That blushes for penitent Magdalen.
Till Lammas-daie, call'd August's wheel,
When the long Corn stinks of Camomile.
When Mary left us here below,
The Virgin's-bower begins to blow ;
And yet anon the full Sun-flower blew,
And became a star for Bartholomew.
The Passion-flower long has blowed
To betoken us signs of the Holy Rood.
The Michaelmas Daisy, amonge dead weeds,
Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deeds,
And seems the last of flowers that stooode
Till the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude,
Save Mushrooms and the Fungus race,
That grow as Allhallowtide takes place.
Soon the evergreen Laurel alone is seen
When Catherine crowns all learned men.

And Ivy and Holly Berries are seen,
 And Yule-clog and Wassail come round again.
Anthol. Aust. et Bor.

TO A LEAFLESS HAWTHORN.

HAIL rustic tree ! for, though November's wind
 Has thrown thy verdant mantle to the ground,
 Yet Nature, to thy vocal inmates kind,
 With berries red, thy matron-boughs has crown'd.
 Thee do I envy : for bright April showers
 Will bid again thy fresh-green leaves expand ;
 And May, light-floating in a cloud of flowers,
 Will cause thee to re-bloom with magic hand :
 But on *my* Spring, when genial dewdrops fell,
 Soon did Life's north-wind curdle them with frost,
 And, when my Summer-blossom oped its bell,
 In blight and mildew was its beauty lost !
 Yet, though to me no Sunshine *here* is given,
 A day of brightness may be mine in Heaven.

R. Millhouse.

The Hawthorn, *Cratægus oxyacantha*, is exceeded by few trees in beauty, when in bloom,—the season of which is usually May ; and on this account the name of *May* or *May-blossom* is sometimes given to its flowers. It has long been a favourite with pastoral and rustic poets : Milton has not even forgotten to introduce it in his *L' Allegro* :—

Every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

When old, the trunk of this tree, is often covered with moss and lichen, a circumstance pleasingly noticed by Burns :—

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day.
 But the songster's nest within the bush, I winna tak' away,
 And a' to be a posie for my ain dear May.

The birds that chiefly feed on the fruit of the Hawthorn are the thrush, blackbird, fieldfare, and redwing :—but it is said that the smaller birds rarely touch them. Our Poet, Cowper, seems to entertain this opinion, in the following passage :

And berry-bearing thorns
 That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.

TO A SNOWDROP.

WHY dost thou, silver-vested flower,
 While tempests howl, and snow-storms lower,
 Thus boldly brave stern Winter's power,
 And rear thy head ?

Why so impatient ? why not stay,
 Till zephyrs drive rude blasts away,
 And day's bright orb with cheering ray,
 Warm thy cold bed ?

Why stay not till the primrose pale,
 With simple beauty spots the dale,
 Till Violets load the passing gale
 With luscious balm ?
 Till moist-eyed April's genial showers,
 Rouse Flora's train of painted flowers ;
 And songsters fill the leafy bowers
 With music's charm ?

Fair flower ! thy hardy front defies
 The rigour of inclement skies ;
 The blast of Winter o'er thee flies
 Nor chills thy form :
 Thus virtue stands with placid mien,
 While whirlwinds desolate the scene,
 And cheer'd by hope, with mind serene
 Smiles at the storm.

*John Webb.**

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

FLOWER of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
 For thee the brake and tangled wood ;
 To thy protecting shade she runs,
 Thy tender buds supply her food ;

* The author of this pleasing poem was formerly a journey-man weaver.

Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert, though thou art !
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee ;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor ;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure ;
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower,
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful, varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! the fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe ;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-lov'd, native land !
Alas ! when distant, far more dear !
When he, from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more !

Mrs. Grant.

The Heath tribe is said to be the largest genus of plants :—all, except about a dozen, are from the Cape of Good Hope. It is a remarkable fact, that none have been found wild in America ; and although in Autumn our mountain-sides and moors are completely empurpled with heath-flowers, there are only *five* species natives of Britain. The Common-Heath or

Ling, *Calluna vulgaris*, is used for a variety of economical purposes, but chiefly for making brooms. This hardy mountaineer is the badge of the clan Macdonell;—the cross-leaved Heath, *Erica tetralix*, of the Macdonalds;—and the fine-leaved Heath, *Erica cinerea*, of the Macallisters. Many other floral badges, assumed by the different Highland clans, as, the Yew, Holly, Pine, Cranberry, &c., are enumerated by Prof. Hooker, in his valuable *British Flora*:—such associations cannot fail to give additional interest to the history of each particular plant. These emblems were generally chosen from evergreens, that they might be permanent and not affected by change of season. This was the practice of all, except the Stuarts, who wore the Oak, which, from having a deciduous leaf, many regarded as ominous of the decay of that family and name. Besides these marks of distinction, it may be interesting to add, that the particular disposition of the various colours of the tartan, worn by the Highlanders, indicated to what clan or district they respectively belonged. This national garb of the Scotch was proscribed by government in 1747.

THE LION AND THE GIRAFFE.

WOULDST thou view the Lion's den ?
 Search afar from haunts of men,—
 Where the reed-encircled fountain
 Oozes from the rocky mountain,
 By its verdure far descried
 'Mid the desert brown and wide.
 Close beside the sedgy brim
 Couchant lurks the Lion grim,
 Waiting till the close of day
 Brings again the destin'd prey ;
 Heedless at the ambush'd brink
 The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink :
 Upon him straight the savage springs
 With cruel joy !—The desert rings
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—
 For the prey is strong and strives for life ;
 Now, plunging tries with frantic bound,
 To shake the tyrant to the ground ;
 Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
 In hope to 'scape by headlong haste ;
 While the destroyer on his prize
 Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life, the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in this hour of need—
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight ;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain ;—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking ;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streak'd with sanguine stains ;
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bath'd :—He reels—his race is o'er !
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the raging foe ;
Who revels amidst his dying moans :—
While gathering round, to pick his bones,
The vultures watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorg'd monarch quits his prey.

T. Pringle.

THE SQUIRREL-HUNT.

THEN, as a nimble Squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes,
(To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour oake ;
Thence to a beeche, thence to a row of ashes ;
Whilst through the quagmires, and red water plashes,
The boyes runne dabling through thicke and thin,
One tears his hose, another breakes his shin :
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the bryers ; and that, hath lost his shoe ;

This drops his hand ; that headlong falls for haste ;
 Another cries behinde for being last :
 With stickes and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
 The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
 Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
 Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray.

William Browne.

No animal is more admired for elegance of form, or for activity and sprightliness, than the common Squirrel, *Sciurus vulgaris*. During the day it is constantly awake and alert, and is with difficulty taken alive. In its native woods, it may be often observed moving about with admirable agility among the branches of the trees, sometimes elevating its light and spreading tail, and sometimes carrying it stretched out at full length. This nimble animal lives entirely on vegetable food, and is particularly fond of nuts and acorns. When feeding it sits erect, and uses its fore-feet like hands.—*Bingley.*

THE BRITISH OAK.

LET India boast its spicy trees,
 Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom,
 Give to each faint and languid breeze
 A rich and rare perfume.

Let Portugal and haughty Spain,
 Display their orange groves ;
 And France exult her vines to train,
 Around her trim alcoves.

Let Norway vaunt its hardy pine,
 And Araby its palm ;
 Libanus for its cedars shine,
 And Gilead for its balm.

Old England has a tree as strong,
 As stately, as them all ;
 As worthy of a minstrel's song,
 In cottage or in hall.

'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
 Its greenness to the grave ;

Nor willow, though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave.

Nor birch, although its slender trees
Be beautifully fair,
As graceful in its loveliness,
As maiden's flowing hair.

'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen ;
Nor beech, although its boughs bedight
With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me ;
My favourite, and the Forest's King,
The British Oak shall be.

Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms, in shady blessing, 'round
O'er man and beast below.

Its leaf, though late in Spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh ;
As late and long in Autumn wears
A deeper richer dye.

Type of an honest English Heart,
It opes not on a breath ;
And having open'd, plays its part,
Until it sinks in death.

Not early won by gleam of sun,
Its beauties to unfold,
One of the last, in skies o'ercast,
To lose its faithful hold.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys, to childhood dear ;
Its misseltoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.

And when we reach life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill,

For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the bursting storm.

Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime,
It bears glad-tidings from above,
Of gospel-truths sublime.

Oh ! then triumphant in its might,
O'er waters dim and dark
It seems, in Heaven's approving sight,
A second glorious *Ark*.

On *Earth*, the *Forest's* honour'd *King* !
Man's *Castle* on the *Sea* !
Who will, another tree may sing,
Old *England's Oak* for me !

C. F. Edgar.

The first mention of the Oak is that of ancient times, the "Oak of Mamre," under which Abraham sat in the heat of the day; and we find it was under the shade of this tree, that Joshua renewed the covenant with the Israelites. It has ever been esteemed by Britons, and was highly venerated by the ancient Druids. In different parts of this country, Oaks have long been celebrated as memorials of historical events. In an oak at Boscobel, Charles II. concealed himself after the defeat at Worcester; and under a spreading oak at Torwood, in Stirlingshire, the Scottish patriot, Wallace, assembled his followers, that they might free their country from the thralldom of Edward. Besides these, we might mention others, renowned for their venerable and gigantic appearance, as well as local interest: as, the Chaucer Oak, at Newbury,—the Gospel Oak, at Stoneleigh,—the Cawthorpe Oak, near Wetherby,—the Skyrack Oak, near Leeds,—the Bull Oak, at Wedgenock Park,—and the Yardley Oak, celebrated by our Poet, Cowper, &c.

Time made thee what thou wert,—king of the woods !
And time hath made thee what thou art,—a cave
For owls to roost in ! Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign, and the numerous flock
That graz'd it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the storm.

On account of its strength and durability, "the unwedgeable and

gnarled oak," (as Shakspeare expressively terms it, *Meas. for Meas.* ii. 2.) is preferred to all other timber, as the material of the wooden walls of our native isle. Hence the Oak has been styled, "the shipwright's darling treasure." It would be difficult to enumerate all the uses of this well-known tree;—the saw-dust is used in dying; its bark, in tanning; its gall-nuts in making ink; and it is said, that its leaves support a greater number of insects than those of any other tree.

THE FILBERT.

NAY, gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,
There is a maggot there,—it is his house,—
His castle,—oh commit no burglary !
Strip him not naked,—'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the case and armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas !
It were an easy thing to crack that nut
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,
So easily may all things be destroyed !
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amus'd themselves,
Watching two maggots run their wriggling race,
And wagering on their speed ; but, Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pamper'd worm
Roll out, and then draw in his folds of fat,
Like to some barber's leathern powder-bag,
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce beau, or lady fair, or doctor grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordain'd :
Increase not thou the number ! Him, the Mouse,
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence,
May from his native tenement eject ;
Him may the Nut-hatch piercing with strong bill
Unwittingly destroy ; or to his hoard
The Squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes
As this poor maggot hath ; and when I muse

Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
 The maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
 It were a happy metamorphosis
 To be enkernel'd thus : never to hear
 Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots ;
 To feel no motion but the wind that shook
 The Filbert Tree, and rock'd us to our rest ;
 And in the middle of such exquisite food
 To live luxurious ! The perfection this
 Of snugness ! It were to unite at once
 Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss
 And Stoic independence of mankind.

Southey.

Every one who eats nuts must have observed, that they are very often inhabited by a small white grub ; this is the offspring of a weevil, *Balaninus nucum*, remarkable for its slender and horny beak, with which it drills a hole in the shell of the nut, when young and soft, and there deposits its egg. The grub feeds first upon the pulp, and afterwards upon the kernel of the nut, carefully preserving the original hole made by the parent-beetle, by gnawing away the inner edges, in order to facilitate its escape. This it effects, when the nut falls to the ground in September and October. The grub then buries itself in the ground, changes into a chrysalis, and in the following Spring assumes its beetle-form. We have noticed that nuts which have been attacked by the weevil, have been invariably rejected by the squirrel and dormouse, an opinion contrary to that entertained by our admired Poet.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE.

FROM beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
 Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
 To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
 Pleas'd I return, unenvious of the great :—
 So the Bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
 Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
 Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
 Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill ;
 Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted cells,
 Now seeks the low vale-lily's silver bells ;

Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers ;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

T. Warton, Sen.

THE VIOLET.

SWEET flower ! Spring's earliest loveliest gem !

While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rearest thy purple diadem ;
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond-dewdrops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round ;
And well may Nature's Poet love thee !

Thine is a short swift reign I know—

But here thy spirit still pervading,
New violet-tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away as thou art fading,

And be renew'd ; the hope how bless'd,

O may that hope desert me never !

Like thee to sleep on Nature's breast

And wake again, and bloom for ever.

Bowring.

THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's isle

To sport awhile,

As Love and Valour wander'd,

With wit, the sprite,

Whose quiver bright

A thousand arrows squander'd ;

Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass,
 Shoots up with dewdrops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming !

Oh ! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See
 They spring from me
 Those leafy gems of morning !"
 Says Love, " No, no,
 For *me* they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning !"
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, " Oh ! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever."

Oh ! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Moore.

The national cognizance of the Irish is supposed to have been derived from St. Patrick; who, when preaching in Ireland, convinced his incredulous hearers of the Trinity in Unity, by exhibiting to them a *Shamrock* or *Trefoil*, on which plant grow three leaves attached to a single stalk. Anciently the inscription of the Order of the Bath was, *Tria numina juncta in uno*, taken from the Holy Trinity. At the coronation of James I. *numina* was omitted, and the motto is now looked upon, as an allusion to the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the word *regna* being understood.—The botanical name of the Shamrock, like that of the Scotch Thistle, is a matter of dispute. Mr. Bichenor, in an amusing paper read before the Linnæan Society, has, with great ingenuity, endeavoured to

show that the Wood-Sorrel, *Oxalis acetosella*, is the true Shamrock ; while Dr. Withering and Prof. Rennie point out the White Clover, *Trifolium repens*, and Mr. Loudon marks the Black Medick, *Medicago lupulina*, as the genuine national emblem of Ireland.

RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice.
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night : nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Cowper.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song :
 And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

 We have short time to stay, as you ;
 We have as short a Spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing :
 We die
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain,
 Or the pearls of morning dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

The Daffodil, *Narcissus Pseudo-narcissus*, presents its straw-coloured petals and 'deep yellow plaited nectary early in March. Shakspeare thus speaks of them in his *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Daffodils
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty.

From a series of observations, similar to this of Shakspeare, the Rev. T. W. Bree has formed a *Natural Calendar of Coincidence*, by which, the flowering of a plant intimates the arrival of a migratory bird, and the appearance of an insect bids us look for the flowering of a plant.—See this truly interesting paper, *Mag. of Nat. Hist.* vol. 3. p. 17—21.

 MAY.

WHEN apple-trees in blossom are,
 And cherries of a silken white ;

And king-cups deck the meadows fair,
And daffodils in brooks delight ;
When golden wall-flowers bloom around,
And purple violets scent the ground,
And lilac 'gins to show her bloom,—
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale
Under the tender leafy tree ;
And all adown the grassy vale
The mocking cuckoo chanteth free ;
And Philomel, with liquid throat,
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,
That had been all the Winter dumb,—
We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,
And tender corn is springing high,
And banks are warm with sunny beam,
And twittering swallows cleave the sky,
And forest bees are humming near,
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom,—
We then may say the May is come.

Clare.

THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious ;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Sun and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow ;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey ;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such thou art—stupendous ocean !
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be ?

B. Barton.

THE LIMPET.

IN Nature's all-instructive book,
Where can the eye of reason look,
And not some gainful lesson find,
To guide and fortify the mind ?
The simple shell on yonder rock
May seem, perchance, this book to mock—
Approach it then, and learn its ways,
And learn the lesson it conveys.
At distance viewed, it seems to lie
On its rough bed so carelessly,
That 't would an infant's hand obey
Stretch'd forth to seize it in its play ;
But let that infant's hand draw near,
It shrinks with quick, instinctive fear,
And clings as close as though the stone
It rests upon, and it, were one ;
And should the strongest arm endeavour
The Limpet from its rock to sever,
'Tis seen its loved support to clasp
With such tenacity of grasp,

We wonder that such strength should dwell
 In such a small and simple shell !
 And is not this a lesson worth
 The study of the sons of earth ?
 Who need a Rock so much as we ?
 Ah ! who to such a Rock can flee ?
 A Rock to strengthen, comfort, aid,
 To guard, to shelter, and to shade,
 A Rock, whence fruits celestial grow,
 And whence refreshing waters flow—
 No rock is like this Rock of ours !
 Oh then if you have learnt your powers
 By a just rule to estimate ;
 If justly you can calculate,
 How great your need, your strength how frail,
 How prone your best resolves to fail,
 When humble caution bids you fear
 A moment of temptation near,
 Let wakeful memory recur
 To this your simple monitor,
 And wisely shun the trial's shock
 By clinging closely to your Rock.

Mayo, on Shells.

The Shell of the Limpet, *Patella vulgata*, is conical but entirely destitute of a whorl or spire. Its generic name signifies a little dish, an appellation suggested by its shape. This form is well calculated to protect the living animal from injury. Indeed, in every part of Nature, we trace the hand of a wise and beneficent Creator. Every thing we find adapted to the situation it has to fill. Dr. Paley, in his instructive work on *Natural Theology*, chap. xix., speaking of Shells, remarks, "I do not know whether, the weight being given, art can produce so strong a case as of some shells : which defensive strength suits well with the life of an animal, that has often to sustain the dangers of a stormy element, and a rocky bottom, as well as the attacks of voracious fish." Limpets are generally found attached to rocks and sea-weed, and adhere with such tenacity as not to be easily displaced. By the contraction of the muscles a vacuum is produced, and the pressure of the external air then keeps them firmly fixed to the spot. Their mode of locomotion is slow and peculiar, leaving tracks frequently visible on rocks. They abound on every sea-coast, and are used as an article of food by the poorer classes in most parts of the world.—See *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 4. p. 346.

THE SWAN.

FAIR is the Swan, whose majesty prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake :
Behold ! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of Winter's purest snows !
Behold ! as with a gushing impulse, heavens
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute creature without visible mate
Or rival, save the Queen of night,
Showering down a silver light
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite.

Wordsworth.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

WHEN Winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering ;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the Blue-Bird, the herald of Spring !
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring ;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather ;

The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together :
 O then to your gardens, ye housewives repair,
 Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure :
 The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure !

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
 The red-flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms ;
 He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
 And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;
 He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
 The worms from the webs, where they riot and welter ;
 His song and his services freely are ours,
 And all that he asks is—in Summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train,
 Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him ;
 The gardener delights in his sweet, simple strain,
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
 The slow lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
 While gazing intent as he warbles before them
 In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the Summer are o'er,
 And Autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,
 And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
 Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking Swallow ;
 The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
 Still lingers and looks for a milder tomorrow,
 Till forc'd by the horrors of Winter to roam,
 He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While Spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
 The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
 Or love's native music have influence to charm,
 Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,
 Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be ;
 His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure ;

For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

Alexander Wilson.

The Blue-Bird, *Saxicola Sialis*, of America, greatly resembles our Robin-Redbreast, both in form and in character; and had he the brown-olive of our little favourite instead of his own sky-blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. He makes his appearance early in Spring, and on account of his social disposition and pleasing note, every where meets with a hearty welcome.

THE MUSICIANS OF THE GROVE.

Two nights thus pass'd : the lilly-handed morne
Saw Phœbus stealing dewe from Ceres' corne.
The mounting Lark (daie's herauld) got on wing,
Bidding each bird chuse out his bough and sing.
The lofty treble sung the little Wren ;
Robin the meane, that best of all loves men ;
The Nightingale the tenor ; and the Thrush,
The counter-tenor, sweetly in a bush ;
And that the musicke might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing harts ;
But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the swaines,
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plaines)
There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to flie into a neighboring field,
In embassie unto the king of bees,
To aide his partners on the flowres and trees ;
Who condescending gladly flew along
To beare the base to his well-tuned song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
For his deepe voyce, but, being hoarse with scolding,
He thus lends aide ; upon an oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
O true delight, enharboring the breasts
Of those sweet creatures with the plummy crests.

Had Nature unto man such simpl'esse given,
He would, like birds, be farre more neere to Heaven.

William Browne.

The awakening of our British Birds, is thus beautifully sketched by Mr. Knapp:—"At one period of my life, being an early waker and riser, my attention was frequently drawn 'to songs of earliest birds;' and I always observed, that these creatures appeared abroad at very different periods, as the light advanced. The rook is perhaps the first to salute the opening morn; but this bird seems rather to rest than to sleep. Always vigilant, the least alarm after retirement rouses instantly the whole assemblage, not successively, but collectively.—The restless robin now is seen too. This is the last bird that retires in the evening, being frequently flitting about when the owl and bat are visible, and awakes so soon in the morning, that little rest seems required by it.—The cheerful melody of the wren is the next we hear, as it bustles from its ivied roost, and we note its gratulation to the young-eyed day, when twilight almost hides the little minstrel from our sight.—The sparrow roosts in holes, and under the eaves of the rick or shed, where the light does not so soon enter, and hence is rather a tardy mover. It retires early to rest.—The blackbird quits its leafy roost in the ivied ash; its *chink-chink* is heard in the hedge; and mounting on some neighbouring oak, with mellow, sober voice, it gratulates the coming day. 'The plain-song cuckoo grey,' from some tall tree now tells its tale. The lark is in the air, and the 'martin twitters from her earth-built shed,' all the choristers are tuning in the grove; and amid such tokens of awakening pleasure, it becomes difficult to note priority of voice. These are the martin-voices of the Summer season: in Winter, a cheerless chirp, or a hungry twit, is all we hear; the families of voice are away, or silent; we have little to note, and perhaps as little inclination to observe."

MORNING SONG TO THE SHEPHERD.

WAKEN, drowsy slumberer, waken !
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,
From her sieve of silken blue,
Dawning sifts her silver dew,
Hangs the emerald on the willow,
Lights her lamp below the billow,
Bends the brier and branchy braken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

Round and round, from glen and grove,
Pour a thousand hymns of love ;
Harps the rail amid the clover,
O'er the moor-fern whews the plover,

Bat has hid and heath-cock crow'd,
 Courser neigh'd and cattle low'd,
 Kid and lamb the lair forsaken—
 Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken !

Hogg.

TO A SWALLOW.

STAY thee, thou bird of nimblest wing,
 Herald and harbinger of Spring,
 As round and round in airy ring,
 Thou wheel'st thy flight ;
 Or dart'st right on, as if to meet
 My pensive steps, when lo ! more fleet
 Than bowyer's shaft, thy turnings cheat
 The following sight.

Stay, Swallow, stay ! I fain would view
 Thy glossy plumes of changeful hue,
 Where black, and brown, and green, and blue,
 Conflicting vie ;
 Fain would I view thy belted chest,
 Thy sable robe, thy snowy vest,
 Thy front and chin in 'kerchief dress'd,
 Of reddish dye !

The steerage of thy forked tail,
 Thy dusky legs so short and frail,
 Each pointed wing's expansive sail,
 I fain would mark :—
 Thou wilt not : well then, onward go !
 Well deem'st thou, thou hast tasks enow,
 To hold thee through the Summer's glow,
 'Till Winter dark.

Go ! and ere the eye of day
 Strike the low thatch with level ray,
 Trill from thy home to morning grey
 A welcome sweet :

Or call to aid, with sharp shrill cry !
Thy tribes, and dart on him from high,
If owl, or kestrel, sailing by,
Thy precincts threat.

Go ! and beneath yon rafter'd shed,
Hang thy clay house and procreant bed ;
Or the strait chimney downward thread,
Safe place to lay
Thy six white eggs, with red besprent ;
Now hovering o'er the steep descent,
Now in the murky chamber pent
The livelong day.

Go ! and the mead or hedge-row skim,
Or, passing, sip the water's brim ;
Or, plunge thee in the dimpling stream
Thy wing to prune :
Or with thy mate, now low, now high,
In sport thy viewless pinions ply ;
And catch with sounding beak the fly,
Thy nestlings' boon.

Go ! and abroad thy nestlings lead,
Perch'd on the chimney-top to feed,
And train'd the quivering wing to spread
For doubtful flight :
Soon shall they make more bold essay,
Mix with their kindred groups in play,
And round the village-dwellings stray,
And church-topp'd height.

Now watch to see thee duly bring
Thy wonted meal, and forward spring
With small brisk note, and on the wing
Their dole receive :
Now fearless follow, here and there,
The insect myriads of the air ;
And thee to fresh domestic care
Forsaken leave.

Go ! and a mother's task renew,
Thy cares, and toils, and joys pursue,
Long as mild Autumn, bath'd in dew,
 The welkin warms ;
Till chill October's fickle hour
Shall warn thee, with thy tribes, to cower
On each slope roof and sunny tower,
 In countless swarms.

Then, where more balmy Winters smile,
Speed thee to blest Hesperian isle,
Libya's warm shores, or palmy Nile,
 On wings of wind :
Taught by His voice, who bids thee know
Thy season, when to come and go,
To seek our genial skies, or throw
 Our storms behind.

Farewell, sweet bird ! thou still hast been
Companion of our Summer scene,
Lov'd inmate of our meadows green,
 And rural home :
The twitter of thy cheerful song
We 've lov'd to hear ; and all day long
See thee on pinion, fleet and strong,
 About us roam.

And dost thou no wise lore impart ?
Yes, still thou bidd'st us act our part
With body prompt and willing heart,
 While Summer lasts :
Prepar'd the course to take, that He
For us appoints, who summons thee
To climes of grateful warmth to flee
 From wintry blasts.

O may that warning voice be heard,
Howe'er reveal'd ! To thee, sweet bird,
The tongue that speaks the instructive word,
 Within thee dwells :

To us, where'er around we look,
 Each passing wing, the field, the brook,
 But most his own unerring Book
 God's wisdom tells.

That Book directs our mental sight,
 To mark the migratory flight,
 With power, surpassing human might,
 On thee impress'd :—
 And trains, by thy observant kind,
 Man's wilful and reluctant mind,
 Its refuge in God's laws to find,
 And there to rest.

Ruricola.

Field Naturalist's Magazine, 1833.

“The *Swallow* is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing as much as any other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season: he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature: Winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in Autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa:—he has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemerae are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment, when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects,—the friend of man; and with the stork and the ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. The instinct, which gives him his appointed seasons, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a Divine Source; and he belongs to the Oracles of Nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity.”—*Salmonia*.

THE WREN.

WHY is the Cuckoo's melody preferr'd,
 And Nightingale's rich song so fondly prais'd,
 In poet's rhymes? Is there no other bird
 Of Nature's minstrelsy, that oft hath rais'd
 One's heart to ecstasy and mirth so well?
 I judge not how another's taste is caught;

With mine are other birds that bear the bell,
 Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought ;
 Such the wood Robin singing in the dell,
 And little Wren, that many a time hath sought
 Shelter from showers in huts where I may dwell,
 In early Spring, the tenant of the plain
 Tending my sheep ; and still they come to tell
 The happy stories of the past again.

Clare.

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

POOR singer ! hath the fowler's gun,
 Or the sharp Winter, done thee harm ?
 We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
 And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm ;
 Perhaps some human kindness still
 May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
 And save thee from the Winter wild,
 Till Summer fall on field and fell,
 And thou shalt be our feather'd child ;
 And tell us all thy pain and wrong
 When thou canst speak again in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,—
 We'll use thee kindly now,
 And sure there's in a friendly word
 An accent even *thou* should'st know ;
 For kindness which the heart doth teach,
 Disdaineth all peculiar speech.

'Tis common to the bird, and brute,
 To fallen man, to angel bright,
 And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
 Heard in the air at night—
 Divine and universal tongue,
 Whether by bird or spirit sung !

But hark : is that a sound we hear
 Come chirping from its throat,—
 Faint—short—but weak and very clear,
 And like a little grateful note ?
 Another ? ha, look where it lies,
 It shivers,—gasps,—is still,—it dies !
 'Tis dead—'tis dead ! and all our care
 Is useless. Now, in vain
 The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
 Calling her nestling bird again !
 All's vain :—the singer's heart is cold,
 Its eye is dim,—its fate is told !

Barry Cornwall.

TO THE TURTLE-DOVE.

DEEP in the wood, thy voice I list, and love
 Thy soft complaining song,—thy tender cooing ;
 O what a winning way thou hast of wooing !
 Gentlest of all thy race—sweet Turtle-dove.
 Thine is a note that doth not pass away,
 Like the light music of a Summer's day !
 The merle may trill his richest song in vain—
 Scarce do we say, “ List, for he pipes again,”—
 But thou ! that low plaint oft and oft repeating
 To the coy-mate that needs so much entreating—
 Fillest the woods with a discursive song
 Of love, that sinketh deep, and resteth long,—
 Hushing the voice of mirth and staying folly,—
 And waking in the heart a gentle melancholy.

D. Conway.

“ The note of this elegant species, *Columba Turtur*, is singularly tender and plaintive: in addressing his mate, the male makes use of a variety of winning attitudes, cooing at the same time in the most gentle and soothing accents: on which account the Turtle-dove has been represented in all

ages, as the most perfect emblem of connubial attachment and constancy."—*Bewick*.

From Mrs. C. Smith's beautiful poem of the *Truant Dove*, we quote the following lines, being descriptive of this bird:—

O my dear love ! You sought not then to range,
But on my changeful neck as fell the light,
You sweetly said, you wish'd no other change
Than that soft neck could show ; to berries bright
Of mountain ash, you fondly could compare
My scarlet feet and bill ; my shape and air,
Ah ! faithless flatterer, did you not declare
The soul of grace and beauty centred there ?
My eyes you said, were opals, brightly pink,
Enchas'd in onyx ; and you seem'd to think,
Each charm might then the coldest heart enthral :
Those charms were mine. Alas ! I gave them all,—&c. &c.

THE DOVE FROM THE ARK.

RIDE on :—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo ! the mighty deep has shrunk !
The ark from its terrific voyage rests
On Ararat ! The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the severing clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song :—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,—
But whither wilt thou go ?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below !

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear ;
And when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on ! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn to dark ;
And now amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh ! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone has been my way ;
Oh ! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark ;
Again it came at evening fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven :
Then, gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell :—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray ;
For lo ! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away :
No longer drooping, here confin'd,
In this cold prison dwell ;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare-thee-well.

Oh ! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree :
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison cell ;
Go, then, to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare-thee-well.

Rev. W. L. Bowles.

TO THE CROW.

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight
 Thus, at the dusky hour of night,
 Tends through the midway air,
 Why yet beyond the verge of day
 Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay,
 Adding another to the hours of care ?

The wren within her mossy nest
 Has hush'd the little brood to rest :
 The wild wood-pigeon, rock'd on high,
 Has coo'd his last soft note of love,
 And fondly nestles by his dove,
 To guard their downy young from an inclement sky.

Each twittering bill and busy wing,
 That flits through morning's humid Spring,
 Is still,—listening perhaps so late,
 To Philomel's enchanting lay,
 Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
 Trills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
 They call on Heaven and thee for food,
 Bleak,—on some cliff's neglected tree ;
 Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight—
 It is the chilling hour of night,
 Fit hour of rest for thee !

“ The Carrion Crow, *Corvus corone*, is perhaps the most generally known and least beloved, of all our land birds; having neither melody of song, nor beauty of plumage, nor civility of manners, to recommend him; on the contrary, he is brauded as a thief and a plunderer. Hated as he is by the farmer, watched and persecuted by almost every bearer of a gun, who all triumph in his destruction, had not Heaven bestowed on him intelligence and sagacity far beyond common, there is reason to believe, that the whole tribe would long ago have ceased to exist. The myriads of worms, moles, mice, caterpillars, grubs, and beetles, which he destroys, are altogether overlooked; but on account of his depredations among the poultry and game, no mercy is shown him.”

For further information respecting this wary bird, see *Wilson's Amer.*

Ornith., and also a paper by Mr. Waterton in the *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 6., where this amusing writer states, that the Crow is a very early riser, and retires to rest later than any other of our British birds.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
 Though thou the vale disdain,
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
 The wonders of the lane.
 High o'er the rushy springs of Don
 The stormy gloom is roll'd ;
 The moorland hath not yet put on
 His purple, green, and gold.
 But here the titling* spreads his wing,
 Where dewy daisies gleam ;
 And here the sunflower† of the Spring
 Burns bright in morning's beam.
 To mountain-winds the famish'd fox
 Complains that Sol is slow,
 O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
 His royal robe to throw.
 But here the lizard‡ seeks the sun,
 Here coils, in light, the snake :
 And here the fire-tuft§ hath begun
 Its beauteous nest to make.
 Oh ! then, while hums the earliest bee
 Where verdure fires the plain,
 Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
 The glories of the lane !
 For oh ! I love these banks of rock,
 This roof of sky and tree,
 These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
 And wakes the earliest bee !

* The Hedge-Sparrow. † The Dandelion. ‡ The Land-newt.

§ The golden-crested Wren.

As spirits from eternal day
 Look down on earth, secure,
 Look here, and wonder, and survey
 A world in miniature :
 A world not scorn'd by Him who made
 E'en weakness by his might ;
 But solemn in his depth of shade
 And splendid in his sight.

Elliott.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY ;

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure*
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy nebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat !
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North,
 Upon thy early, humble, birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted† forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

* Dust.

† Peeped.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou beneath the random bield*

O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie† *stibble-field*
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise ;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n

To mis'ry's brink,
 Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd sink !

Ev'n thou, who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine——no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,

Full on thy bloom ;
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

Burns.

THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,
 And on the oak's expanding bough, is seen,
 What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,
 And gently murmur through the sylvan scene ;

* Shelter.

† Dry, chapped.

The gaudy Pheasant, rich with varying dyes,
 That fade alternate, and alternate glow,
 Receiving now his colours from the skies,
 And now reflecting back the watery bow.
 He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest;
 His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray;
 He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,
 And glares a wonder of the orient day.
 Ah! what avail such heavenly plumes as thine,
 When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join!

The inimitable lines on this bird by Pope, may here be aptly quoted:—

See! from the brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings and breast that flames with gold!

The various tints of green-gold, blue, and violet in the plumage of this bird, exceed description; these colours possess the wonderful property of varying their shades according to the direction in which the light falls upon them. M. Vieillot considers, that the metallic feathers of birds owe their brilliancy to their density, to the polish of their surface, and to the great number of *little concave mirrors*, which are perceptible on the fringes.—*Rennie's Field Nat. Mag.*, vol. 1, p. 399—404. See also interesting observations on the Covering of Birds, in *Paley's Nat. Theol.*, chap. 12.

THE HARE.

'TIS instinct that directs the jealous Hare
 To choose her soft abode. With steps revers'd
 She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
 Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess:
 As wandering shepherds on the Arabian plains
 No settled residence observe, but shift
 Their moving camp; now, on some cooler hill,
 With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze:

And then below, where trickling streams distil
From some precarious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their thirsting flocks : So the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted grass, wary and close they sit.
When Spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When Summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-spreading fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young :
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert. Yet when Winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.

Somerville.

THE BLACK-THORN.

THE April air is shrewd and keen ;
No leaf has dared unfold,
Yet thy white blossom's radiant sheen,
Spring's banner, I behold.
Though all beside be dead and drear,
Undauntedly thy flowers appear.

Thou com'st the herald of a host
Of blooms, which will not fail,
When Summer from the southern coast
Shall call the nightingale.
Yet early, fair, rejoicing tree,
Sad are the thoughts inspir'd by thee.

All other trees are wont to wear,
First, leaves—then, flowers—and last,
Their burden of rich fruit to bear
When Summer's pride is past :
But thou,—so prompt thy flowers to show,
Bear'st but the harsh, unwelcome sloe.

So, oft young genius at its birth,
In confidence untried,
Spreads its bright blossoms o'er the earth,
And revels in its pride ;
But when we look its fruit to see,
It stands a fair, but barren tree.

So oft, in stern and barbarous lands,
The bard is heard to sing,
Ere the uncultur'd soul expands
In the poetic Spring ;
Then, sad and bootless are his pains,
And link'd with woe his name remains.

Therefore, thou tree whose early bough
All blossom'd meets the gale,
Thou stirrest in my memory now
Full many a tearful tale :
And early, fair, rejoicing tree,
Sad are the thoughts inspir'd by thee.

W. Howitt.

The Black-Thorn or Sloe, *Prunus spinosa*, presents its pure white flowers before its leaves appear. It has been alleged that the leaves of this shrub are used in the adulteration of tea, and that its berries form one of the ingredients of the wine that is misnamed Port.

THE COWSLIP.

Now in my walk with sweet surprise
I see the first Spring Cowslip rise,

The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine, as in showers.

Low, on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens purple, red, and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its bloom,
He shook abroad their rich perfume,
Then fled in airy rings ;
His place a butterfly assumes
Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh, welcome, as a friend ! I cried,
A friend through many a season tried,
And never sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Shelter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briery glens, o'er pasture land,
The fairy tribes we meet,
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From Winter's farm-yard bondage freed
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among the fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his fore-lock o'er his mane
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk ;
Yet stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play
Lovely and innocent as they,

O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the village children stray
To pluck thy honied bells :

Whose simple sweets with curious skill
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine ;
While many a festal cup they fill
Of Britain's homely wine.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breath'd their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And oh ! till Nature's final doom
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure !

Montgomery.

Linnaeus, in his *Species Plantarum*, considered the Primrose, *Primula vulgaris*, and the Oxlip, *P. elatior*, only as varieties of the Cowslip, *P. veris*. Modern experiments have proved that such is truly the case. The Hon. Mr. Herbert remarks, " I raised, from the natural seed of one umbel of a highly-manured red cowslip, a primrose, a cowslip, oxlips of the usual and other colours, a black polyanthus, a hose-in-hose cowslip, and a natural primrose bearing its flower on a polyanthus stalk. I therefore consider all these to be only local varieties, depending upon soil and situation."—*Hort. Trans.*, vol. 4., p. 19. Prof. Henslow, has also repeated the experiment, and obtained a similar result; and hence, in his useful *Catalogue of British Plants*, has very properly restored them to their ancient situation under the *Primula veris*. See *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 3., p. 406—409.

THE TULIP.

'Tis beautiful, most beautiful ! most splendidly it shines,
Rich in its glowing colours, and its softly pencill'd lines ;
Most lavishly doth Nature in gay profusion shower,
Her gifts of gorgeous beauty, on this bright and stately flower.

But scentless is this lustre, and soon beneath the sway
 Of Summer's warm dominion, it will wither and decay ;
 And then we seek those lowly flowers, which leave a balmy
 breath,
 Of sweet and innate fragrance, when their leaves are clos'd in
 death.

When frowning o'er the sultry sky, the thunder cloud is shed,
 Beneath the storm and gushing shower the tulip hangs its
 head,

While from the wild blue violet, or sweet Egyptian weed,*
 A fresher burst of fragrance to its fury will succeed.

So the innate worth of soul, and the loveliness of mind,
 Are better far than outward beauty, fashion, grace combin'd :
 The step of time, the hand of care, the *last* will soon efface,
 But the memory of the *first*, e'en death will not erase.

S. H.

The Tulip was introduced from the eastern part of the globe, and derives its name from a Persian word, which signifies a turban. It is well known that the Tulip became, about the year 1635, the object of a trade unparalleled in the history of commercial speculation. All the great cities of Holland became infected with this *Tulipomania*, and the evil rose to such a pitch, that the Dutch authorities were at length under the necessity of interfering to prevent this species of gambling. See an amusing paper on this subject in the *Tatler* : No. 218.

THE WEEPING-WILLOW.

GREEN willow ! o'er whom the perilous blast
 Is sweeping roughly, thou dost seem to me
 The patient image of humility,
 Waiting in meekness, till the storm be pass'd ;
 Assur'd the hour of peace will come at last :—
 That there will be for thee a calm bright day,
 When the dark clouds are gather'd far away ;
 How canst thou ever sorrow's emblem be ?

* See Note in p. 137.

Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,
 In mild endurance bending gracefully,
 Is like the wounded heart, which, 'mid the storm,
 Looks for the promis'd time which is to be
 In pious confidence. Oh ! thou should'st wave
 Thy branches o'er the lonely martyr's grave.

Miss Landon.

The Weeping-Willow, *Salix Babylonica*, a native of the Levant, was not cultivated in this country till 1730, when it was accidentally introduced by the celebrated Alexander Pope. This tree, with its long, slender, drooping branches, is one of the most elegant ornaments of English scenery.

THE MOSS.

WHAT is that little creeping weed,
 Whose verdure oft we see,
 Hidden beneath the humblest reed,
 Borne on the loftiest tree ?

Beside the swelling fount it grows ;
 O'erhangs the limpid glass ;
 And freshens where the springlet flows
 Among the matted grass.

'Tis Nature's livery round the globe,
 Where'er her wonders range :
 The fresh embroidery of her robe,
 Through every season's change.

Through every clime, on every shore,
 It clings, or creeps, or twines,—
 Where bleak Norwegian Winters roar ;
 Where Tropic Summer shines.

With it the squirrel builds its nest ;
 In it the dormouse sleeps ;
 It warms e'en Philomela's breast ;
 Through it the lizard creeps.

And every flower compares with loss,
 When curious Flora throws

A veil of richest freshest *Moss*
Around her loveliest rose.

To deck the cottage in decay
Its various guise is seen ;
Upon the walls 'tis crisp'd and grey—
The roof is velvet green.

There—fibrous, floating in the air ;
Here—hoary, curl'd and light ;
Like tresses fine of maiden's hair,
Or hermit's lock of white.

It decks the cloister's twilight pale,
The abbey's ruin'd aisle ;
Light as the vestal's silken veil,
That muffles beauty's smile.

And who but loves the tranquil calm
Of the fallen convent's cell,
When Summer evening's breath is balm,
And silence walks the dell ?

When solitude, sweet nun ! is there,
And nought around is heard,
But piety's sweet vesper-prayer,
And evening's love-lorn bird.

There I upon the moss-fring'd stone,
Might sit, and muse, and sigh,
To think revolv'd for me alone,
Years coming and gone by :

Some moment in the Eternal's plan,
I to myself must be,
In awful thought the sum of man,
Time and Eternity.

This thought should strike where'er this weed
In simple guise I see ;
Creeping beneath the whispering reed—
Borne on the loftiest tree.

Or found when contemplation calls,
 The cushion of my seat ;
 The arras of my temple walls ;
 The carpet at my feet.

John Holland.

"*Muscos et muscas quærat, cui nihil aliud est reliquum,*" was the objection urged of old, against the ingenious investigators of the minuter branches of Natural History. Those who have once tasted the pleasure, that the examination of these *minima* of creation affords, will not be deterred from the pursuit by the laugh of ignorance, or the fastidiousness of pretended superiority. "Do not depreciate," writes the amiable Southey, "any pursuit which leads men to contemplate the works of their Creator ! The Linnaean traveller, who, when you look over the pages of his journal, seems to you a mere botanist, has in pursuit, as you have in yours, an object that occupies his time, and fills his mind, and satisfies his heart. It is as innocent as yours, and as disinterested,—perhaps more so, because it is not so ambitious. Nor is the pleasure less, which he partakes in investigating the structure of a plant, less pure, or less worthy, than what you derive from perusing the noblest productions of human genius."—*Progress of Society*, vol. 2., p. 369.

How sweet to muse upon the skill display'd
 (Infinite skill !) in all that He has made :
 To trace in Nature's most minute design
 The signature and stamp of Power Divine.

Cowper.

ON THE LEEK.

I LIKE the Leeke, above all herbes and flowers ;
 When first we wore the same, the field was ours ;
 The Leeke is white and greene, whereby is ment,
 That Britaines are both stout and eminent ;
 Next to the Lion, and the Unicorne,
 The Leeke's the fairest emblym that is worne.

Foster's Peren. Calend.

The origin of wearing the Leek, *Allium porrum*, on St. David's Day, can only be conjectured. Some have supposed the practice originated with a victory obtained by the Britons under Cadwallo, over the Saxons, March 1st, 640, when the Welsh, wanting a mark of distinction, wore leeks in their caps. In the play of *Henry V.*, Shakspeare mentions the ancient custom of their wearing this badge in honour of their patron saint.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer,
 Left blooming alone :
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone :
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
 To pine on the stem :
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

 So, soon may I follow
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away ;
 When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

Moore.

 THE WHITE AND RED ROSES ;

ORIGIN OF THEIR BECOMING THE BADGES OF THE
 HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

Plantagenet. GREAT Lords and Gentlemen, what means this
 silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suffolk. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Warwick. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suffolk. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say, withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Somerset. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plantagenet. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Somerset. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Somerset. Well, well, come on; who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; (to Somerset,)
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plantagenet. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Somerset. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.

Plantagenet. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Somerset. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plantagenet. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Somerset. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plantagenet. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Warwick. And here I prophecy, this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Shakspeare, Henry VI.

During the turbulent factions between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the scaffold as well as the field, was incessantly drenched with the noblest blood of England. It has been computed, that not fewer than 86,000 persons lost their lives in the civil wars between *The Two Roses*: of whom were, Kings, two,—Prince, one,—Dukes, ten,—Marquises, two,—Earls, twenty-one,—Lords, twenty-seven,—Viscounts, two,—Lord Prior, one,—Judge, one,—Knights, one hundred and thirty-nine,—Esquires, four hundred and forty-one,—and Gentry, six hundred and thirty-eight. Twelve pitched battles were fought between the parties;—in the last, that of Bosworth-Field, Richard III. lost his life, and the Earl of Richmond was proclaimed King, under the title of Henry VII. With this battle ended the race of the Plantagenets, and thus was extinguished the unnatural war, which had so long desolated the kingdom. See *Note* in p. 38.

THE BUTTERFLY.

THE Butterfly, the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem—and its only name ;*

* Psyche (ψυχή,) means both a butterfly and the soul.

But of the soul escap'd the slavish trade
 Of earthly life ! For, in this mortal frame,
 Ours is the reptile lot—much toil, much blame ;
 Manifold motions making little speed,
 And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

Coleridge.

TO A GLOW-WORM.

LITTLE being of a day,
 Glowing in thy cell alone,
 Shedding light, with mystic ray,
 On thy path, and on my own ;
 Dost thou whisper to my heart ?
 'Though I grovel in the sod,
 Still I mock man's boasted art
 With the workmanship of God !'

See ! the fire-fly in his flight
 Scorning the terrene career ;
 He, the eccentric meteor bright,—
 Thou, the planet of thy sphere.

Why within thy cavern damp,
 Thus with trembling dost thou cower ?
 Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
 Lustre of thy lonely bower ?

No !—regain thy couch of clay,
 Sparkle brightly as before ;
 Man should dread to take away
 Gifts he never can restore.

Time's Telescope, 1830.

THE FIRE-FLY.

TELL us, O Guide ! by what strange natural laws
 This winged flower throws out, night by night,

Such lunar brightness ? Why,—for what grave cause
 Is this earth-insect crown'd with heavenly light ?
 Peace ! rest content ! see where, by cliff and dell,
 Past tangled forest paths and silent river,
 The little lustrous creatures guide us well,
 And where we fail, his little light aids us ever,—
 Night's shining servant ! pretty star of earth !

B. Cornwall.

The amiable and excellent Bp. Heber, in his Tour through Ceylon, thus speaks of these singular insects :—" We returned home long after sunset, which here is speedily followed by darkness, our road illuminated by myriads of Fire-flies; accustomed as I have been for two years to these insects, I could not avoid a momentary start as they lit upon me, so perfectly do they resemble sparks of fire.

Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes :
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The Fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring."

Connected with the history of this insect we may mention, on the authority of Dr. Buchanan, that the birds at Cape Comorin, illuminate their pendulous nests with three or four fire-flies, that their blaze of light may dazzle the eyes of bats, which often destroy their young.—*Memoirs, vol. 2., p. 55.*

TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE guest, with merry throat,
 That chirpest by the taper light,
 Come, prolong thy blithsome note,
 Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
 In my chimney safely dwell,
 No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
 Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
 While around us sighs the gale,
 Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
 Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what passion moves thy breast,
Does some flame employ thy care ?
Perhaps with love thou art oppress'd,
A mournful victim of despair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care,—
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

Davis.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep :
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see ! a rainbow spans the sky :
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Clos'd is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack ;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine,—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket too, how loud it sings ;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep were seen at early light
Cropping the meads with eager bite.

Though June, the air is cold and chill ;
 The mellow black-bird's voice it still.
 The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
 Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
 Hopping, and crawling, o'er the green.
 The frog has lost his yellow vest,
 And in a dingy suit is dress'd.
 The leech, disturb'd, is newly risen,
 Quite to the summit of his prison.
 The whirling winds the dust obeys,
 And in the rapid eddy plays ;
 My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;
 And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
 They imitate the gliding kite,
 Or seem precipitate to fall,
 As if they felt the piercing ball :—
 'Twill surely rain,—I see with sorrow ;
 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Dr. Jenner.

For various popular prognostics of rain, wind, and other changes of the weather, see *Dryden's translation of Virgil's 1st Georgic ; lines 488—630*, and *Foster on Atmospheric Phenomena*.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky,
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud philosophy
 To teach me what thou art.
 Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given,
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.
 Can all that optics teach, unfold
 Thy form to please me so,

As when I dreamt of gems and gold,
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from Creation's face,
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High
Have told, why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth,
Heaven's covenant, thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smil'd
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast,
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the ark
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
 That first spoke peace to man.

Campbell.

THE MARIGOLD.

WHEN, with a serious musing, I behold
 The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
 How duly, every morning, she displays
 Her open breast when Titan spreads his rays ;
 How she observes him in his daily walk,
 Still bending towards him her small tender stalk :
 How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
 Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he returns ;
 And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
 As if she scorned to be looked on
 By an inferior eye ; or, did contemn
 To wait upon a meaner light than him.
 When this I meditate, methinks, the flowers
 Have spirits far more generous than ours ;
 And give us fair examples to despise
 The servile fawnings and idolatries,
 Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
 Which merit not the service we bestow.

George Wither, 1635.

Many of our Poets have noticed the closing of this flower at sunset,—a property common to Syngenesious plants. Chatterton thus remarks :—

“ The Marybudde, that shutteth with the light.”

Browne in his *Pastorals*, and Shakspeare in his *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3., make a similar allusion to this circumstance.

THE LILY.

How wither'd, perish'd, seems the form
Of yon obscure, unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales, ,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
'Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighting, slighted thing ;
There, in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
The sun, and the shower shall come ;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O Virgin Queen of Spring ;
Shalt, from the dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals silvery light
 In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust,
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
 And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal Spring ! shall burst the gloom.

Mrs. Tighe.

THE HEATH.

HERE the furze

Enrich'd among its spines, with golden flowers
Scents the keen air ; while all its thorny groups
Wide scatter'd o'er the waste are full of life ;
For 'midst its yellow bloom, the assembled Chats
Wave high the tremulous wing, and with shrill notes,
But clear and pleasant, cheer the extensive heath.
Linnets in numerous flocks frequent it too,
And bashful, hiding in the scenes remote
From his congeners (they who make the woods
And the thick copses echo to their song ;)
The Stonechat makes his domicile ; and while
His patient mate with downy bosom warms
Their future nestlings, he his love-lay sings,
Loud to the shaggy wild. The Erica here,
That o'er the Caledonian hills sublime
Spreads its dark mantle, (where the bees delight
To seek their purest honey) flourishes,
Sometimes with bells like amethysts, and then

Paler, and shaded like the maiden's cheek
With gradual blushes ; other while as white
As rime that hangs upon the frozen spray.

Mrs. C. Smith.

TO A HEDGE-HOG ;

SEEN IN A FREQUENTED PATH.

WHEREFORE should man, or thoughtless boy
Thy quiet harmless life destroy,
Innoxious urchin ?—for thy food
Is but the beetle and the fly,
And all thy harmless luxury
The swarming insects of the wood.

Should man, to whom his God has given
Reason, the brightest ray of heaven,
Delight to hurt, in senseless mirth,
Inferior animals ?—and dare
To use his power in waging war
Against his brethren of the earth ?

Poor creature ! to the woods resort,
Lest, lingering here, inhuman sport
Should render vain thy thorny case ;
And whelming water, deep and cold,
Make thee thy spiny ball unfold,
And show thy simple negro face !

Mrs. C. Smith.

“ When we consider how many creatures of superstitious dread or veneration, and what multitudes, even in this enlightened age and country, are sacrificed annually to mistaken notions of their mischievous properties, reason and humanity are alike shocked ; and we deeply deplore the prevalence of errors which the zealous promulgation of more correct ideas and liberal sentiments can alone effectually remedy. That useful bird, the *White Owl*, which, on account of the great number of mice it destroys, ought to be carefully protected by the farmer, is frequently looked upon with terror as a forerunner of death, which it is supposed to announce by its loud and dissonant screams ; and a small coleopterous insect, the *Ano-*

bium tessellatum of entomologists, has obtained the appellation of *Death-watch*, from a fancied connexion between the ticking sound it produces, and that awful event. The *Raven* and *Magpie* are imagined by persons of weak intellects and timid dispositions, to prognosticate evil; and this notion has been extended and perpetuated by the allusions made to it in numerous legendary tales, and in the writings of our Poets. To take away the life of a *Swallow* or *Martin*, or to disturb their nests, is regarded as an unlucky event, portending disaster to the unfeeling aggressor; and the *Redbreast* and *Wren* owe much of their security to popular prepossessions, equally without any rational foundation. Many birds, which subsist entirely on insects, as the *Cuckoo*, *Redstart*, and *Flycatcher*, are shot by ignorant gardeners and nursery-men, indiscriminately with those species which feed principally on the seeds of plants and other vegetable productions. The *Goatsucker* and *Hedge-hog* are falsely accused of sucking the teats of animals, and a price, usually paid out of the parish rates, is still given for the latter in many parts of England; and those beautiful and harmless reptiles, the *Common Snake* and *Blindworm*, are destroyed without pity, upon the groundless supposition that they are venomous." These are only a few instances among many, of the pernicious consequences which arise from an ignorance of Natural History.—Mr. Blackwall, on the Instinct of Birds: *Edinb. Phil. Jour.*, vol. 14.

DAY-BREAK IN THE COUNTRY.

AWAKE! awake! the flowers unfold,
 And tremble bright in the sun,
 And the river shines a lake of gold,—
 For the young morn has begun.

The air is blithe, the sky is blue,
 And the lark on lightsome wings,
 From bushes that sparkle rich in dew,
 To heaven her matin sings.

Then awake! awake! while music's note,
 Now bids thee sleep to shun,
 Light zephyrs of fragrance 'round thee float,—
 For the young day has begun.

I've wander'd o'er yon field of light,
 Where daisies wildly spring,
 And trac'd the spot where fays of night
 Flew round on elfin wing:

And I've watch'd the sudden darting beam,
Make gold the field of grain,
Until clouds obscur'd the passing gleam,
And all frown'd dark again.

Then awake ! awake ! each warbling bird
Now hails the dawning sun,
Labour's enlivening song is heard,—
For the young day has begun.

Is there to contemplation given
An hour like to this one,
When twilight's starless mantle's riven
By the uprising sun.

When feather'd warblers fleet awake
His breaking beams to see,
And hill and grove, and bush and brake,
Are fill'd with melody.

Then awake ! awake ! all seem to chide
Thy sleep, as round they run,
The glories of heaven lie far and wide,—
For the young day has begun.

R. Ryan.

THE HEATH-COCK.

GOOD-morrow to thy sable beak
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
Cock of the Heath, so wildly shy :
I see thee slyly cowering through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like casements of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, her simple wile,
Her braided hair and morning smile.

The rarest things with wayward will
 Beneath the covert hide them still ;
 The rarest things to break of day
 Look shortly forth and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight,
 As short I ween the time will be
 That I shall parley hold with thee.
 Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,
 The climbing herdboy chants his lay,
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,—
 Thou art already on the wing.

Miss Baillie.

The Heath-Cock or Grouse, *Tetrao tetrix*, is only met with in uncultivated wastes, which are covered with heath and juniper. It feeds on the mountain and bog berries, and when these are scarce, on the tops of heath. This bird abounds in North Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland.

TO A WILD HEATH-FLOWER.

SWEET floweret ! from Nature's indulgence thou'rt cast,
 Thy home's on the cold heath, thy nurse is the blast,
 No shrub spreads its branches to shelter thy form,
 Thou'rt shook by the winds, and thou'rt beat by the storm ;
 But the bird of the moor on thy substance is fed,
 And thou giv'st to the hare of the mountain a bed ;
 In youth, from the cold winds thou'lt grant them a space,
 And in age, when the fowler's at war with their race ;
 The winds may assail thee, the tempest may rage,
 Thy nature is proof to the war which they wage ;
 Thou'lt smile in the conflict, and blossoms unfold,
 Where the nurslings of favour would shrink from the cold ;
 Though rugged and sterile the seat of thy birth,
 Simplicity form'd thee of beauty and worth.

Remain then, sweet blossom, the pride of the moor,
 In loneliness flourish, unpamper'd and pure,—

Expand in the tempest, and bloom on the brow,
 An emblem of sweet independence art thou ;
 And the soul who beholds thee unhurt in the strife,
 Shall learn to contend with the troubles of life ;
 And when the cold wind of adversity's felt,
 And the shafts of affliction are ruthlessly dealt,
 His spirit, unbroken, shall rise to the last,
 And his virtues shall open and bloom in the blast,
 And his joys shall be sweet when the storm is at rest,
 And the sun-beam of glory shall play on his breast.

John Jones.

"The Heath, so common in the northern parts of this kingdom, valuable to the poor as a substitute for more expensive fuel, and to the sportsman as a cover for grouse, affords to the botanist a striking instance of the care of Providence towards his creatures. Its seed is the food of numerous birds, in regions where other sustenance is scarce, and the vessels which contain it, are so constructed as to retain their contents for a considerable length of time, instead of discharging them when they become ripe. Indeed, the more we study, the closer we observe the operations and provisions of Nature, the greater will be our wonder, the higher our admiration."

There is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and bower,
 On every herb on which you tread
 Are written words, which, rightly read,
 Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

A. Cunningham.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower, that drinks the dew ;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

Rogers.

TO A WILD DEER ;

IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, ARGYLESIRE.

FIT couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold !
How lonesome ! how wild ! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake !
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs ;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
And, circling his antlers, booms far far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
The mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from the loftier climate replies.
With wide-spreading antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild Creature, e'en stately in rest !

'Mid the grandeur of Nature, compos'd and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold Animal smil'd
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes ! fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war !
No outrage is war to a creature like thee !
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign !
— But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at bay
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet :
And his last cry of anger come back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

Prof. Wilson.

THE STREAM.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark and still,
Low vales and mossy cells among,
In silent paths, the careless rill,
With languid murmurs steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering leaves its native plain,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles in the boundless main.

O ! let my years thus devious glide
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
 Nor wealth, nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
 Still let the stream untroubled be,
 As down the steep of age it falls,
 And mingles with eternity.

Hawthorn.

“Pliny has, as well as I recollect,” writes Sir H. Davy, “compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep gleus, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its movements; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge: in this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.”

THE NAUTILUS.

UP with thy thin transparent sail,
 Thou tiny mariner !—The gale
 Comes gently from the land, and brings
 The odour of all lovely things
 That zephyr, in his wanton play,
 Scatters in Spring's triumphant way;—
 Of primrose pale, and violet,
 And young anemone, beset
 By thousand spikes of every hue,
 Purple and scarlet, white and blue :
 And every breeze that sweeps the earth
 Brings the sweet sounds of love and mirth ;

The shrilly pipe of things unseen
 That pitter in the meadows green ;
 The linnet's love-sick melody,
 The laverock's carol loud and high ;
 And mellow'd, as from distance borne,
 The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus ! Thy day
 Of life and joy is come :—away !
 The ocean's flood, that gleams so bright
 Beneath the morning's ruddy light,
 With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er
 The lucid gems that pave the shore ;
 Each billow wears its little spray,
 As maids wear wreaths on holiday ;
 And maid ne'er danced on velvet green.
 More blithely round the May's young queen,
 Than thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea
 That woos thy prow so lovingly.
 Then lift thy sail !—'Tis shame to rest,
 Here on the sand, thy pearly breast,—
 Away ! thou first of mariners :—
 Give to the wind all idle fears ;
 Thy freight demands no jealous care,—
 Yet navies might be proud to bear
 The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell,
 That loads thy ruby-cinctur'd shell.
 A heart is there to Nature true,
 Which wrath nor envy ever knew,—
 A heart that calls no creature foe,
 And ne'er design'd another's woe ;—
 A heart whose joy o'erflows its home,
 Simply because sweet Spring is come.

Up, beauteous Nautilus !—Away !
 The idle Muse that chides thy stay
 Shall watch thee long with anxious eye,
 O'er thy bright course delighted fly ;
 And when black storms deform the main,
 Cry welcome to the sands again !

Heaven grant, that she through life's wide sea
 May sail as innocent as thee ;
 And homeward turn'd, like thee may find
 Sure refuge from the wave and wind.

Rev. E. Barnard.

Few objects in Nature have excited greater admiration than the elegant shell of the Nautilus, *Argonauta Argo*. It is exceedingly thin and fragile, of a paper-like substance, and divided into as many as forty chambers or compartments, through every one of which a portion of its body passes, connected as it were, by a thread. In calm Summer days it may occasionally be seen steering its little bark on the surface of the Mediterranean. The Roman naturalist, Pliny, thus delineates its habits. "Among the principal wonders of Nature is the animal called Nautilus or Pompilus. It ascends to the surface of the sea, in a supine posture, and gradually raising itself up, forces out, by means of a tube, all the water from the shell, in order that it may swim more readily; then, throwing back the two foremost arms, it displays between them a membrane of wonderful tenuity, which acts as a sail, while, with the remaining arms, it rows itself along, the tail in the middle acting as a helm to direct its course, and thus it pursues its voyage; and if alarmed by any appearance of danger, takes in the water, and descends."—*Nat. Hist.*, i. 29. The Nautilus is also well described in the following beautiful lines by Montgomery :—

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
 Keel upward from the deep emerg'd a shell,
 Shap'd like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd ;
 Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
 And mov'd at will along the yielding water.
 The native pilot of this little bark
 Put out a tier of oars on either side,
 Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
 And mounted up and glided down the billow
 In happy freedom, pleas'd to feel the air,
 And wander in the luxury of light.

Pelican Island.

It has been supposed by some naturalists that the *Sepia* or *Cuttle-fish* takes possession of the shell of the Nautilus, and uses it as a boat after having destroyed its original inhabitant. In India they form drinking-cups of the *Nautilus Pompilius*, which are rendered valuable by being richly en-chased. For other interesting particulars respecting the Nautilus, see *Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 1, p. 28, and vol. 3, pp. 255 and 528.

THE FIRMAMENT.

When I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere,

So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Æthiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright Firmament
Shoots forth no flame,
So silent, but is eloquent,
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light,
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our human sight :

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life confute :

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurs'd,
And nothing permanent on earth.

W. Habington, 1635.

THE CORAL-GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a Coral-grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,

But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand like the mountain-drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air :
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water ;
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse* is seen
 To blush, like a banner bath'd in slaughter :
 There with a slight and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
 Has made the top of the waves his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
 Then far below in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the Coral-grove.

J. G. Percival.

Naturalists have not yet satisfactorily ascertained to what situation in the system of Nature, belong the marine substances, termed by Linnæus *Corallinæ*. Some refer them to the animal, and others to the vegetable kingdom. When living, the *Corallinæ* are of a beautiful reddish or purple colour, which they lose after death, and when exposed to the action of the sun and air, assume a great variety of tints. They are generally found on rocky shores, attached to rocks or marine plants. For a description of coral reefs, see Captain Basil Hall's *Voyage to the Loo-Choo Islands*, in the Chinese Sea.

* A term applied to the sea-weeds composing the genus, *Ulva* or laver.

AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS.

AMPHIBIOUS monsters haunted the lagoon ;
The Hippopotamus, amidst the flood,
Flexile and active as the smallest swimmer ;
But on the bank, ill-balanc'd and infirm,
He graz'd the herbage, with huge head declin'd,
Or lean'd to rest against some ancient tree.
The Crocodile, the dragon of the waters,
In iron panoply, fell as the plague,
And merciless as famine, cranch'd his prey ;
While from his jaws, with dreadful fangs all serried,
The life-blood dyed the waves with deadly streams.
The Seal and the Sea-lion, from the gulf
Came forth, and, couching with their little ones,
Slept on the shelving rocks that girt the shore,
Securing prompt retreat from sudden danger.
The pregnant Turtle, stealing out at eve,
With anxious eye and trembling heart, explor'd
The loneliest coves, and in the loose warm sand
Deposited her eggs, which the sun hatch'd :
Hence the young brood, that never knew a parent,
Unburrow'd and by instinct sought the sea ;
Nature herself, with her own gentle hand,
Dropping them one by one into the flood,
And laughing to behold their antic joy,
When launch'd in their maternal element.

Montgomery.

THE TOAD.

THOU ugly thing, that hoarsely croak'st at night
With hollow voice, upon the margin green
Of pond or river, I, a boy, have seen
Thy squatted form, and started with affright.

What if thine eye be beautifully bright,
 E'en as the eagle's, yet thy rugged back,
 And flatten'd head, and legs are dusky black :
 Thy mouth,—O close it, for I dread the sight.
 Go, creep into the heart of some huge stone,
 Or hollow trunk, or lob into the mud
 And live, vile beast, as though thou lived'st not.
 Thus I, when hark ! ' O why reproach my lot ?'
 A voice replied, low murmuring from the flood,
 ' A purpose I may serve to thee unknown.'

J. R.

The Toad, *Bufo vulgaris*, is so familiar to every one that a lengthened description is superfluous. Its extremely forbidding appearance has obtained for this reptile a very unjust character. It is persecuted and murdered wherever it appears, on the supposition merely that because it is ugly, it must in consequence be venomous. Its eyes are proverbially beautiful. Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5., thus notices them;—

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes.

The progress of Natural Philosophy has destroyed much of the beauty of another passage of Shakspeare;—

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

As you like it, ii. 1.

Toads feed chiefly on insects and worms. In the Winter they hybernate, eating no food, but do not become actually torpid. Many instances are on record of these reptiles having been found in blocks of stone or enclosed in the trunks of trees, where it is supposed they had remained for a number of years;—but none of these cases appear well authenticated, at least so far as to prove that the atmospheric air was totally excluded. See *Literary Gazette*, March, 1831, and *Jesse's Gleanings in Nat. Hist.*, p. 115.

TO A FROG.

POOR being ! wherefore dost thou fly ?
 Why seek to shun my gazing eye,
 And palpitate with fear ?
 Indulge a passing traveller's sight,
 And leap not on in vain affright,
 No cruel foe is here.

I would but pause a while to view
 Thy dappled coat of many a hue,
 Thy rapid bound survey ;
 And see how well thy limbs can glide
 Along the sedge-crown'd streamlet's side,
 Then journey on my way.

No savage sage am I, whose power
 Shall tear thee from the rush-wove bower,
 To feel th' unsparing knife ;
 No barbarous arts this hand shall try,
 Nor, to prolong thy death, would I
 Prolong thy little life.

Ah ! let not him whose wanton skill
 Delights the mangled frog to kill,
 The wreath of praise attain !
 Philosophy abhors the heart
 That prostitutes her sacred art
 To give one being pain.

Mrs. C. Smith.

The wanton cruelties practised on dumb animals, for the advancement of science, as it is pretended, cannot be too much reprobated. We recommend to the perusal of our readers, an excellent Sermon preached by Dr. Styles, before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals : *Pulpit*, No. 336, and also a paper in Dr. Johnson's *Idler*, No. 17.

EVENING.

WHAT time the Sun has from the West withdrawn
 The various hues, that grac'd his cloudy fall—
 When the recumbent ruminating fold
 Greets, with peculiar odour, the fond sense
 Of the lone wanderer—when the recent leaf
 Of clover 'gins to sleep, and, white with dew,
 Closes its tender triple-finger'd palm,
 Till morning dawn afresh—when the moon wears
 Nor hood, nor veil, nor looks with cold regard
 Through the fine lawn of intervening cloud,

But lifts a fair round visage o'er the vale,
And smiles affection, which no bard can sing,
No painter with poetic pencil paint—
When the dark cloud, that couches in the West,
Seems to imbibe the last pale beam of eve,
Absorbing in its dun and gloomy folds,
The feeble residue of dying day—
Is it not pleasure, with unbended mind,
To muse within and meditate abroad,
While either hand in the warm bosom sleeps,
And either foot falls feebly on the floor,
And shaven sward, or stone that paves the path
Of village footway winding to the church ?
'Twere passing pleasure, if to man alone
That hour were grateful : but with like desire
The dusky holiday of thickening night,
Enjoys the chuckling partridge, the still mouse,
The rabbit foraging, the feeding hare,
The nightingale that warbles from the thorn,
And twilight-loving solitary owl,
That skims the meadows, hovers, drops her prey,
Seizes, and screeching to the tower returns.
Her woolly little ones there hiss on high,
And there who will, may seek them, but who dares
Must 'bide the keen magnanimous rebuff
Of irritated love, and quick descend,
By the maternal talon not in vain
Insulted, baffled, scar'd, and put to flight.

Hurdis.

OBERON'S FEAST.

A LITTLE mushroom table spread ;
After short prayers, they set on bread,
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit, to eat
His choicest bits with ; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.

But, all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear is starv'd ;
But that there was in place, to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat, for minstrelsy :
And now we must imagine first
The elves present, to quench his thirst
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
And pregnant violet ; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies,
Of which he eats ; and tastes a little
Of what we call the cuckoo's spittle :
A little furze-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sag
And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag ;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmet's eggs ; what would he more,
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly ;
With the red-capp'd worm, that is shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as a tooth ; a little moth,
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;
With wither'd cherries ; mandrake's ears ;
Moles' eyes ; to these, the slain stag's tears ;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail ;
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music ; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which

He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ? This done, commended
Grace by the priest, the feast is ended.

Herrick, 1648.

THE WILD BROOM.

AFAR from the cultur'd haunts of men,
Where Nature has chanc'd thy seeds to fling,
In the turf-cover'd wild, or the woodland glen,
I've seen thee unfold, 'mid the blossoms of Spring.

Time was, when thy golden chain of flowers
Was link'd, the warrior's brow to bind ;
When rear'd in the shelter of royal bowers,
Thy wreath with a kingly coronal twin'd.

The chieftain, who bore thee high on his crest,
And bequeath'd to his race thy simple name,
Long ages pass'd hath sunk to his rest,
And only lives in the voice of fame.

And one by one, to the silent tomb,
His line of princes hath pass'd away ;
But thou art here with thy golden bloom,
In all the pride of thy beauty gay.

Though the feeblest thing that Nature forms,
A frail and perishing flower art thou ;
Yet thy race has surviv'd a thousand storms
That have made the monarch and warrior bow.

The storied urn may be crumbled to dust,
And Time may the marble bust deface ;
But thou wilt be faithful and firm to thy trust,
The memorial flower of a princely race.

Wild Garland.

“The wild Broom, *Spartium Scoparium*, was formerly called *Planta Genista*, and under this name possesses much historical interest, as from hence was derived the word *Plantagenet*. Gefroi, duke of Anjou, father of

Henry II., was in the practice of wearing a sprig of the *Planta Genista* in his cap; or, as an old writer quaintly expresses it, 'he wore commonly a broom-stalke in his bonnet,' and from this circumstance he acquired the name of Plantagenet, which he transmitted to his princely descendants, all of whom bore it, from Henry to Richard III., the last degenerate scion of the plant of Anjou." The Broom is now the badge of the Highland clan, Forbes.

SWEET-SCENTED FLOWERS.

Go mingle Arabia's gums
With the spices all India yields :
Go crop each young flower as it blooms,
Go ransack the gardens and fields.

Let Pæstum's all-flowery groves
Their roses profusely bestow :
Go catch the light zephyr that roves
Where the wild thyme and marjoram grow.

Let every pale night-scented flower,
Sad emblem of passion forlorn,
Resign its appropriate hour,
To enhance the rich breath of the morn.

All that art, or that nature can find,
Not half so delightful would prove,
Nor their sweets all together combin'd,
Half so sweet as the breath of my love.
Roscoe.

THE HEATH-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

COME little flower, the Scotsman's toast,
And pretty Highland lassie's boast ;
Worn in the cap of warrior wight,
When he goes onward to the fight,
And bares his shining battle blade,
For native land and cottage maid :—

Worn in the bosom of the lass
 Of many a hill or mountain-pass ;
 Who joy, as token they are true,
 To sport the bit of *faithful blue*,
 Transplanted from its bed of heath
 To bloom pure Nature's breast aneath :
 Come, little flower, I'll pluck thee now
 To twine about my Jeannie's brow ;
 For in thy meek and modest dress
 Thou'lt add unto her loveliness ;
 And seem to one who owns her rule,
 Like her, so simply beautiful !
 Come, little flower, on hill or dell
 Grows not a hud I love so well
 As thee, old Scotia's sweet *Blue-bell*.*
A. M. Templeton.

INSTRUCTION FROM ANIMATED NATURE.

FAR as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood.
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
 How Instinct varies in the groveling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !

* The Heath-bell or Blue-bell, *Campanula rotundifolia*,—it is not unfrequently called the Hare-bell of Scotland.

'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier ?
For ever separate, yet for ever near !

* * * * *

Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food ?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line ?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?*
God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds :
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness ;

* Drayton, in the following lines, entertains similar ideas to these expressed by Pope, in his *Essay on Man* :—

The Hern, by soaring shows tempestuous showers,
The princely Cock distinguisheth the hours :
The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,
Prescribes the helm, instructing how to steer :
The Crane to labour, fearing some rough flaw,
With sand and gravel burthening his craw ;
Noted by man, which by the same did find
To ballast ships for steadiness in wind ;
And by the form and order in his flight,
To march in war, and how to watch by night :
The first of house that ere did groundsel† lay,
Which then was homely, of rude lome and clay,
Learn'd of the Martin : Philomel in Spring,
Teaching by art her little one to sing ;
By whose clear voice sweet musick first was found,
Before Amphion ever knew a sound :
Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little Robinet teacheth charity.

The old Poem, *The Owl*, published in 1593, from which these lines are taken, is written after the plan of Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, or Virgil's *Gnat* ;—probably from these models Mr. Roscoe and Miss Fanshaw took the idea of composing those amusing pieces, entitled the *Butterfly's Ball*, and the *Peacock at Home*.

† The timber, next the ground.

So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

* * * * *

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
Here subterranean works and cities see ;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;
How those in common all their wealth bestow ;
And anarchy without confusion know ;
And these, for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.

Pope.

It has been supposed that man derived the first hints of mechanical contrivance from the lower animals. Although such an opinion is very doubtful, since, in the first ages of the world, his necessities must have required and impelled him to inventions of this kind, before he could observe with sufficiently close attention the habits of other creatures ; it is certain that in later times, Science has been indebted to the works of Nature for many valuable suggestions. In support of this opinion, we may state, that the eminent engineer, Mr. Brunel, is said to have taken the idea of his new plan of tunneling, (viz. by the frame-work or shield, as used under the Thames,) from the operation of the *Teredo*, a testaceous worm, which is covered with a cylindrical shell, and which bores through the hardest timber. Hence, Linnaeus called it *calamitas navium*. The accidental sight of the trunk of an old Oak, which had been sawn across, suggested to Mr. Smeaton the idea of *dove-tailing* each course of masonry in the Eddystone Light-house. The same happy observation of the wisdom displayed in the works of Nature, led Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main, from the mechanism of the Lobster's tail. From a close consideration of the curious structure of the Eye, Mr. Dollond contrived his achromatic telescope ; and from a minute inspection of the Horse's Hoof, Mr. B. Clarke constructed an expanding shoe, by which the elasticity of the foot is preserved, and lameness prevented. Many other instances might be mentioned, where mechanical contrivances have been suggested from the consideration of Animated Nature.

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

STRANGE, that the *Wind* should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree ;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still ;
Above, and around to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and sky in strife ;
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fetter'd fiend ere night ;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to-day,
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away !

Strange, that the *Sun* should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye.
At morn, its child is the pride of Spring—
At night, a shrivell'd and loathsome thing !
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To-morrow, it shrinks to a useless death.
Strange doth it seem, that the Sun should joy ;
To give life, alone, that it may destroy.

Strange, that the *Ocean* should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow,—
Should bear on its placid breast at morn,—
The bark that ere night, will be tempest-torn ;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck within sight of home :
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to the cottage door ;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behold him land !

But, stranger than all, that man should *die*,
When his plans are form'd and his hopes are high ;
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow beholds him part of its clay ;

He is born in sorrow and cradled in pain,
 And from youth to age—it is labour in vain ;
 And all that seventy years can show,
 Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe ;
 That he travels a path of care and strife,
 Who drinks of the poison'd cup of life !

Alas ! if we murmur at things like these,
 That reflection tells us are wise decrees ;
 That the *Wind* is not ever a gentle breath,—
 That the *Sun* is often the bearer of death,—
 That the *Ocean-wave* is not always still,—
 And that *Life* is chequer'd with good and ill :
 If we know 'tis well that such change should be,
 What do we learn from the things we see ?
 That an erring and sinning child of dust
 Should not wonder nor murmur,—but hope and trust !
Hall.

THE LEGACY OF ROSES.*

OH ! plant them above me, the soft, and the bright,
 The touched with sunset's crimson light,
 The warm with the earliest breath of Spring,
 The sweet with the sweep of the West wind's wing ;
 Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
 Plant the glad Rose-tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep,
 O'er the quiet rest of a dreamless sleep—
 Weep for life with its toil and care,
 Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear ?
 Let tears and the signs of tears be shed
 Over the living not over the dead !

Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew,
 Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue :

* Mr. Croker says, " that a person, who died at Barnes, left an annual sum to be expended in rose-trees which were to be planted on his grave." This singular legacy gave rise to these pleasing lines.

For one who is sleeping in faith and in love,
 With a hope that is treasur'd in heaven above ;
 In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
 Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,—
 Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose ;
 Let my memory be like the odours they shed,
 My hopes like their promise of early red ;
 Let strangers too, share in their breath and their bloom—
 Plant ye the bright roses o'er my tomb.

Miss Landon.

TO THE INSECT OF THE GOSSAMER.

SMALL, viewless aëronaut, that by the line
 Of Gossamer suspended, in mid air
 Float'st on a sunbeam. Living atom, where
 Ends thy breeze-guided voyage ? With what design
 In ether dost thou launch thy form minute,
 Mocking the eye ? Alas ! before the veil
 Of denser clouds shall hide thee, the pursuit
 Of the keen Swift may end thy fairy sail !
 Thus on the golden thread, that Fancy weaves,
 Buoyant, as Hope's illusive flattery breathes,
 The young and visionary Poet leaves
 Life's dull realities, while sevenfold wreaths
 Of rainbow-light around his head revolve ;
 Ah ! soon at Sorrow's touch the radiant dreams dissolve.

Mrs. C. Smith.

The Gossamer-webs are most commonly to be seen in the Autumn covering the fields, and floating in the air. A strange notion entertained by old writers, was, that they were composed of dew burnt in the sun. It is, however, caused by an infinite number of small spiders, which, when they want to change their place, have the power of shooting forth several long threads, to which they attach themselves, and thus becoming buoyant, are carried gently through the air. See Kirby and Spence's *Introd.*, vol. 2, p. 334, and White's *Selborne*, Lett. xxiii.

ENTOMOLOGICAL PURSUITS.

HERE is my friend the weaver :—strong desires
 Reign in his breast ; 'tis beauty he admires :
 See ! to the shady grove he wings his way,
 And feels in hope the rapture of the day ;
 Eager he looks, and soon to glad his eyes
 From the sweet bower, by Nature form'd, arise,
 Bright troops of moths, and fresh-born butterflies ;
 Who brake that morning from their half-year's sleep,
 To fly o'er flowers, where they were wont to creep.
 Above the sovereign oak, a sovereign skims,
 The Purple Emperor, strong in wings and limbs ;
 There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
 Adonis blue, and Paphia, silver queen ;
 With every filmy fly, from mead or bower,
 And hungry Sphinx, who threads the honied flower ;
 She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
 Views every bell, and hums th' approving sound ;
 Pois'd on her busy plumes, with feeling nice,
 She draws from every flower, nor tries a floret twice.

He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame,
 His is untax'd and undisputed game.

Crabbe.

“ So varied,” say Kirby and Spence, “ is the scenery to which the diversion of the entomologist introduces him, that he is never out of the way : whether on hill or in valley ; on upland or plain ; on the heath or in the forest ; on the land or on the water ; in the heart of a country or on its shores ; still his game is within his reach.”—*Introd.*, vol. 4, p. 506. The butterflies mentioned in the above lines by our Poet, Crabbe, on account of their extreme beauty, are highly valued by collectors of indigenous *Lepidoptera* :—the Purple Emperor, *Apatura Iris*, for “ the varying lustres of its purple plumes,”—the White Admiral, *Limenitis Camilla*, for its graceful elegance,—the Clifden Blue, *Polyommatus Adonis*, for its shining silvery blue,—and the Silver-washed Fritillary, *Argynnis Paphia*, for the bright metallic dashes which adorn the under-surface of its wings. The “ hungry Sphinx,” *Macroglossum stellatarum*, may occasionally be seen frequenting our gardens in sunny weather. It flies with great rapidity, and while hovering over flowers, extracts from them its food with its long spiral tongue : hence it has derived the name of the *Humming-bird Hawk-moth*.

To the novice in Entomology it may be amusing to mention the prices

that have been charged by Collectors for some of the rarer British specimens of this *untaxed game* of the field.

	£.	s.
The Purple Emperor,	1	10 per pair.
Camberwell Beauty,	1	10 ..
Queen of Spain Fritillary,	1	15 ..
White Admiral,	0	14 ..
Large Copper Butterfly,	1	10 ..
Kentish Glory Moth,	1	5 ..
Whittlesea-mere Ermine Moth,	3	0 ..
Death's-head Hawk-moth,	0	10 each.

We will conclude this Note with an anecdote of that excellent naturalist, Prof. Jameson:—When visiting Inglebro', he found the rare beetle, *Carabus glabratus*, not then known to be indigenous to Britain. The guide, upon its being shown to him, said that the insect was plentiful in that neighbourhood: upon which the Professor, trusting to the guide's ignorance, offered him a shilling for every specimen he should bring. The guide is said to have made a profitable bargain.—*Edin. Phil. Journ.*, vol. 9, p. 89.

THE ANT.

PROV. VI. 6—11.

TURN on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,
 Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise.
 No stern command, no monitory voice,
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
 Yet timely provident she hastes away,
 To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
 When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
 How long shall sloth usurp the useless hours,
 Unnerve thy vigour, and unchain thy powers?
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose,
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,
 Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
 Shall spring to sieze thee like an ambush'd foe.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

THE SQUIRREL.

DRAWN from his refuge in some lonely elm
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the Winter, ventures forth
To frisk a while, and bask in the warm sun,
The Squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play ;
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird
Ascends the neighbouring beech, there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

Cowper.

TO A WILD BEE.

ROAMER of the mountain !
Wanderer of the plain !
Lingerer by the fountain,
Where thou dost sustain
A part in Nature's rich, and wild, and varied strain !
Fairy of the Summer !
I love to watch thy flight,
When first thou art a comer,
On wings so gauzy light,
Flitting in wildering maze before my dazzled sight.
Thou hummest o'er the heather
Upon the breezy hill ;
And in sultry weather,
When every wind is still,
Float'st through the waveless air unto the singing rill.
On the moorland mosses,
Thou sipp'st the fragrant thyme ;

And the tufted bosses
Of greenest grass dost climb,
With struggling feet, to rest thy wing in noontide's prime.

In the lily's blossom,
An ivory palace tower,—
In the rose's bosom,
Safe from the sudden shower,
Thou shelterest, heeding not how thunder-clouds may lower.

Thou lov'st the sunny hours,
When upwards thou dost spring,
With the dew from chaste, cool flowers,
And mosses on thy wing,—
The sweet enslaving dew, that doth so closely cling.

Thou lov'st the sunset's glowing,
When, with thy mimic toil,
Half weary, thou art going
Laden with thy sweet spoil,
Unto the quiet home, wherein is no turmoil.

Oh vagrant, happy rover !
Gatherer of treasures rare !
Never did truest lover
A heart so happy bear,
As thou, who woo'st all flowers, without a fear or care.

I would that I might ever
Have thee before mine eyes !
Surely I should endeavour
To learn to be as wise,
And all the simple gifts of holiest Nature prize.

But even now, unsteady !
Thou tak'st again thy flight,
Thy little wings already
Are quivering in the light,
Thy hum is faintlier heard, thou'st darted from my sight.

I would when death hath still'd me
And check'd this restless heart,

When his icy hand hath chill'd me,
 And I must needs depart,
 I would I might be laid where thou, wild wanderer, art !

And thus the winds should whisper,
 And the willow-branches wave ;
 And the cricket, merry lisper,
 And the throstle, minstrel brave,
 And thou, thou murmuring Bee ! should chorus o'er my grave.
Miss M. A. Browne.

INSECTS.

OBSERVE the Insect race, ordain'd to keep
 The lazy sabbath of a half-year's sleep ;
 Entomb'd beneath the filmy web they lie,
 And wait the influence of a kinder sky ;
 When vernal sunbeams pierce their dark retreat,
 The heaving tomb distends with vital heat ;
 The full-form'd brood, impatient of their cell,
 Start from their trance, and burst their silken shell ;
 Trembling a while they stand, and scarcely dare
 To launch at once upon the untried air ;
 At length assur'd, they catch the favouring gale,
 And leave their sordid spoils, and high in ether sail :
 Lo ! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
 With silver fring'd and freckled o'er with gold ;
 On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
 They idly fluttering, live their little hour ;
 Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
 All Spring their age, and Sunshine all their day.
 What atom-forms of insect-life appear !
 And who can follow Nature's pencil there ?
 Their wings with azure, green, and purple gloss'd,
 Studded with coloured eyes, with gems emboss'd,
 Inlaid with pearl, and mark'd with various stains,
 Of lively crimson through their dusky veins.

Mrs. Barbauld.

The number of Insects distributed over the surface of the globe, Mr.

Kirby estimates to be 400,000 species; and Mr. M'Leay says, that 100,000 are to be found in our cabinets. In the Systematic Catalogue of Mr. Stephens, (1827,) 10,000 British Insects are enumerated, and of these upwards of 4000 belong to the Class, *Lepidoptera*.—It has also been calculated, that the number of plants, supposed to exist, is about 44,000 species, of which 38,000 have been described. Mr. Loudon, in his valuable Encyclopædia of Plants, has published a description of 16,712 indigenous, cultivated, or exotic plants, which are now found, or have been introduced, into this country. The native plants of Great Britain, (exclusive of the *Cryptogamæ*,) according to Prof. Henslow, amount to 1501 species, and 1625 varieties, of which 98 are supposed to have been naturalized. Thus it appears, that the *ratio* of the species of British Insects to that of Plants, is more than *six* to *one*!—Surely when we reflect upon the immense number and infinite variety of these little beings, their singular metamorphoses, their curious structure, and the admirable ends for which they were created, we cannot fail to exclaim with the wondering poet:—

Eminet in minimis maximus ipse Deus.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR flower, that lapt in lowly glade
 Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
 Than whom the vernal gale
 None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
 Our England's Lily of the May,
 Our Lily of the Vale.

Art thou that "Lily of the field"
 Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
 The heart from blank despair,
 He show'd to our mistrustful kind,
 An emblem to the thoughtful mind
 Of God's paternal care?

Not thus I trow: for brighter shine
 To the warm skies of Palestine
 Those children of the East.—
 There, when mild Autumn's early rain
 Descends on parch'd Esdrela's plain,
 And Tabor's oak-girt crest—

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
 Their brilliant disks unfold ;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
 And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
 His skill and handywork,
Our western valleys' humbler child ;
Where in green nook of woodland wild
 Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine :
 Yet, born to bloom and fade,
There too a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
 Her wealthiest king array'd.

Of thy twin leaves th' embower'd screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green ;
 Thy Eden-breathing smell ;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendent many a pearly gem,
 Displays a milk-white bell ;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth th' ascending shoot,
 As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charg'd thy fair blossoms to produce,
 And berries scarlet red ;

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
 Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While Spring shall weave her flowery crown,
 Or vernal breezes blow :—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand ;
 Who at creation gave command,
 And will'd thee thus to be,
 And keeps thee still in being through
 Age after age revolving, who
 But the Great God is He ?

Omnipotent to work his will ;
 Wise, who contrives each part to fill
 The post to each assign'd ;
 Still provident, with sleepless care
 To keep ; to make thee sweet and fair
 For man's enjoyment, kind !

" There is no God," the senseless say :—
 " O God, why cast'st thou us away ?"
 Of feeble faith and frail
 The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
 By thee a better lesson taught,
 Sweet Lily of the Vale.

Yes ! He who made and fosters thee,
 In reason's eye perforce must be
 Of majesty divine :
 Nor deems she that his guardian care
 Will He in man's support forbear,
 Who thus provides for thine.

Ruricola.

These beautiful stanzas, from the pen of an anonymous writer, are extracted from the *Field Naturalist's Magazine*, 1833. The elegant sentiments and pure morality expressed in them, cannot but excite hopes of further productions from this agreeable poet and naturalist. These lines to the Lily of the Valley, *Convallaria majalis*, or May-lily, as it is popularly called, refer in a most pleasing manner, to its natural situation, and the season of its flowering. In illustration of some allusions in them, it is proper to premise, that "the lily of the field," mentioned by our Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount, Matt. vi. 28, is supposed by Sir J. E. Smith to be the *Amaryllis lutea*, or Yellow Amaryllis, sometimes called the "Autumnal Narcissus," or "Star-lily:" which overruns the fields of the Levant in Autumn, and, by its golden liliaceous flowers, affords one of the most brilliant and gorgeous objects in Nature. *The Mount* is generally supposed to be Mount Tabor, in the plain of Esdraelon, or Esdrela.—Page 401. See *Note in p. 90.*

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race ;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
What regal vestments can with them compare !
What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !

Thomson.

A FIELD-FLOWER ;

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS-DAY,
1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine ;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale ;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
 And blooms on consecrated ground,
 In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
 The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
 Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—In every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair,
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
 The rose has but a Summer reign :—
 The Daisy never dies.

Montgomery.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
 The Holly-tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Order'd by an intelligence, so wise
 As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize :
 And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree
 Can emblems see,

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserv'd and rude ;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And as when all the Summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng ;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they ;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

Southey.

The Common Holly, *Ilex Aquifolium*, has long been esteemed for its great beauty, "glittering," as Evelyn observes, "with its armed and varnished leaves, and blushing with its natural coral." This and other evergreens have for ages been used to decorate and enliven our houses and churches, during the dreary season between Christmas and Candlemas. The lower leaves of this plant are wavy, strongly armed with spines, while the upper ones are entire, terminated with a single prickly. This difference in the foliage has been pleasingly noticed by our Poet, Southey, in the above delightful poem.—The uses of prickles in shrubs are thus enumerated by the excellent John Ray,—“To secure them from the browsing of beasts, as also to shelter others that grow under them. Moreover, they are hereby rendered useful to man, as if designed by Nature, to make both quick and dead hedges.” The uses, which Pliny notes, are, “Lest the

greedy quadruped should browse upon them, the hand wantonly seize them, the careless footstep tread upon them, or the perching bird break them."—*Nat. Hist.*, *xxii.* 6. The benevolent Grahame adds another great use of thorny shrubs, which these naturalists have omitted,—it is this, they protect the small birds from the attacks of their stronger neighbours.

THE CLOSE OF SUMMER.

FAREWELL, ye banks, where late, the primrose growing
Among fresh leaves, its pallid stars displayed ;
And the ground-ivy's balmy flowers blowing,
Trail'd their festoons along the grassy shade.

Farewell ! to richer scenes and Summer pleasures,
Hedge-rows, engarlanded with many a wreath,
Where the wild roses hang their blushing treasures
And to the evening gale the woodbines breathe.

Farewell ! the meadows, where such various showers
Of beauty lurk'd among the fragrant hay,
Where orchis bloom'd with freak'd and spotted flowers,
And lychnis blushing like the new-born day.

The burning Dog-star, and the insatiate mower
Have swept or wither'd all this floral pride ;
And mullein's now, or bugloss' lingering flower
Scarce cheer the green lane's parch'd and dusty side.

His busy sickle now the month's-man wielding,
Close are the light and fragile poppies shorn ;
And while the golden ears their stores are yielding,
The azure corn-flowers fall among the corn.

The woods are silent too, where loudly flinging
Wild notes of rapture to the western gale,
A thousand birds their hymns of joy were singing,
And bade enchanting hours of Spring-time hail.

The stock-dove now is heard in plaintive measure,
The cricket shrill, and wether's drowsy bell,
But to the sounds and scents of vernal pleasure,
Music and dewy airs, a long farewell.

Mrs. C. Smith.

TO A THRUSH.

SWEET Thrush ! whose wild untutor'd strain
Salutes the opening year,
Renew those melting notes again,
And soothe my ravish'd ear.

Though in no gaudy plumage dress'd,
With glowing colours bright,
Nor gold, nor scarlet, on thy breast
Attracts our wondering sight :

Yet not the pheasant, or the jay,
Thy brothers of the grove,
Can boast superior worth to thee,
Or sooner claim our love.

How could we transient beauty prize
Above melodious art !
Their plumage may seduce our eyes,
Thy song affects our heart.

While evening spreads her shadowy veil,
With pensive steps I'll stray,
And soft on tiptoe gently steal
Beneath thy favourite spray.

Thy charming strain shall doubly please,
And more my bosom move,
Since Innocence attunes those lays
Inspir'd by Joy and Love.

Catherine Hood.

THE BARN OWL.

WHILE moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every mouldering crevice falls,
Tipping with white his powdery plume,
As shades or shifts the changing gloom ;
The Owl that, watching in the barn
Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,

Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
 As if he slept,—until he spies
 The little beast within his stretch—
 Then starts,—and seizes on the wretch !

Butler.

“If this useful bird, *Strix Flammea*,” says Mr. Waterton, “caught its food by day, instead of hunting for it at night, mankind would have ocular demonstration of its utility in thinning the country of mice, and it would be protected and encouraged every where. It would be with us what the Ibis was with the Egyptians.”—*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, vol. 5. It has obtained the name of the Screech Owl from its cries, which are repeated at intervals, and rendered loud and frightful from the stillness of the night. It is on this account considered among the superstitious a bird of unwelcome omen. Shakspeare observes,

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good night.

Macbeth, iv. 2.

Mallet, in his *Edwin and Emma*, prettily introduces it:—

Now homeward, as she hopeless went,
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.

THE CUCKOO.

HARK !—The Cuckoo's sprightly note
 That tells the coming of the vernal prime,
 And cheers the heart of youth and aged man.
 Say, sweet stranger, whence hast thou ta'en thy flight,
 From Asia's spicy groves, or Africa's clime,
 And who directs thy wandering journey far ?
 Philosophy, says Instinct,—Religion, God.
 Though simple is thy note, it speaks to man's
 Reflecting soul, since thou didst wing thy course
 From Albion's cliffs, another year is gone,
 Fraught with events to cause vast realms to quake.
 A year ! how short the space unnotic'd by
 The gay and mindless throng, yet awful to
 The race of human kind.
 Another year may pass, unheeded as

The one so lately number'd in the book
 Of Time, and thou wilt take thy flight to realms
 Unknown ; but when thou cheer'st the future Spring,
 Will those who *now* admire thy song, walk forth
 To hear thy lay ?—This awful question brings
 A thousand thoughts of solemn import to
 Th' attentive mind. Another year ! and then,
 Oh God ! the souls who greet this smiling morn
 May stand for judgment at thy dreadful throne ;
 This serious call should check man's sinful course,
 And raise his views to Heaven.

Rev. W. Munsey.

“The note of the Cuckoo, though uniform, always gives pleasure, because it reminds us that Summer is coming ; but this pleasure is mixed with melancholy, because we reflect, that it will soon be going again. This is the consideration which embitters every sublunary enjoyment. Let the delight of my heart, then, be in Thee, O Lord and Creator of all things, with whom alone is no variableness, neither shadow of changing.”—*Bp. Horne.*

TO A ROBIN.

COME, sweetest of the feather'd throng !
 And soothe me with thy plaintive song :
 Come to my cot, devoid of fear,
 No danger shall await thee here :
 No prowling cat, with whisker'd face,
 Approaches this sequester'd place :
 No schoolboy with his willow-bow
 Shall aim at thee a murderous blow :
 No wily lim'd twig ere molest
 Thy olive wing or crimson breast :
 Thy cup, sweet bird ! I'll daily fill
 At yonder cressy, bubbling rill ;
 Thy board shall plenteously be spread
 With crumblets of the nicest bread ;
 And where rude Winter comes and shows
 His icicles and shivering snows,

Hop o'er my cheering hearth and be
 One of my peaceful family :
 Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
 Thou sweetest of the feather'd throng !

Dr. Jenner.

During the Summer the Robin retires to the woods and thickets. He then loses his "scarlet stomacher," and does not recover it till the Autumn. This accounts for the strange assertion of Pliny, who says, that it is only a redbreast in Winter, but becomes a fire-tail in Summer.—*Nat. Hist.*, x. 29. During the time of incubation, he drives all birds of his own species from his little settlement, and furiously attacks every intruder that ventures on his beat. *Unum arbustum non alit duos erithacos*. Notwithstanding his quarrelsome and selfish disposition, his seeming humbleness and necessities win our pity in seasons of severity.

The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet.

Thomson.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
 Soon as morning's purple dyes
 O'er the eastern mountains float,
 Waken'd by thy merry note,
 Through the fields of yellow corn,
 That Mersey's winding banks adorn,
 O'er green meads I gaily pass,
 And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
 And warbling wild notes die away ;
 I love to mark thy upward flight,
 And see thee lessen from my sight :

Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
 Sudden and swift I see thee fall,
 With wearied wing and beating breast,
 Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah ! who that hears thee carol free
 Those jocund notes of liberty,
 And sees thee independent soar,
 With gladsome wing the blue sky o'er,
 In wiry cage would thee restrain,
 To pant for liberty in vain ;
 And see thee 'gainst thy prison grate
 Thy little wings indignant beat,
 And peck and flutter round and round
 Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound ;
 And yet not ope thy prison door,
 To give thee liberty once more ?

None ! none ! but he whose vicious eye,
 The charms of Nature can't enjoy ;
 Who dozes those sweet hours away,
 When thou beginn'st thy merry lay ;
 And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
 To tread the meadows' morning dews,
 And there thy early wild notes hear,
 He keeps thee lonely prisoner.
 Not such am I, sweet warbler ; no !
 For should thy strains as sweetly flow,
 As sweetly flow, as gaily sound
 Within thy prison's wiry bound,
 As when thou soar'st with lover's pride,
 And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
 Yet still, depriv'd of every scene,
 The yellow lawn, the meadow green,
 The hawthorn bush, besprent with dew,
 The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
 Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
 As ranging wide at liberty.

Smith.

“ Of all birds I should like to be a Lark. He revels in the brightest time of the day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows

and opening flowers; and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth, he wings his flight up to Heaven, as if he would drink in the melody of the morning stars. Hark to that note! How it comes trilling down upon the ear! What a stream of music, note falling over note in delicious cadence! Who would trouble his head about operas and concerts, when he could walk in the fields, and hear such music for nothing?—There are homilies in Nature's works, worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them rightly; and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received in a time of trouble, was from hearing the notes of a Lark."—*Tales of a Traveller*.

The nest of this delightful songster is well described by Grahame:—

The daisied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
Luxuriant crown the ridge; there, with his mate,
He founds their lowly house, of withered herbs,
And coarsest spear-grass; next, the inner work
With finer and still finer fibres lays,
Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.

THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

Two lovely little children went, when Summer was in prime,
Into a garden beautiful, beneath a southern clime;
A brother and a sister—twins, and each to each most dear;
Nor was the mother of these babes beset with any fear.

And brightly shone the Summer sun upon that gentle pair,
Who pluck'd each gaudy flower that grew in rich profusion
there;

Or chas'd the idle butterflies, those fair, defenceless things,
That round them tantalizing danc'd upon their silken wings.

With many a flower which they had pluck'd, a mimic grove
they made,

But wonder'd, when they came again, they had so soon de-
cayed;

And grieving, each the other ask'd, why all the roses red,
Which freshly bloom'd an hour before, now drooping hung
their head?

'Twas in that season of the year when on the blooming earth
Each flower and plant, and shrub and tree, to all their fruits
gave birth;

And 'mid them all, and most expos'd to catch the passing
view,
With purple flowers and berries red, the Deadly Nightshade
grew !

Up rose the little boy and ran, upon the bush to gaze,
And then his sister follow'd quick, and both were in a maze,
For berries half so beautiful they ne'er before had seen,
So forth he rashly stretch'd his hand among the branches
green.

" Oh, Edward ! Edward ! do not touch—remember, mother
said,
That poisonous fruit in *clusters* grew, though beautiful and
red ;
And that it had a tempting look, inviting to the eye,
But if a single one we eat, that we should surely die."

" Oh, Charlotte ! Charlotte ! do you think that these can do
us harm,
Or that such pretty fruit as this need cause us such alarm ?
For surely if they poisonous are, they bitter then must be,
So I will taste a single one, and we shall quickly see !"

Then forth he stretch'd his little hand, and he a berry
pluck'd,
And to his lips he put the fruit, and in the poison suck'd,
And when he found the juice was good, he bade his sister eat ;—
" For it is pleasant to the taste, so cooling and so sweet."

These children then the berries pull'd, and of them eat their
fill,

Nor did they ever dream the while, that they were doing ill :
" 'Tis not the fruit that mother meant," exultingly they cried,
And merry was their prattling laugh, to see their fingers dyed.

But suddenly the sister stopp'd, her rosy cheek grew pale :

" Oh, brother ! brother ! hold me up, for something doth me
ail :—

I feel so weak, I cannot stand—the trees are dancing round,
Oh Edward ! Edward ! clasp my hand, and place me on the
ground."

He gently laid his sister down, and bitterly did cry,
 And every means to ease her pain, and calm her fears did try ;
 But soon he felt himself turn sick, and feeble, chilly weak,—
 And as he totter'd on the grass, he bruis'd his sister's cheek.

Exhausted, though that infant was, upon his tender breast
 He plac'd the little Charlotte's head, that she might softer
 rest ;

The hapless creature did but think his sister only slept,
 And when his eyesight dimmer grew, to her he closer crept.

The evening clos'd upon those babes, who slept away their
 breath,

And mourning o'er his cruel task, away went grieving death ;
 And they who had the sacred trust, these cherubs dear to
 keep,

Beheld them where they quiet lay, but thought they were
 asleep.

When they the hapless sufferers rais'd from that last fond
 embrace,

A half-form'd smile was seen to dwell upon each paly face ;
 Alas ! that such twin roses fair, which morning saw in bloom,
 Should wither in the sunny land, ere came the twilight gloom.

New Year's Gift, 1830.

The Deadly Nightshade or Dwale, *Atropa Belladonna*, on account of its baneful properties, received its generic name from one of the Fates. "How the same plant," observes a French botanist, "should come to have the gentle appellation of *Belladonna*, and the tremendous name of *Atropa*, seems strange, till we know that it was used as a cosmetic by the Italian ladies." The whole plant has a lurid appearance with dull purple flowers, drooping, solitary, and *not in clusters*. Its leaves are entire and ovate. The berry is a shining violet-black, about the size of a small cherry ; one half of which, is said to have proved fatal. Its effects are best counteracted by drinking copiously of vinegar. The Nightshade is supposed to be the "insane root" of Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, i. 3. Dr. C. Milne remarks, "that Nature has been more parsimonious in her warnings with respect to this plant, than to others of the same natural family, (*Luridæ*,) neither the smell nor the taste are repellent." It may be interesting here to mention, that among the instructions given to Sir W. Raleigh, when bound on a voyage of discovery in 1617, is the following singular order:—"And you shall take especiall care, when God shall suffer you to land in the Indies, not to eat any fruites unknowne ; such fruites as you doe not find eaten by birds on the tree, or beastes under the tree, you shall avoide." The old

adage in this instance was forgotten: "*Quodque aliis cibus est, aliis fuit acre venenum.*"—"What is one man's food, is another man's poison." It is a well-known fact, that birds and insects frequently feed on those plants, which are injurious and even poisonous to man.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower ! that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober grey
Thy cups of paly gold.

Be thine the offering, owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve
Thy scatter'd blossoms lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty, greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade ;
Is friendship's animating smile,
In sorrow's darkening shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glistening amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

And still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
E'en in thy glimmering earth-born star
The holier hope of grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom
 Expands to glad the close of day,
 So through the shadows of the tomb
 May break forth Mercy's ray.

B. Barton.

The Evening Tree-Primrose, *Oenothera biennis*, displays its flowers between the hours of six and seven in the evening, but their beauty fades on being exposed to the rays of the sun next morning. This wonderful property is noticed by Dr. Langhorne, in his *Fables of Flora*:—

The Evening Primrose shuns the day
 Blossoms only to the western star,
 And loves its solitary ray.

THE BLUE PASSION-FLOWER.*

ARE there not here a thousand things
 To lift the thoughts to Heaven,
 If sanctified imaginings
 Be to those musings given ?

Do we not see above our head
 The glories of the sky,
 And tints through all the earth o'erspread
 No pencil can supply ?

If Paradise be lost,—yet still
 One plant its flowers afford,
 On which is form'd with matchless skill,
 The pledge of Life restor'd.

The thorny crown that circled round
 The dying Saviour's head ;
 The hammer, scourge, and nails are found,
 The cross, on which he bled.

Pale pensive beauty,—open throw
 Thy petals to the sun,
 And to th' attentive spirit show
 The meek and lowly One.

M.

* See *Note*, p. 101.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

CAN it be true ? so fragrant and so fair !
 To give thy perfume to the dews of night ?
 Can aught so beautiful shrink from the glare,
 And fade and sicken in the coming light ?
 Yes. Peerless flower ! the heavens alone exhale
 Thy fragrance, while the glittering stars attest ;
 And incense, wafted from the midnight gale,
 Untainted rises from thy spotless breast.
 Sweet emblem of that faith, which seeks, apart
 From human praise, to love and work unseen ;
 That gives to Heaven an undivided heart—
 In sorrow stedfast, and in joy serene !
 Anchor'd on God, no adverse cloud can dim
 Her eye, unalter'd, still is fix'd on Him !

Christian Guardian, 1827.

The Night-blowing Cereus, *Cactus grandiflorus*, a native of Jamaica and Vera Cruz, expands a beautiful corolla, and emits a fragrant odour, for a few hours in the night. The flower is about eight or nine inches in diameter, the inside of the calyx of a splendid yellow, and the numerous petals of a pure white. It begins to open about seven in the evening, and closes before sunrise.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !
 Too lightly glow the lilies light,
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright ;
 The May-flower, and the eglantine,
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
 But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due :

The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give :
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses bought so dear ;
Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipp'd in dew ;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green :
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree !

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;
But, O Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are pass'd,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree !

Sir W. Scott.

ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

HERE lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through its swaddling-folds descry
The infant-image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,
Then, on a smooth elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display ;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The Tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful,—but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal might unrobe
To lay their glories at its foot ;
And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralize ;
Lady, I leave that part to thee ;
Be thy next birth in Paradise,
Thy life to come, Eternity.

Montgomery.

The *Bulbs* of Plants almost in every respect resemble *buds*, except in their being produced under ground, and include the leaves and flowers in miniature, which are to be expanded in the succeeding Spring. By carefully cutting in the early Spring through the concentric coats of a tulip root, longitudinally from the top to the base, and taking them off successively, the whole flower of the next Summer tulip, with its petals, pistil, and stamens may be seen by the naked eye. The flowers exist in other bulbs, in the same manner, as in the Hyacinth, but being less, are not so easily distinguished.

AN EASTERN CONFLAGRATION.

So, when the storms through Indian forests rave,
 And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,
 Grind their siliceous joints with ceaseless ire,
 Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,
 A brazen light bedims the burning sky,
 And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye ;
 The forest roars, the crimson surges play,
 And flash through lurid night infernal day ;
 Floats far and loud the hoarse discordant yell
 Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the dell,
 While boa-snakes, to wet savannahs trail
 Awkward a lingering lazy length of tail ;
 The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,
 To lap with torturing pause his victim's gore ;
 Curb'd of their rage, hyænas gaunt are tame,
 And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

Dr. Leyden.

The *Epidermis* or external coat of reeds, grasses, and most plants which have a *culm*, contains a large portion of siliceous earth ; and hence it has been supposed, that they may be ignited by friction. Agreeably to this theory is the above well-drawn description of an Eastern forest-fire.—*Drummond's Steps to Botany*, p. 76. A similar hypothesis of ignition by the friction of the dead branches of trees in a strong wind, is entertained by Captain Flinders, in order to account for the desolated appearance of Kangaroo Island on the coast of New Holland, which Montgomery, (though not adopting this theory,) has partly made the scene of his admirable poem, entitled, *The Pelican Island*.—See *Flinder's Voyage*, vol. 1, p. 171.

 NATURE.

O, NATURE ! holy, meek, and mild,
 Thou dweller on the mountain wild ;
 Thou haunter of the lonesome wood ;
 Thou wanderer by the secret flood ;
 Thou lover of the daisied sod,
 Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod ;

Finder of flowers, fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew ;
Twiner of bowers for lovers meet ;
Smoother of sods for poets' feet ;
Thrice-sainted matron ! in whose face,
Who looks in love, will light on grace ;
Far-worshipp'd goddess ! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives ;—
O ! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne ;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand, which lets in charmed light ;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
E'en as her child the mother leads ;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears ;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare ;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings ;
Untrodden flowers and unprun'd trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees ;
The ring where last the fairies danc'd—
The place where dank Will latest glanc'd—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song :
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lustrous light ;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling ;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling ;
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws ;

And beauty is her wet cheek laying
 To her sweet child, and silent praying ;
 With thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
 Through scenes of gladness or of woe ;
 Thy looks inspir'd, thy chasten'd speech,
 Me more than man has taught, shall teach ;
 And much that's gross, and more that's vain,
 As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
 As feels the rain yon parched flower ;
 It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
 Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume,
 A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
 Through Thee seeks to ascend to GOD.

Allan Cunningham.

THE THISTLE-DOWN.

LIGHTLY soars the Thistle-down ;
 Lightly doth it float ;
 Lightly seeds of care are sown,
 Little do we note.

Lightly floats the Thistle-down,
 Far and wide it flies ;
 By the faintest zephyr blown
 Through the shining skies.

Watch life's thistles bud and blow—
 Oh ! 'tis pleasant folly ;
 But when all our paths they sow,
 Then comes melancholy.

The *Seed-down* of plants, which is one of the distinguishing characters of compound flowers, is termed by botanists *pappus*, because it resembles the grey hairs of age. A seed, surmounted by this appendage, very much resembles a shuttle-cock, by which admirable mechanism, they are transported by the wind to a considerable distance from the parent-plant,—a wonderful contrivance in Nature to disseminate her productions. Of

these feathered seeds Sir J. E. Smith observes, "How little are children aware, as they blow away the seeds of the Dandelion, or stick burs in sport upon each other's clothes, that they are fulfilling one of the great ends of Nature!" It has been calculated by Dr. Woodward, that one seed of the common Thistle will produce, at the first crop, 24,000, and consequently 576,000,000 of seeds at the second. This profusion can only be intended as a supply of food for the smaller birds; and hence, even the sight of a thistle's down buffeted by the winds, inspires us with a sense of the benevolence of the great Author of Nature. Besides these seeds, furnished with a *plume* for diffusing themselves, others are disseminated by animals:—of which some attach themselves to the hair or feathers by a gluten, as the missel-toe; others by hooks, as the cleavers, burdock, hound's-tongue; others are swallowed for the sake of the fruit, and voided uninjured, as the haw, juniper-berry, and some grasses: other seeds again are dispersed by means of an elastic seed-vessel, as oats, crane's-bill, *Noli me tangere*: and the seeds of aquatic plants, are carried many miles by the currents into which they fall.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

Thomson.

NOONTIDE.

BENEATH a shivering canopy reclin'd,
Of aspen leaves that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir;
Or wander 'mid the dark-green fields of broom,
When peers in scatter'd tufts the yellow bloom;
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'er-run,
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill:
Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie,
Serenely in the green-ribb'd clover's eye,
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
Unseen thy form and undisturb'd thy rest;

Oft have I listening mus'd the sultry day,
And wonder'd what thy chirping song might say,
When nought was heard along the blossom'd lea,
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Dr. Leyden.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd by its side.

My spaniel, prettiest of the race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorn'd with every grace
That spaniel found for me;)

Now wanton'd, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time, when Ouse displayed
Her lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd ;
 Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd
 And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
 Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
 The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
 Shall hear of this thy deed :
My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed :

But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all.

Cowper.

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVOURITE STEED.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery
 eye ;

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab
 steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind :
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful ! farewell ! thou'rt sold, my steed,
 thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! those free untir'd limbs full many a mile must
 roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's
 home :

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care !

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be :

Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these, my exil'd one must fly :

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright ;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting, wake to feel,—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side ;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.

Will they ill use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd ; so gentle, yet so free :
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which cast thee from it now, command thee to return ?

Return ! alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his
view !

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the
gathering tears,

Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage ap-
pears ;

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne
me on ;

And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly
think,

It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink !

When last I saw him drink !—Away, the fever'd dream is
o'er,

I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no
more !

They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have lov'd too long.

Who said that I had given thee up ? who said that thou wert
sold ?

'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed ! I fling them back their
gold ?

Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains ;
Away ! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his pains !

Mrs. Norton.

“ There is scarcely an Arabian, however poor, who does not possess one of these favourite animals, with which he lives on equal terms. Having no other habitation than a tent ; himself, his wife, and family, his mare and her foal, rest peacefully together ; and his children are often seen to climb without fear upon the inoffensive creatures, which permit them to play and to caress them without injury. An Arab never beats his horse, but speaks to him in the language of friendship ; while the faithful servant evinces equal attachment to his master, and is so tractable as readily to stop at that master's bidding in the midst of his most rapid course.” The above beautiful lines well pourtray the grief and resolution of an Arab, who had been induced by the fear of poverty to relinquish his favourite steed.—*See Domesticated Animals, p. 71.*

THE RACE-HORSE.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
 The confusion but hear!— I bet you, Sir—Done, Done—
 Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tir'd ear ;
 While—with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd—his head touching his
 breast,—

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,—
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out,—and o'er hedge and ditch rush
 Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
 Through marsh, fen, and brier, led by their sly prey,
 They, by scent, and by view, cheat a long tedious way :
 While,—alike born for sports of the field and the course—
 Always sure to come thorough—a staunch and fleet horse—
 And when, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
 The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lamé, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd,—but yet with some blood—
 While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race,
 And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er
 As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
 While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
 The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate ;
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still :
 And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
 While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
 The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

C. Dibdin.

Dr. Southey, in his *Progress of Society*, has the following note, which

we quote as an apology for the introduction of the preceding poem. “ ‘ It is as usual,’ says Fuller, ‘ to see a young serving man an old beggar, as to see a light horse, first from the saddle of a nobleman, to come to the hackney-coach, and at last to die in drawing a car.’—*Holy State*, 16. Possibly this passage may have suggested to Dibdin his song of the *High-mettled Race-Horse*, which ought to be printed in every spelling-book, and learned by heart in every nursery.”

THE WORM AND THE FLOWER.

You'RE spinning for my lady, worm !
 Silk garments for the fair ;
 You're spinning rainbows for a form
 More beautiful than air,—
 When air is bright with sun-beams,
 And morning mists arise,
 From woody vales and mountain streams,
 To blue autumnal skies.

You're training for my lady, flower !
 You're opening for my love ;
 The glory of her Summer bower,
 While sky-larks soar above.
 Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
 Or breathe upon her breast,
 While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
 And rock the halcyon's nest.

But oh ! there is another worm
 Ere long will visit her,
 And revel on her lovely form
 In the dark sepulchre :
 Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
 A flower as sweet as this ;
 Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
 Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye !
 In beauty who would trust ?

Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to the dust :
Yet, like the flower that decks the tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the clod,
And shine, in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

Montgomery.

THE GUM-CISTUS.

FRAIL plant ! whose early buds display
Their beauties to the opening day,
And fade with its declining ray,
To bloom no more ;

When thy poor scatter'd leaves I view,
So lately bright with morning dew,
'Neath the green bush on which they grew,
So lowly laid ;

An emblem of myself I see,
When cheerful morning dawn'd for me ;
But I have droop'd, and died like thee
In sorrow's night.

Yes ! Hope once dwelt within my breast,
Calm were my days, serene and bless'd ;
While her soft accents whisper'd rest
For future years.

But, when affliction's chilling night
Shaded the morn, so fair and bright,
From this sad heart she took her flight,
To those more bless'd.

Fresh buds the morning will bestow,
The cheering sun again will glow,
And gentle zephyrs round *thee* blow,
Each changing day ;

But Hope again within my breast
 Will never find a settled rest,
 For in her sad forsaken nest,
 Pale sorrow dwells.

The Gum-Cistus, *Cistus ladaniferus*, is a remarkable instance of the fugitiveness of flowers. It expands its corolla for a few hours only, which then falls off: yet other flowers come in such quick succession, that the shrub retains a gay appearance for five or six weeks:—

Yet though the gauzy bells fall fast,
 Long ere appears the evening crescent;
 Another bloom succeeds the last,
 As lovely, and as evanescent.

MEMORY.

THERE'S a Bower of Roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song:
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 And some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of Summer, when Summer is gone:
 Thus Memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

Moore.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
 Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?

Wherefore by the fountain's brink
 Doth thy royal pinion sink ?
 Wherefore on the violet's bed
 Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head ?
 Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
 Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn !

Eagle ! wilt thou not arise ?
 Look upon thine own bright skies !
 Lift thy glance ! the fiery sun
 There his pride of place has won,
 And the mounting lark is there,
 And sweet sound hath fill'd the air :
 Hast thou left that realm on high ?
 —Oh, it can be but to die !

Eagle ! Eagle ! thou hast bowed
 From thine empire o'er the cloud !
 Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
 Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
 And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
 And the toils of Death have bound thee,
 —Wherefore did'st thou leave thy place,
 Creature of a kingly race ?

Wert thou weary of thy throne ?
 Was the sky's dominion lone ?
 Chill and lone it well might be,
 Yet that mighty wing was free !
 Now the chain is o'er thee cast :
 From thy heart the blood flows fast,
 —Woe for gifted souls and high !
 Is not such their destiny ?

Mrs. Hemans.

THE WHEATEAR.

FROM that deep shelter'd solitude,
 Where in some quarry wild and rude
 Your feather'd mother rear'd her brood,
 Why, pilgrim, did you brave

'The upland winds so bleak and keen,
To seek these hills—whose slopes between
Wide stretch'd in grey expanse is seen
The ocean's toiling wave ?

Did Instinct bid you linger here,
That broad and restless ocean near,
And wait, till with the waning year,
These northern gales arise ?
Which, from the tall cliff's rugged side,
Shall give your soft light plumes to glide
Across the channel's reflux tide
To seek more favouring skies ?

Alas ! and has not instinct said,
That luxury's toils for you are laid,
And that by groundless fears betrayed,
You ne'er perhaps may know
Those regions where the embowering vine,
Loves round the luscious fig to twine,
And mild the suns of Winter shine,
And flowers perennial blow ?

To take you, shepherd-boys prepare
The hollow turf, the wiry snare,
Of those weak terrors well aware,
That bid you vainly dread
The shadows floating o'er the downs,
Or murmuring gale, that round the stones
Of some old beacon, as it moans,
Scarce moves the thistle's head.

And if a cloud obscure the sun,
With faint and fluttering heart you run,
And to the pitfall you should shun,
Resort in trembling haste ;
While on that dewy cloud so high,
The lark, sweet minstrel of the sky,
Sings in the morning's beamy eye,
And bathes his spotted breast.

Ah! simple bird, resembling you
 Are those, that with distorted view,
 Through life some selfish end pursue
 With low inglorious aim ;
 They sink in blank oblivious night,
 While minds superior dare the light,
 And high on honour's glorious height
 Aspire to endless fame.

Mrs. C. Smith.

The Wheatear, *Motacilla Œnanthe*, is migratory, and appears with us about the end of March, and leaves in September. On the Downs of Sussex these birds are murdered in immense numbers; being caught by the shepherds in snares of horse-hair, fixed on a stick, and placed under two turfs set on edge. Nearly two thousand dozens, it is said, are thus annually taken in one district only. It is esteemed a delicate morsel by the epicure, and has received the name of the English Ortolan.

THE DOVE.

THE Dove let loose in Eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam :

But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay ;
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way,

So grant me, Lord ! from every stain
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To steer my course to Thee !

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

Moore.

THE EGLANTINE.

As pondering as I pac'd, my wandering led
 To a lone river bank of yellow sand,—
 The lov'd haunt of the ouzel, whose blithe wing
 Wanton'd from stone to stone—and, on a mound,
 Of verdurous turf with wild-flowers diamonded
 (Hare-bell and lychnis, thyme and camomile,)
 Sprang in the majesty of natural pride
 An Eglantine—the red rose of the wood,—
 Its cany boughs with threatening prickles arm'd,
 Rich in its blossoms and sweet-scented leaves.
 The wild-rose has a nameless spell for me :
 And never on the road-side do mine eyes
 Behold it, but at once my thoughts revert
 To schoolboy days : why so, I scarcely know
 Except that once, while wandering with my mates
 One gorgeous afternoon, when holiday
 To Nature lent new charms—a thunderstorm
 O'ertook us, cloud on cloud—a mass of black,
 Dashing at once the blue sky from our view,
 And spreading o'er the dim and dreary hills
 A lurid mantle.

To a leafy screen

We fled of elms, and from the rushing rain
 And hail found shelter, though at every flash
 Of the red lightning, brightly heralding
 The thunder-peal, within each bosom died
 The young heart, and the day of doom seem'd come.
 At length the rent battalia clear'd away
 The tempest cloven clonds ; and sudden fell
 A streak of joyful sunshine : on a bush
 Of wild-rose fell its beauty :—all was dark
 Around it still, and dismal ; but the beam
 (Like Hope sent down to re-illumine Despair,)
 Burn'd on the bush, displaying every leaf,
 And bud, and blossom, with such perfect light
 And exquisite splendour, that since then my heart
 Hath deem'd it Nature's favourite, and mine eyes

Fall on it never, but that thought recurs,
And memories of the bye-past, sad and sweet.

D. M. Moir.

The Eglantine or Sweet-Briar, *Rosa rubiginosa*, is very frequently cultivated in our gardens on account of the delightful fragrance of its leaves, which has been compared to that of a ripe apple. Milton, in his *L'Allegro*, where he speaks of the "twisted eglantine," seems to confound it with the honeysuckle, *Lonicera Periclymenum*, the true woodbine of Poets. Our great dramatic Bard thus introduces it in his *Cymbeline*, *iv.* 2:—

With fairest flowers
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of *eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

THE THREE CHAPLETS.

I.

THE garland long ago was worn,
As time pleas'd to bestow it,
The laurel only to adorn
The conqueror and the poet.
The palm is due, who, uncontroll'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When fate had done the worst it could,
Who bore his fortunes bravely.
Most worthy of the oaken wreath
The ancients him esteemed,
Who in a battle had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.
About his temples grass they tie,
Himself that so behaved
In some strong siege by th' enemy
A city that hath saved.
A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed.

The sign of peace who first displays,
 The olive wreath possesses :
 The lover with the myrtle sprays
 Adorns his crisped tresses.
 In love the sad forsaken wight
 The willow-garland weareth :
 The funeral man, befitting night,
 The baleful cypress weareth.
 To Pan we dedicate the pine,
 Whose slips the shepherd graceth :
 Again, the ivy and the vine
 On his swoll'n Bacchus placeth.*

II.

Here damask roses, white and red,
 Out of my lap first take I,
 Which still shall run along the thread,
 My chiefest flower this make I :
 Amongst these roses in a row,
 Next place I pinks in plenty,
 These double daisies then for show,
 And will not this be dainty ?
 The pretty pansy then I'll tye
 Like stones some chain inchasing ;
 And next to them their near ally,
 The purple violet placing.

* Spencer has well pourtrayed the various uses and qualities of Trees, in his *Faerie Queene*.—

Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;
 The builder oake, sole king of forests all ;
 The aspine good for staves ; the cypresse funerall ;
 The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramoures ;
 The eugh, obedient to the bender's will ;
 The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;
 The mirrhe sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitful olive ; and the platane round ;
 The carver holme ; the maple seeldom inward sound.

The curious choice clove July-flower,
 Whose kinds hight the carnation,
 For sweetness of most sovereign power
 Shall help my wreath of fashion ;
 A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
 And here and there (though sparely)
 The pleasant primrose down I prick,
 Like pearls, which will show rarely :
 Then with these marygolds I'll make
 My garland somewhat swelling,
 These honeysuckles then I'll take,
 Whose sweets shall help their smelling.
 The lilly and the flower-de-lis,
 For colour much contenting,
 For that, I them do only prize,
 They are but poor in scenting.
 The daffadil most dainty is
 To match with these in meetness ;
 The columbine compar'd to this,
 All much alike for sweetness ;
 These in their natures only are
 Fit to emboss the border,
 Therefore I'll take especial care
 To place them in their order ;
 Sweet-williams, campions, sops-in-wine,*
 One by another neatly :

* A fanciful name given to *pinks* or gilliflowers, which were of old used at weddings and presented to the bride. Spencer, in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*, says,

Bring coronations and sops in wine,
 Worne by paramoures.

Or, perhaps it may be derived from being put into wine to give it an agreeable flavour, for we read in Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 133, of "a sextary of July-flower wine." The custom of taking the real substantial *sops in wine* at weddings, is alluded to by Shakspeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2 :—

But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine : quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the *sops* all in the sexton's face.

Thus have I made this wreath of mine
And finished it featly.

III.

A chaplet me of herbs I'll make,
Than which though yours be braver,
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be short in savour.
With basil then will I begin,
Whose scent is wondrous pleasing ;
This eglantine I'll next put in,
The sense with sweetness seizing.
Then in my lavender I'll lay,
Muscado put among it,
And here and there a leaf of bay,
Which still shall run along it.
Germander, marjoram, and thyme,
Which used are for strewing,
With hyssop, as an herb most prime,
Here in my wreath bestowing.
Then balm and mint, helps to make up
My chaplet, and for trial,
Costmary* that so likes the cup,
And next it pennyroyal :
Then burnet† shall bear up with this,
Whose leaf I greatly fancy,
Some chamomile doth not amiss,
With savory and some tansy ;
Then here and there, I'll put a sprig
Of rosemary into it :
Thus not too little nor too big,
'Tis done if I can do it.

Drayton, 1593.

* The herb, *Basamita vulgaris*, also called *Alecost*, as it was put into ale, being an aromatic bitter. Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, says, "Costmarie is put into barrels, amongst those herbs wherewith they do make sage-ale."

† The leaves of the Burnet, were used by our forefathers to give a grateful flavour to their cool tankards. In olden times the Borage, Alkanet, Roses, and Violets were reckoned, on account of their supposed exhilarating qualities, the *four cordial flowers*.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,
And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark the victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou open'st to the nipping gale
Unnotic'd and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserv'd ;

While every bleaching breeze, that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

H. Kirke White.

ON RAIN.

BEHOLD how lovely shine the gems of rain,
Like sparkling diamonds on the glittering plain ;
How, hanging on the flowering shrubs they blaze,
And dart beneath the leaves their silver rays.
The plants refresh'd, their flowers to Heaven disclose,
As grateful for the good its hand bestows.

Saturday Magazine.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
 As they floated in light away,
 By the opening and the folding flowers
 That laugh to the Summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 And its graceful cup or bell,
 In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
 Like pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
 In a golden current on,
 Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
 The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
 Those days of song and dreams—
 When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
 By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
 Far off in a breezeless main,
 Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
 Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
 Mark'd thus—e'en thus—on earth,
 By the closing of one hope's delight,
 And another's gentle birth ?

Oh ! let us live, so that flower by flower,
 Shutting in turn, may leave
 A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
 A charm for the shaded eve.

Mrs. Hemans.

Linnaeus, in his *Philosophia Botanica*, (§ 335,) has divided the *solar* Flowers into *three* classes:—1. *Meteoric flowers*, which less accurately observe the hour of unfolding, but are expanded sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere;—2. *Tropical flowers* 'that open in the morning and close before evening every day, inq

the hour of their expanding becomes earlier or later, as the length of the day increases or decreases;—3. *Equinoctial flowers*, which expand at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour.—Besides these particular hours of expansion, Flowers have their almost certain months of efflorescence. Hence Snowdrops have sometimes been called the Fair Maids of February; the Lily of the Valley, the May-lily; the Wild Chamomile, the May-weed; and the Pink, the Gilliflower, or July-flower. It has also been observed by Linnæus, that the Thistle does not expand its flowers before the Summer solstice; the Grass of Parnassus, before the hay-harvest; and that the Autumn Crocus is the forerunner of cold and wintry weather. Do we not all look for the violet and primrose in Spring, and for the rose in Summer; and are not the words of the Prophet of old, as applicable to the flowers of the field, as they are to the fowls of the air?—"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming."—*Jer. viii. 7.*

LITTLE FLORA'S SONG.

WILL you not buy my Flowers ?

I have been on the primrose hill,
I have been where the lily builds silver bowers
On the edge of the singing rill,
I follow'd the bee, where the swallow grows
By the armaranth dim and pale ;
And I track'd the butterfly's wing to the rose,
In her palace of the vale.

Choose what you love the best,—

All cull'd in the cool, fresh morn ;
For I waken'd the lark from the daisy's breast
In the depths of the waving corn.
A rainbow might have dyed this wreath,—
It has every scent and hue
That is born of the west-wind's wooing breath,
Or wak'd by the early dew !

Fragrant, and sweet, and fair !

Yet they neither toil, nor spin,—
But they have not known the touch of care,
Nor the taint of mortal sin :

Besides their beauty pure and lone,
The glow of earthly fame,
Or the pomp and pride of Solomon,
Is a vain and empty name.

Is not my calling sweet,
To dwell amid beautiful things ?
Flowers giving perfume at my feet,
And birds—like flowers with wings ?
Oh ! happy they who shun the strife
Of pride, or passion's hours ;
And glide along the calms of life
Like me, dispensing flowers !

J. K. Hervey.

THE PURPLE DEAD-NETTLE.

A LITTLE herb of dark-red hue
I met with in my walk,
On sunny bank it verdant grew,
In yonder hazel balk.

Not earliest of the Spring it blows,
Yet earlier few appear ;
Scarce melted have rough Winter's snows
When it adorns the year.

It is not as a primrose sweet,
Nor as the daisy fair,
It is not as a cowslip neat,
Its little stem is square.

I know not if an ass or sheep
Will crop it as it feeds :
And men will never care to reap,
But class it among weeds.

It is a weed :—then why not throw
The useless thing away ;

And, in its place, let others grow
More sweet, and fair, and gay ?

No, let it be : despise it not ;
For with its homely smiles
It brightens else a barren spot,
Perchance a care beguiles.

For even this, to please receives,
From Him who made it, power :
I've seen an insect on its leaves,
A bee upon its flower.

J. R.

THE PALM-TREE.

THE Palm-tree in the wilderness
Majestic lifts its head,
And blooms in solitary grace,
Where all around is dead :
It spreads a shadow in the sun,
Where shade beside is none ;
And all companionship doth shun,
And loves to dwell alone.

And, though by man it lives unseen
Amid the desert air,
It rears its canopy of green,
As smilingly and fair,
As if young lovers pledg'd their vows
When sultry day had flown,
Beneath its high o'erarching boughs,
That blossom all alone.

Though there no passing warbler wings
Her melancholy way,
A voice amid the desert sings
Its solitude away,

When winds—as o'er the air—harp's wire
 Half music and half moan—
 Come stealing o'er its leafy lyre,
 That murmurs all alone.

And 'neath its shadow, lull'd to sleep,
 Alone the pilgrim dreams ;
 Its soft and breezy whispers creep,
 Like sounds of his own streams,
 That wander by the bowers of rest,
 To which his soul hath flown,
 Till morning, on the lifeless waste,
 Awakes him all alone.

Sojourner of a weary land,
 Where Nature never smil'd,
 Surrounded by no kindred band,
 Sole orphan of the wild !—
 Thou seem'st like one, whose trusting breast
 Deceiv'd—the world hath flown—
 Sought, like the dove, a place of rest,
 To live and die alone !

John Malcolm.

The Palm, called also the Date-tree, *Phoenix dactylifera*, grows plentifully in the East. Its trunk is remarkably straight and lofty, and is crowned at the top with large tufts of evergreen leaves, about four or five feet long, and so broad as to be used for covering the roofs of houses. "The extensive importance of the Date-tree," says Dr. E. D. Clarke, "is one of the most curious subjects, to which a traveller can direct his attention. The inhabitants of Egypt, of Arabia, and Persia, subsist almost entirely on its fruit. They boast also its medicinal virtues. The camels feed upon the date-stone. From the leaves are made couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes; from the branches, cages for poultry, and fences for their gardens; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes, and rigging; from the sap is prepared a spirituous liquor; and the body of the tree furnishes fuel." —*Travels*, Pt. ii., p. 302. This tree was greatly esteemed by the Israelites; in later times it became the emblem of their country, as may be seen from a medal of the Emperor Vespasian upon the conquest of Judea; on which is represented a captive woman sitting under a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Judæa capta*. Pliny calls Judea, *palmis inclyta*, renowned for palms. —*Nat. Hist.*, xiii. 4. The leaves of the palm were in early ages used as a substitute for paper, and it has been supposed that the Scriptures were originally written on them. Mrs. Tighe pleasingly observes:—

With fruit and ever-verdant branches crown'd,
 Judea chose her emblem; on whose leaves

She first inscrib'd her Oracles, and all
 The fortunes of her state; herself a palm
 Still mounting from its ashes, though depress'd,
 Still springing unsubdued.

Among the eastern nations, the highest act of charity, by which a man could commend his memory to future generations, was the erection of a fountain shaded by palms in the dreary and parched desert, where the weary pilgrim might rest under the shelter of trees and refresh himself with the cool and pure stream. "He joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well, which was assigned for his mid-day station."—The *Talisman*, p. 8.

TO THE DAISY.

LITTLE flower with starry brow,
 Slumbering in thy bed of snow;
 Or with lightly tinged ray,
 Winter gone and storms away,¹
 Peeping from thy couch of green
 With modest head and simple mien;
 How I love to see thee lie,
 In thy low serenity,
 Basking in the gladsome beam;
 Or, beside some murmuring stream
 Gently bowing from thy nest,
 Greet the water's silver breast.
 Or mid fissure of the rock,
 Hidden from the tempest's shock,
 Vie with snowy lily's bell—
 Queen and fairy of the dell.
 Thee nor wind nor storm can tear
 From thy lonely mountain lair;
 Nor the sleety, sweeping rain,
 Root thee from thy native plain.
 Winter's cold, nor Summer's heat,
 Blights thee in thy snug retreat;
 Chill'd by snow or scorch'd by flame,
 Thou for ever art the same.
 Type of truth, and emblem fair
 Of virtue struggling through despair,

Close may sorrows hem it round,
Troubles bend it to the ground,
Yet the soul within is calm,
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm ;
Conscious that the Hand which tries
All its latent energies,
Can, with more than equal power,
Bear it through temptation's hour,
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

Rev. W. Fletcher.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute ;
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And when leaves greet thee, Spring !—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south-wind hath pierc'd the whispering shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters,—they too hear thy call,—
Spring the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep ;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,

Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
 And pencilling the wood-anemone ;
 Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
 Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring ?
 The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?
 Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
 Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art—
 What wak'st thou in the heart ?

Too much, oh ! there too much !—we know not well
 Wherefore it should be thus, yet rous'd by thee,
 What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
 Gush for the faces we no more shall see !
 How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
 By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
 Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
 Past words of welcome to our household door,
 And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet,—
 Spring ! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowing trees,
 Why, why reviv'st thou these ?

Vain longings for the Dead !—why come they back
 With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?
 —O ! is it not, that from thine earthly track,
 Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?
 Yes ! gentle Spring ; no sorrow dims thine air,
 Breath'd by our lov'd ones *there* !

Mrs. Hemans.

TO AN ANCIENT OAK.

MAJESTIC Tree ! whose wrinkled form has stood,
 Age after age, the Patriarch of the wood ;
 Thou who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
 Their ravell'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold ;

Ten thousand times yon moon re-light her horn,
And that bright star of evening gild the morn ;
Gigantic Oak ! thy hoary head sublime
Erewhile must perish in the wreck of Time :
Should round thy head innocuous lightnings shoot,
And no fierce whirlwind shake thy steadfast root ;
Yet shalt thou fall ! thy leafy tresses fade,
And those bare scatter'd antlers strew the glade.
Arm after arm, shall leave the mouldering bust,
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust ;
The muse alone shall consecrate thy name,
And by her powerful art prolong thy fame ;
Green shall thy leaves expand, thy branches play,
And bloom for ever in the immortal lay.

TO A CROCUS.*

WELCOME, mild harbinger of Spring !

To this small nook of earth ;

Feeling and fancy fondly cling

Round thoughts which owe their birth

To thee, and to the humble spot

Where chance has fix'd thy lowly lot.]

To thee—for thy rich, golden bloom,

Like Heaven's fair bow on high,

Portends, amid surrounding gloom,

That brighter days draw nigh,

When blossoms of more varied dyes

Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,

Though fairer far they be,

Can more delightful thoughts disclose,

Than I derive from thee :

* The first flower in the author's garden, growing up and blossoming beneath a wall-flower.

The *eye* their beauty may prefer ;
The *heart* is *thy* interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair bloom is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betoken'd freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
And chides the dark despair
By Winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
Assign'd thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope,—whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;
The Wall-flower's that of Faith, too true
For ruin to destroy ;—
And where, O, where, should hope up-spring
But under Faith's protecting wing ?

B. Barton.

THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding ; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The Swallow too is come at last ;
Just at sun-set, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, Summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay ;
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,*
The Hindostani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric, does the sultry gale
Through spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated cuckoo's tale ?
Dwells *there* a time, the wandering Rail
Or the itinerant Dove ?

Were you in Asia ? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes†

* See the Turkish Fable of the Dervise, *Spectator*, No. 512.

† Alluding to the Ovidian fable of the metamorphosis of Procne and Philomela into the Swallow and Nightingale.—*Metam. lib. vi. Fab. 7 and 8.*

She seem'd in sorrow to narrate ;
 Or sings she but to celebrate
 Her nuptials with the rose ? *

I would enquire how journeying long,
 The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
 You ply again those pinions strong,
 And come to build anew among
 The scenes you left before ; †

But if, as colder breezes blow,
 Prophetic of the waning year,
 You hide, though none know when or how,
 In the cliff's excavated brow,
 And linger torpid here ;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream
 Bids you to happier hours awake ;
 And tells, that dancing on the beam,
 The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
 The May-fly on the lake ?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
 Approaching dearth of insect food ;
 To isles and willowy aits you go,
 And crowding on the pliant bough,
 Sink in the dimpling flood : ‡

* In allusion to the well-known Persian story of the attachment of the Nightingale to the Rose:—

For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,
 The maid from whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to his lover's tale.

† Accurate observers have remarked that the same birds return every year to build in the same places they frequented the previous year.

‡ The absurd theories of torpidity and submersion were entertained by the Naturalists, Klein, Kalm, Linnæus, Pontoppidan, D. Barrington, and White. "Can a bird," says Alexander Wilson, "whose vital functions are destroyed by a short privation of pure air and its usual food, sustain for six months a situation where the most robust man would perish in a few minutes. Away with such absurdities ! they are unworthy of a serious refutation."

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
 Your deep and ouzy couch above,
 The time when flowers of promise bloom,
 And call you from your transient tomb,
 To light, and life, and love ?

Alas ! how little can be known,
 Her sacred veil where Nature draws ;
 Let baffled Science humbly own,
 Her mysteries understood alone,
 By *Him* who gives her laws.

Mrs. C. Smith.

The Migration of Birds has been justly considered one of the most wonderful instincts of Nature. "Two circumstances," observes Dr. Derham in his *Physico-Theology*, "are remarkable in this migration : the first, that these untaught, unthinking creatures, should know the proper times for their passage, when to come, and when to go ; as also, that some should come, when others go. No doubt the temperature of the air as to heat and cold, and their natural propensity to breed their young, are the great incentives to these creatures to change their habitations. The second remarkable circumstance is, that they should know which way to steer their course, and whither to go. What instinct is it that can induce a poor foolish bird to venture over vast tracts of land and sea ? That Great Britain should afford better accommodation than Egypt, the Canaries, Spain, or any of the other intermediate countries ?"—*Book vii., Chap. 3.*

"Gentle bird ! we find thee here,—
 When Nature wears her Summer vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest ;
 And when the chilling Winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
 Where sunny hours of verdure smile."

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of Spring's unclouded weather ;
 In this sequester'd nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !

And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the bless'd :
Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion,
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too bless'd with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment ;

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstacies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My sight he dazzles, half deceives,
A bird so like the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain,
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

Wordsworth.

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

LAST smile of the departing year,
 Thy sister sweets are flown !
 Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
 For blooming thus alone !

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
 Unnotic'd might be pass'd ;
 But now thou com'st, with softer claim,
 The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,—
 Emblem of Hope's gay wing ;
 'Tis thine to call pass'd bloom to mind,
 To promise future Spring.

Literary Gazette.

THE SHEPHERD.

AH ! gentle Shepherd ! thine the lot to tend,
 Of all that feels distress, the most assail'd,
 Feeble, defenceless : lenient be thy care :
 But spread around thy tenderest diligence
 In flowery Spring-time, when the new-dropp'd Lamb,
 Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
 Feels the fresh world about him ; and each thorn,
 Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet :
 O, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
 Th' innumerable ills, that rush around his life ;
 Mark the quick Kite, with beak and talons prone,
 Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ;
 Observe the lurking Crows ; beware the brake,—
 There the sly Fox the careless minute waits ;
 Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky :
 Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide :
 Eurus oft flings his hail ; the tardy fields

Pay not their promis'd food ; and oft the dam
 O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
 Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
 Alights, and hops in many turns around,
 And tires her also turning : to her aid
 Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
 Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft
 Between the lark's note, and the nightingale's,
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk ;—
 In this soft office may thy children join,
 And charitable actions learn in sport.
 Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
 Sprinkle the little croft with daisy flowers :
 Nor yet forget him : life has rising ills.

Dyer.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled ;
 The air was mild, the winds were still ;
 And slow the slanting sun-beams spread
 O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill ;

 From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
 Had dropp'd a short but balmy shower,
 That hung like gems of morning dew,
 On every tree, on every flower :

 And from the blackbird's mellow throat
 Was pour'd so long and loud a swell,
 As echoed with responsive note
 From mountain side and shadowy dell :

 When, bursting forth to life and light,
 The offspring of enraptur'd *May*,
 The *Butterfly*, on pinions bright,
 Launch'd in full splendour on the day.

 Unconscious of a mother's care,
 No infant wretchedness she knew ;

But, as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings infold
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropp'd with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling with joy a while she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray ;
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wonder'd at her plumage gay ;

And balanc'd oft her broider'd wings,
Through fields of air prepar'd to sail :
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields,
Taste all the joys that Spring can give,
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honied cup explore,
From flower to flower the earth renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store :

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments, too, of short repose,
And mark thee, when, with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark ! while thus I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And, breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float !

—They cease——but still a voice I hear,
A whisper'd voice of hope and joy :—
“ Thy hour of rest approaches near,
Prepare thee, mortal ! thou must die !

" Yet start not !—on thy closing eyes
 Another day shall still unfold,
 A sun of milder radiance rise,
 A happier age of joys untold.

" Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
 The humblest form in Nature's train,
 Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
 And yet the emblem teach in vain ?

" Ah ! where were once her golden eyes,
 Her glittering wings in purple pride ?
 Conceal'd beneath a rude disguise,
 A shapeless mass to earth allied.

" Like thee, the hapless reptile liv'd,—
 Like thee, she toil'd,—like thee, she spun,—
 Like thine, her closing hour arriv'd,
 Her labour ceas'd, her web was done.

" And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
 No happier state of being know ?
 And shall no future morrow shed
 On thee a beam of brighter glow ?

" Is this the bound of Power Divine,
 To animate an insect frame ?
 Or shall not He, who moulded thine,
 Wake, at his will, the vital flame ?

" Go, mortal ! in thy reptile state,
 Enough to know to thee is given ;
 Go, and the joyful truth relate ;—
 Frail child of Earth ! high heir of Heaven."

Roscoe.

The following is an extract from Kirby and Spence's highly valuable *Introduction to Entomology*, vol. 1, p. 72. "Swammerdam, speaking of the metamorphosis of insects, uses these strong words: 'This process is performed in so remarkable a manner in butterflies, that we see therein the resurrection painted before our eyes, and exemplified so as to be examined by our hands.' To see, indeed, a caterpillar crawling upon the earth, sustained by the most ordinary kinds of food, which, when it has existed a few weeks or months under this humble form, its appointed work being finished, passes into an intermediate state of seeming death, when it is

wound up in a kind of shroud and encased in a coffin, and is most commonly buried under the earth, (though sometimes its sepulchre is in the water, and at others in various substances in the air,) and after this creature and others of its tribe have remained their destined time in this death-like state, to behold earth, air, and water, give up their several prisoners; to survey them, when, called by the warmth of the solar beam, they burst from their sepulchres, cast off their cerements, from this state of torpid inactivity come forth, as a bride out of her chamber,—to survey them, I say, arrayed in their nuptial glory, prepared to enjoy a new and more exalted condition of life, in which all their powers are developed, and they are arrived at the perfection of their nature; when no longer confined to the earth they can traverse the fields of air, their food is the nectar of flowers, and love begins his blissful reign;—who that witnesses this interesting scene can help seeing in it a lively representation of man in his three-fold state of existence, and more especially of that happy day, when, at the call of the great Sun of Righteousness, all that are in the graves shall come forth, the sea shall give up her dead, and death being swallowed up of life, the nations of the blessed shall live and love to the ages of eternity? So that in this view of the subject well might the Italian Poet exclaim :—

‘ Non v'accorgéte voi, che noi siam' vermi
Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla? ’ ”

THE WITHERED ROSE.

FAIREST flower, the pride of Spring,
Blooming, beauteous, fading thing ;
'Tis as yesterday, when first,
Forth thy blushing beauties burst,
And I mark'd thy bosom swell,
And I caught thy balmy smell,
Fondly hoping soon to see
All thy full-blown symmetry ;—
But I came—and lo ! around,
Sadly strewn upon the ground,
Lovely, livid leaves I see—
Oh ! can these be *all* of thee !—
I would weep, for so I've known
Many a vivid vision flown,
Many a hope that found its tomb,
Just when bursting into bloom,
Many a friend—ah ! why proceed ?
See afresh my bosom bleed—

Rather turn my thoughts on high,
 Hopes there are which cannot die,—
 Yes, my Saviour, thou canst give
 Joys that will not thus deceive.—
Eden's roses never fade,
Eden's prospects know no shade.

Rev. H. Stowell.

ON THE GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

LIGHT.

IMMENSE Creator ! whose all-powerful hand
 Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
 Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good,
 Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
 Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
 And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
 Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
 Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
 And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
 Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
 That paint the streaky East and blithsome rouse
 The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest !
 Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
 And Iris dancing on the new-fallen dew !
 Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
 Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
 The tulip and auricula's spotted pride ;
 Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
 So pleasing in its pomp and glossy show.
 O thrice-illustrious ! were it not for Thee,
 Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
 View through th' immaculate pellucid stream
 Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
 Might as well change their triple boast, the white,

The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
 The Eastern monarch's garb, e'en with the dock,
 E'en with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
 Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
 The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
 Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
 The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
 Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
 And bade them call for nurture, and receive :
 And lo ! they call the blackbird and the thrush,
 The woodlark and the redbreast jointly call ;
 He hears, and feeds their feather'd families ;
 He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
 Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide ;
 And though their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
 They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
 They mean, and leave ingratitude to man :—
 O He is good, He is immensely good !
 Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man ;
 Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
 Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
 In order and in beauty.

Smart.

WOODLAND SCENERY.

HIS task had Giles, in fields remote from home ;
 Oft has he wish'd the rosy morn to come :
 And when at day-break summon'd from his bed,
 Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head ;
 His sandy way, deep-worn by hasty showers,
 O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bowers,
 Waving aloft their towering branches proud,
 In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud,
 (When inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
 And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd,)
 His own shrill matin join'd the various notes
 Of Nature's music, from a thousand throats :

The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
 And echo answer'd from her close retreat ;
 The sporting white-throat on some twig's end borne,
 Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn ;
 Stopp'd in her song, perchance, the starting thrush
 Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,
 Where dewdrops thick as early blossoms hung,
 And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung :
 Across his path, in either grove to hide,
 The timid rabbit scouted by his side ;
 Or bold cock pheasant stalk'd along the road,
 Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.

Bloomfield.

ON HAPPINESS.

TRUE Happiness is not the growth of earth ;
 The toil is fruitless if you seek it there ;
 'Tis an exotic, of celestial birth,
 And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise, its seeds are sown
 In here and there a breast of heavenly mould ;
 It rises fair, and buds ; but ne'er is known
 To blossom well, the climate is so cold.

O may my erring wishes learn to rise
 Beyond the transient bliss that earth bestows !
 Stretch forth, my wings, to gain my native skies !
 There Happiness in full perfection grows.

Christian Guardian, 1816.

THE AUTUMN CROCUS.

WHEN brighter hours are passing away,
 And gloomy looks the shortening day,
 The Herald of Autumn sear

Puts forth its leafless head,
Uprising in the mead,
To deck the path of the declining year.

O latest in the train of flowers,
Which bounteous Nature strews,
'Neath misty skies, in hoary dews,
Thou smil'st—in chilling showers :
A dull, slant beam, no breath of Spring,
Warms and unfolds thy blossoming.

Yet dear thy smile ; to me as dear
As any in Flora's gayest bowers :
For thou canst wake a thought to cheer
The coming gloom of life's late hours ;
Show that dim age by Hope may be
Happy as thoughtless infancy.

Thy pleasing errand fitly done,
Thou diest beneath a clouded sun,
And deep art in Earth's bosom laid :
There kept by Nature's fostering care,
Thy leaves ascend, thy fruits are shed,
When Spring returns, and bids the flowers appear.

O grant that Hope, like thee, lov'd flower,
May blossom in my waning day,
Though earthly storms around me lour,
And darksome be my weary way ;
Then, pass'd the grave's cold Winter, may I rise
With fruits of peace to bright and cloudless skies.

This plant, the Autumn Crocus, *Colchicum autumnale*, seems to reverse the accustomed order of the seasons, it mingles its fruits with the flowers of Spring, and its flowers with the fruits of Autumn. Dr. Paley, in his *Natural Theology*, introduces this plant as a striking instance of the *compensatory* system. “I have,” says he, “pitied this poor plant a thousand times. Its blossom rises out of the ground in the most forlorn condition possible, without a sheath, a fence, a calyx, or even a leaf to protect it; and that not in the Spring, not to be visited by Summer-suns, but under all the disadvantages of the declining year. When we come, however, to look more closely into the structure of this plant, we find that Nature has gone out of her course to provide for its security, and to make up to it for all its defects. The seed-vessel, which in other plants is situated within the

cup of the flower, or just beneath it, in this plant lies under ground, within the bulb. The tube of the flower extends down to the root.—The germ grows up in the Spring, upon a footstalk, accompanied with leaves: the seeds have thus the benefit of the Summer, and are sown upon the surface. The order of vegetation externally is this:—the plant produces its flowers in September; its leaves and fruits in the Spring following.”
Nat. Theol., ch. xx.

TO THE WHITE JASMINE.

JASMINE ! thy fair and star-like flowers with honours should
be crown'd :

In day's rude din and sunny hour, they shed faint sweetness
round ;

But still, at eve, their rich perfume with fragrance fills the air,
As if to cheer the hours of gloom, and soothe the brow of
care.

Oh ! thus, in Fortune's sunny ray, the light of Love seems
pale,

Till dark clouds o'er the glare of day cast their shadowy veil ;
Then like thy odours, it bursts forth, a guide to Joy's glad
goal,

Bless'd beacon of surpassing worth, and pole-star of the soul !

B. Barton.

THE HELLEBORE, OR CHRISTMAS ROSE.

THE garden boasts no beauty now,
Its Summer graces all are fled ;
Frost glitters on the leafless bough,
And branch and spray alike seem dead.

Yet here regardless of the chill,
The sternness of the wintry hour,
One pleasing blossom greets us still,
A fair though unassuming flower.

In changeful life 'tis even so,
False friends fall off when storms arise ;

They shar'd our joy, but shun our woe,
Like plants that fear inclement skies.

And thus the true of heart remain,
Without one alter'd look or tone ;
So kind, we almost bless the pain
That makes us know such friends our own.

The Hellebore or Christmas Rose, *Helleborus niger*, gratefully presents its flowers to our notice early in January. At their first opening, they are white, afterwards they become pink, and finally green. The tubular nectaries ranged round the germen are curious, and merit the attention of the physiologist.

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,
And Nature hail'd thee infant queen of May ;
Scarce saw thine opening bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air its tender fragrance threw,
When the North wind enamour'd of thee grew ;
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay :
Now droops thy head, now fades thy blushing hue,—
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay :—
So blooms a maid—her guardians, health and joy—
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest—
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast :
She fades—the parent, sister, friend, deplore
Her charms and budding virtues, now no more !

*Miss C. Symmons.**

THE CYPRESS.

THOU graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,

* The promising writer of this Sonnet died in the twelfth year of her age.

As to yon blue heaven stooping,
In meek humility.

Like one who patient grieves,
When the fierce wind's o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping,
While tear-like fall thy green leaves.

When Summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining,
Yet with thy slight boughs declining,
Still thou seeks't the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green :
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging ;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow ;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee,
Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
On some martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
A lesson of faith and meekness,
Of patient strength in thy weakness,
And trust in Heaven !

Miss Landon.

THE VIOLET.

THOU shalt be mine, thou simplest flower,
Tenting thyself beneath the bower
Thy little leaves have made ;

So meekly shrinking from the eye,
 Yet mark'd by every passer by—
 Of thine own sweets betrayed.

The rose may boast a brighter hue,
 May breathe as rich a fragrance too,
 Yet let her yield to thee ;
 Not hers thy modesty of dress,
 Not hers thy witching artlessness,
 And these are more to me.

Dear emblem of the meek-eyed maid,
 Whom, nurtur'd 'mid retirement's shade,
 The world hath never known—
 Who loves to glide unseen along,
 Unnotic'd by the idle throng
 Whom fashion calls her own ;

Who shines, nor her own shining sees,
 Who pleases without toil to please,—
 Unstain'd, untouch'd by art ;—
 Distinguish'd by that choicest gem
 That lights up virtue's diadem—
 A ' meek and quiet heart.'

Rev. H. Stowell.

THE WOODRUFF.

AMID a thousand brighter flowers,
 We scarcely note thy tender bloom,
 When Summer's heat, and Spring-time's showers
 Have call'd thee from thy Winter-tomb.

But should we find thee wither'd, 'reft
 E'en of the humble charms thou hast,
 We feel a fragrant sweetness left—
 A sweetness, that no ills can blast.

Thus modest worth remains unknown,
 While fairer beauty's flatter'd name,
 On every zephyr's breath is blown,
 A candidate for human fame.

Let sorrow come—mere beauty now
 Hath lost its adventitious power ;
 While chill'd, or bruis'd, or broken, thou
 Art fragrant in that trying hour.

The Woodruff, *Asperula odorata*, adorns with its beautiful snowy white flowers our shaded banks and copses during the months of May and June. The leaves surround the stem, standing out like the rowels of a spur, from which circumstance it has sometimes been called the *Woodrowel*. The ancient method of spelling the name of this plant, *Woodderowffe*, often affords great amusement to children at school. The whole plant, when withered, has a most delightful fragrance, not unlike that of the Vernal grass, *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, and on this account is mixed with rose-leaves, lavender, &c., for scent-jars.

THE SEASONS.

THE Seasons are my friends, companions dear !
 Hale Winter will I tend with constant feet,
 When over wold and desert, lake and mere,
 He sails triumphant in a rack of sleet,
 With his rude joy the russet earth to greet,
 Pinching the tiny brook and infant ferry ;
 And I will hear him on his mountain-seat,
 Shouting his boisterous carol free and merry,
 Crown'd with a Christmas-wreath of crimson holly-berry.

Young Spring will I encounter, coy and arch,
 When in her humid scarf she leaves the hills,
 The dewy cheek dried by the winds of March,
 To set the pebbly music of the rills,
 As yet scarce freed from stubborn icicles :
 And Summer shall entice me once again,
 Ere yet the light her golden dew distils
 To intercept the morning on the plain,
 And see Dan Phœbus slowly tend his drowsy wain.

But, pensive Autumn, most with thee I love,
 When the wrung peasant's anxious toil is done,
 Among thy bound and golden sheaves to rove,
 And glean the harvest of a setting sun,

From the pure mellowing fields of ether won ;
And in some sloping meadow, musing sit,
Till Vesper rising slowly, widow'd nun,
Reads whisperingly, her radiant lamp new-lit,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's holy writ !
Charles Whitehead.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

SWEET are the omens of approaching Spring,
When gay the elder sprouts her winged leaves ;
When tootling robins carol-welcomes sing,
And sparrows chelp glad tidings from the eaves.
What lovely prospects wait each wakening hour,
When each new day some novelty displays,
How sweet the sunbeam melts the crocus-flower,
Whose borrow'd pride shines dizen'd in his rays ;
Sweet, new-laid hedges flush their tender green ;
Sweet peep the arum-leaves their shelter screen ;
Ah ! sweet is all that I'm denied to share ;
Want's painful hindrance holds me to her stall,—
But still Hope's smiles unpoint the thorns of care,
Since Heaven's eternal Spring is free from all.
Clare.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
I have breath'd on the South, and the chesnut-flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest-bowers,

And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.

—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loos'd the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home :
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay !

The Summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn ;
For me I depart to a brighter shore,—
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more :
I go where the lov'd who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's,—fare ye well, farewell !

Mrs. Hemans.

JUNE.

AT this sweet time, the glory of the Spring,
Young verdurous June's delightful opening,
When leaves are loveliest, and young fruits and flowers,
Fear not the frosts of May's uncertain hours ;
Rich, rife, luxuriant, yet with tenderest hues,
Waves the full foliage ; and with morning dews,
And showers that gush down from the radiant skies,
To bring below the air of Paradise,
Awakening freshest fragrance as they pass ;
There is a peerless greenness on the grass,
Yet somewhat darken'd with the loftier swell,
And purple tinge, of spike and pannicle ;
While vivid is the gleam of distant corn,
And long and merry are the songs of morn ;
'Tis wise to let the touch of nature thrill
Through the full heart ; 'tis wise to take your fill
Of all she brings, and gently to give way
To what within your soul she seems to say :
" The world grows rich in beauty and in bliss,
Past Springs were welcome, none so much as this."

Howitt.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ?—They are the last !
The last ! the last ! the last !
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past !

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !

Ye 're types of precious things ;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye ?

Oh, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye 're types of those ;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the Summer rose
For younger, blither brows ;
Tell me of change and death.

Miss C. Bowles.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE flush of the landscape is o'er,
The brown leaves are shed on the way,
The dye of the lone mountain flower
Grows wan and betokens decay ;
The Spring in our valleys is born,
Like the bud that it fosters, to die,
Like the transient dews of the morn,
Or the vapour that melts in the sky.

So youth, with its visions so gay,
Departs like a dream of the mind,
To pleasure and passion a prey ;
That lead to the sorrows behind ;
Its virtues too buoyant to grow,
Its follies too latent to die—
We shall reap of the seeds we then sow,
When the stars have dissolv'd in the sky.

All silent the song of the thrush,
Bewilder'd she cowers in the dale ;
The blackbird sits lone on the bush—
The fall of the leaf they bewail.
All Nature thus tends to decay,
And to drop as the leaves from the tree,
And man, just the flower of a day,
How long, long his Winter will be !

Hogg.

WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranc'd
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight ;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright,
Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;
The ivy round the leafless oak,
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the Spring,
Whose waters, hid from Summer-sun,
Have sooth'd the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare,
The long grass bends its spear-like form,
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the floweret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise reviv'd from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again
And bid the flower re-bloom.

Southey.

THUNDER-STORM.

SUDDEN, on the dazzling sight,
Darts the keen electric light ;

Shooting from the lurid sky,
 Quick as thought it mocks the eye :
 Rolling thunder rends the ear,
 Seems to shake earth's solid sphere ;
 Hill and dale prolong the sound,
 Echoes deep each cavern round ;
 Till afar, in distant skies,
 Fainter still, it fades and dies.
 —Hush'd the peal—a pause succeeds—
 Again the forky lightning speeds ;
 Bursting from the black cloud's womb,
 Blazing o'er the deepening gloom.
 Shatter'd by the arrowy flash,
 At my feet, with groaning crash,
 Falls the forest's branching pride,
 All its honours scatter'd wide !
 Louder peals and louder still,
 Shake the vale, and rock the hill ;
 Mountains tremble, green woods nod ;
 Nature hears and owns her God !
 —Soon the rushing shower descends,
 The dark cloud melts, the tempest ends ;
 Bright again, the lord of day
 Sheds abroad his cheering ray ;
 Creation smiles, and joy and love
 Enliven mountain, glen, and grove ;
 Reviving blossoms pour their rich perfume ;
 And Nature glows in renovated bloom.

Balfour.

THE RAINBOW.

“ I do set my bow in the cloud.”—Gen. ix. 13.

SEE how yon arch the Heavens o'erspan,
 Fashion'd by Him who gave the sign,
 The token of good-will to man,
 The sacred pledge of peace divine.

To paint its hues we vainly try,
 No counterpart on earth is found,

Is it not Heaven'sⁱ relenting eye
Cast on a world of sinners drown'd ?

(More dense the cloud, more wild the storm,
See it in nobler grandeur rise,
Transcendent beauty in its form,
And lustre of its varied dyes.)

It tells us that His wrath endures,
But as the twinkling of an eye ;
And covenant mercy still ensures,
Vast as the source of its supply.

Waters no more the earth immature,*
Though man is evil from his youth ;
The faithful witness† stands secure,
The record of the God of truth.

It ever shall surround the throne,‡
The glorious throne of the Most High,
Its brightest radiance soften'd down,
While the redeem'd of men draw nigh.

M.

TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless minstrels of the sky !
I marvel not in times gone by
That ye were deified :
For, even in this later day,
To me oft has your power, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power ! when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath ;

* Gen. ix. 15. The waters shall no more become a flood.

† Psa. lxxxix. 37. As a faithful witness in heaven.

‡ Rev. iv. 3. There was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seamen rous'd from sleep,
Yawn like Death's opening path !

Graceful your play ! when round the bower
Where beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
To wreath her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round the wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth :—
Ye come !—we know not whence !
Ye go !—can mortals trace your flight ?
All imperceptible to sight,
Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise and set we know ;
The Sea,—we mark its ebb and flow ;
The Moon,—her wax and wane ;
The Stars,—man knows their courses well ;
The Comet's vagrant paths can tell ;—
But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things !
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like spirits in a dream ;
What epithet can words supply,
Unto the bard, who talks so high,
Unmanageable theme ?

But one :—to me, when fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem *Heaven's messengers*,
Who leave no path untrod ;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the *voice of God*.

B. Barton.

THE SILENT EXPRESSION OF NATURE.

WHEN, thoughtful, to the vault of Heaven
I lift my wondering eyes,
And see the clear and quiet even
To night resign the skies,—
The moon, in silence, rear her crest,
The stars, in silence, shine ;—
A secret rapture fills my breast
That speaks its birth divine.

Unheard, the dew's around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed,
And silent on this earthly ball
Celestial footsteps tread :
Ærial music wakes the spheres,
Touch'd by harmonious powers ;
With sounds, unheard by mortal ears,
They charm the lingering hours.

Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard ;
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word :
Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And silent pours his golden streams :
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves, and regulates,
And guides the vast machine,—
That governs wills, and times, and fates,—
Retires, and works unseen :
Angelic visitants forsake
Their amaranthine bowers ;
On silent wing their stations take,
And watch the allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,—
His noise, and pomp, and show,—

I'll move upon great Nature's plan,
 And, silent, work below :
 With inward harmony of soul,
 I'll wait the upper sphere ;
 Shining, I'll mount above the pole,
 And break my silence there.

Modern Literary Reader.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

OH ! green was the corn as I rode on my way,
 And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
 And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
 And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from the holly, the lark from the cloud,
 Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud ;
 From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,
 There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
 And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
 I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
 To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.

Oh ! such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
 To lose in its blessing the sense of its ill ;
 Through sunshine and shower, may our progress be even,
 And our tears add a charm to the prospects of Heaven !

Bp. Heber.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

IN every object here I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee ;
 Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,

Thy love a Sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an overflowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee ;
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the Ocean,
And like the tides in constant motion.

B. Barton.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;
Toil on,—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-bas'd structures and domes of rock ;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;
Ye 're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone ;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd ;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield ;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;
There 's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;—
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
 And the gods of the ocean have frown'd to see
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;
 Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build,—ye build,—but ye enter not in,
 Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin ;
 From the land of promise ye fade and die,
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;
 As the kings of the cloud-crown'd pyramid
 Their noteless bones in oblivion hid ;
 Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

TO THE NAUTILUS.*

WHERE Ausonian Summers glowing,
 Warm the deep to life and joyance,
 And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing,
 Wanton with the waves, that flowing
 By many a land of ancient glory,
 And many an isle renown'd in story,
 Leap along with gladsome buoyance,
 There Marinere,
 Dost thou appear,
 In fairy pinnace gaily flashing,
 Through the white foam proudly dashing,
 The joyous play-mate of the buxom breeze,
 The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
 O'er the furrow'd waters gliding,

* See Note in p. 229.

Thou nor wreck, nor foeman dreadest,
 Thou nor helm nor compass needest,
 While the sun is bright above thee,
 While the bounding surges love thee,
 In their deepening bosoms hiding,

Thou canst not fear,

Small Marinere,

For though the tides with restless motion,
 Bear thee to the desert ocean,
 Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
 'Tis all thine own, 'tis all thy empery.

Lame is art, and her endeavour,
 Follows Nature's course but slowly,
 Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
 Still improving, perfect never ;
 Little Nautilus, thou showest
 Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
 Lore, which man should study lowly :

Bold faith and cheer,

Small Marinere,

Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,—
 Thine, a law of life compelling,
 Obedience, perfect, simple, glad, and free,
 To the great will that animates the sea.

Hartley Coleridge.

ANIMALS OF THE EAST.

WHERE sacred Ganges pours along the plain,
 And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,
 What awful scenes the curious mind delight ;
 What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight !
 There giant-palms lift high their tufted heads ;
 The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads ;
 Wild in the woods the active monkey springs ;
 The chattering parrot claps her painted wings ;
 'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake ;
 The tiger couches in the tangled brake :

The spotted axis* bounds in fear away ;
 The leopard darts on his defenceless prey :
 Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,
 Cool, peaceful haunts of awful solitude !
 The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs ;
 And stately elephants untroubled browse :
 Two tyrant-seasons rule the wide domain,
 Scorch, with dry heat,—or drench, with floods of rain :
 Now feverish herds rush maddening o'er the plains,
 And cool in shady streams their throbbing veins :
 The birds drop lifeless from the silent spray,
 And Nature faints beneath the fiery day.
 Then bursts the deluge on the sinking shore,
 And teeming plenty empties all her store.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

KINDNESS can woo the lion from his den,
 (A moral lesson to the sons of men ;)
 His mighty heart in silken bonds can draw,
 And bend his nature to sweet pity's law :
 Kindness can lure the eagle from her nest
 'Midst sun-beams plac'd, content with man to rest :
 Can make the elephant, whose bulk supplies
 The warrior-tower, compassionate as wise :
 Make the fell tigress (from her chain unbound,
 Herself unfed, her craving offspring round,)
 Forget the force of hunger and of blood,
 Meekly receive from man her long-wish'd food ;
 Take too the chastisement, and (if 'tis just,)
 Submissive take it, crouching to the dust :
 Kindness can habits, nay, the nature, change
 Of all that swim the deep, or forest range :
 And for the mild, domestic train, who come,
 The dog,—the steed,—with thee to find a home,

* A species of deer, known in India by the name of the *Ganges Stag*.

Gladly they serve thee ; serve thee better too,
 When only happy beings meet their view :
 Ah ! then, let gentler accents, gentler looks, supply
 The thunders of thy voice, the lightnings of thine eye.
Pratt.

NATIONAL FLORAL EMBLEMS.

FULL white the Bourbon lily blows,
 And fairer haughty England's rose ;
 Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
 Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
 In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
 Too rough to bloom in lady's bower ;
 His crest, when high the soldier bears,
 And spurs his courser on the spears,
 O there it blossoms—there it blows,—
 The thistle's grown aboon the rose.
Allan Cunningham.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assumes its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,*
 The mavis and the lintwhite† sing.
 The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie‡ seedman stauks,

* A small wood in a hollow. † The linnet. ‡ Heedful, cautious.

But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is bless'd but I.

The sheep-herd steeks* his faulding slap,†
And owre the moorland whistles shrill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me !

Burns.

RURAL PLEASURES.

HERE happy would they stray in Summer-hours,
To spy the birds in their green leafy bowers,
And learn their various voices ; to delight
In the gay tints, and ever bickering flight
Of dragon-flies upon the river's brim ;
Or swift king-fisher in his gaudy trim
Come skimming past, with a shrill, sudden cry ;
Or on the river's sunny marge to lie,
And count the insects that meandering trace,
In some smooth nook, their circuits on its face.
Now gravely ponder on the frothy cells
Of insects, hung on flowery pinnacles ;

* Shuts.

† Gate.

Now, wading the deep grass, exulting trace
The corn-crake's curious voice from place to place ;
Now here—now there—now distant—now at hand—
Now hush'd, just where in wondering mirth they stand.
To lie abroad on Nature's lonely breast,
Amidst the music of a Summer's sky,
Where tall, dark pines the northern bank invest
Of a still lake ; and see the long pikes lie
Basking upon the shallows ; with dark crest,
And threatening pomp, the swan go sailing by ;
And many a wild fowl on its breast that shone,
Flickering like liquid silver, in the joyous sun ;
The duck, deep poring with her downward head,
Like a buoy floating on the ocean wave ;
The Spanish goose, like drops of crystal, shed
The water o'er him, his rich plumes to lave ;
The beautiful widgeon, springing upward, spread
His clapping wings ; the heron, stalking grave,
Into the stream ; the coot and water-hen
Vanish into the flood, then, far off, rise again :—
Such were their joys !

Howitt.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

'Twas Eve. The lengthening shadows of the oak,
And weeping birch swept far adown the vale ;
And nought upon the hush and stillness broke,
Save the light whispering of the spring-tide gale
At distance dying ; and the measur'd stroke
Of woodmen at their toil ; the feeble wail
Of some lone stock-dove, soothing, as it sank
On the lull'd ear, its melody that drank.

The sun had set ; but his expiring beams
Yet linger'd in the West, and shed around
Beauty and softness o'er the wood and streams,
With coming night's first tinge of shade embrown'd.

The light clouds mingled, brighten'd with such gleams
Of glory, as the seraph-shapes surround,
That in the vision of the good descend,
And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

There are emotions, in that grateful hour
Of twilight and serenity, which steal
Upon the heart with more than wonted power,
Making more pure and tender all we feel,—
Softening its very core, as doth the shower
The thirsty glebe of Summer. We reveal
More, in such hours of stillness, unto those
We love, than years of passion could disclose.

The heavens look down on us with eyes of love,
And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep
Of Nature is around us, but above
Are beings that eternal vigils keep.
'Tis sweet to dwell on such, and deem they strove
With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep
In loneliness, as we perchance have done;
And sigh to win the glory they have won!

'Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue
Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays
Of lingering eve die fleetly, and a few
Stars of the brightest beam illumine the blaze,
Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen through
The veil, that shadows it in vain; we gaze
In mute and stirless transport, fondly listening
As there were music in its very glistening.

'Tis thus in solitude; but sweeter far,
By those we love, in that all-softening hour,
To watch with mutual eyes each coming star,
And the faint moon-rays streaming through our bower,
Of foliage, wreath'd and trembling, as the car
Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flower
And shrub that droops above us, on the sense
Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense.*

* We cannot omit in this place the beautiful lines on a fine moonlight

WISDOM OF GOD IN THE VEGETABLE CREATION.

YOUR contemplation farther yet pursue ;
 The wondrous world of vegetables view !
 Observe the forest oak, the mountain pine,
 The towering cedar, and the humble vine,
 The bending willow, that o'ershades the flood,
 And each spontaneous offspring of the wood !
 The oak and pine, which high from earth arise,
 And wave their lofty heads amidst the skies,
 Their parent earth in like proportion wound,
 And through crude metals penetrate the ground ;
 Their strong and ample roots descend so deep,
 That fix'd and firm, they may their station keep,
 And the fierce shocks of furious winds defy,
 With all the outrage of inclement sky.
 But the base brier, and the noble vine,
 Their arms around their stronger neighbour twine.
 The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
 Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
 Thus are the trees of every kind secure,
 Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
 But every tree from all its branching roots,
 Amidst the glebe, small hollow fibres shoots ;

evening from Homer's *Iliad*, *Book viii* ; a passage which is justly esteemed both for pleasing imagery, and variety of numbers :—

“ As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
 O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :—
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.”

Pope.

Which drink with thirsty mouths the vital juice,
 And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuse :
 Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
 To this deny, to that admittance give.
 —Hence various trees their various fruits produce,
 Some for delightful taste, and some for use.
 Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
 For physic some, and some design'd for food.
 Hence fragrant flowers, with different colours dyed,
 On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.
 —Review these numerous scenes, at once survey
 Nature's extended face, then, sceptics, say,
 In this wide field of wonders can you find
 No art discover'd, and no end design'd ?

But oh ! how dark is human reason found,
 How vain the man with wit and learning crown'd ;
 How feeble all his strength when he essays
 To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways,
 Unless he calls its Author to his aid,
 Who every secret spring of motion laid ;
 Who over all his wondrous works presides,
 And to their useful ends their causes guides :
 These paths in vain are by enquirers trod ;
 There's no philosophy without a GOD.

Sir Richard Blackmore, 1712.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
 and sear ;
 Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie
 dead ;
 They rustle in the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread ;
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy
 day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?

Alas ! they all are in their graves : the gentle race of flowers
Are resting in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours :

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold November
rain

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the Summer
glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in Autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now comes the calm mild day, as still such days will
come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their Winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south-wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late
they bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And when I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side ;
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast her
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of
ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

W. C. Bryant.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year !
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring :
While whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade ;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech*
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of care ;
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark ! how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man ;

* The character here applied by Gray to the beech is by no means appropriate, for no tree is so little or so seldom either rude or moss-grown.

And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day
 In fortune's varying colours dress'd.
 Brush'd by by the hand of rough mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply ;
 ' Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
 Thy sun is set, thy Spring is gone—
 We frolic, while 'tis May.'

Gray.

THE LILY ;

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

FLOWER of light ! forget thy birth,
 Daughter of the sordid earth,
 Lift the beauty of thine eye
 To the blue ethereal sky.
 While thy graceful buds unfold
 Silver petals starr'd with gold,
 Let the bee among thy bells,
 Rifle their ambrosial cells,
 And the nimble-pinion'd air
 Waft thy breath to heaven, like prayer :
 Cloud and sun alternate shed
 Gloom or glory round thy head ;
 Morn impearl thy leaves with dews ;
 Evening lend them rosy hues,

Morn with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress :
Thus fulfil thy Summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay ;
Live a life of fragrance,—then
Disappear—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale,
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die—to be transported hence,
To that Garden in the skies,
Where the Lily never dies.

Montgomery.

THE GROVE.

MILD-BREATHING Zephyr, father of the Spring,
Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,
Who, shelter'd here, shrunk from the wintry day ;
And careless slept the stormy hours away,
Hath rous'd himself, and shook his feathers wet
With purple-swelling odours, and hath let
The sweet and fruitful dew fall on this ground,
To force out all the flowers that might be found.
The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
So many lights and shadows, nor the rain
Heaven-painted bow, when that the sun doth court her,
Nor purple pheasant, while her mate doth sport her
To hear him crow, and with a beauteous pride
Wave his discolour'd neck and purple side.
I have not seen the place could more surprise,
More beautiful in Nature's varied dyes.
Lo ! the blue bind-weed doth itself infold
With honey-suckle, and both these entwine
Themselves with briony and jessamine

To cast a kind and odoriferous shade :
 The balmy West-wind blows, and every sense
 Is sooth'd and courted :—trees have got their heads,
 The fields their coats, the dewy shining meads
 Do boast the pansy, lily, and the rose,
 And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows.
 The seas are now more even than the earth,
 Or gently swell as curl'd by Zephyr's breath ;
 The rivers run as smoothed by his hand ;
 The wanton heifer through the grassy land
 Plays wildly free, her horns scarce budding yet ;
 While in the sunny fields the new-dropp'd lambs
 Gambol, rejoicing round their milky dams.
 Hark ! how each bough a several music yields ;
 The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
 Accord in tune, though vary in their tale.
 The chirping swallow, call'd forth by the sun
 And crested lark doth her division run.
 The yellow bees the air with music fill,
 The finches carol, and the turtles bill.

Ben Johnson.

PLEASURE FROM THE STUDY OF NATURE.

WHAT though not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life ; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them.

For him the Spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds : for him the hand
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch,
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.

Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure unprov'd.

Akenside.

Prof. Stewart beautifully observes in his *Philosophical Essays*, page 509: —“ When a man has succeeded, at length, in cultivating his imagination, things, the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms invisible to him before. The same objects and events, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul; the contrast between the present and past, serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has finely said of the *pleasures of vicissitude*, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who after having lost, in vulgar occupation and vulgar amusement, his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced, at last, to a new heaven and a new earth.

‘ The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise.’ ”

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

THE God of nature and of grace,
 In all his works appears ;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By him in wisdom plann'd ;
 'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.

Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
 Thither his path pursue ;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens,—the mountains stand
A highway for our God ;
He walks amidst the desert land,—
'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here, on the hills, he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds ;
—O could we catch their strains !

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light ;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night !

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found !

Montgomery.

CREATION.

ALMIGHTY God, thy power we sing !
And to thy goodness tribute bring
For all thy works of love ;

Thy wisdom crowns thy boundless might,
And kindness brings thy truth to light,
As clear as orbs above.

The universe thy greatness shows,
And endless space thy presence knows,
O wondrous, glorious God !
Thy finger marks the comet's sphere,
And countless orbs in full career
Pursue their various road.

Nor less the wonders of thine hand,
Which, nearer view'd, our souls command,
For grandeur shines in all ;
The lightning's glare, the foaming deep,
The whirlwind's blast, the craggy steep,
Our trembling frames appal.

And wandering through this globe of earth,
On which unnumber'd tribes have birth,
In quick succession round,
We stop to gaze, but soon are lost
On seas of power creative toss'd ;
The power without a bound.

How full the earth, and sea, and air !
How great thy love ! what constant care
Of all the host is shown ;
On great and small, thy bounty flows,
And all creation richly glows
With goodness all thine own.

Time's Telescope, 1830.

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